

DELL

ONE DOLLAR

Z 102

# THE FLINTSTONES

## ON THE ROCKS



by Hanna and Barbera











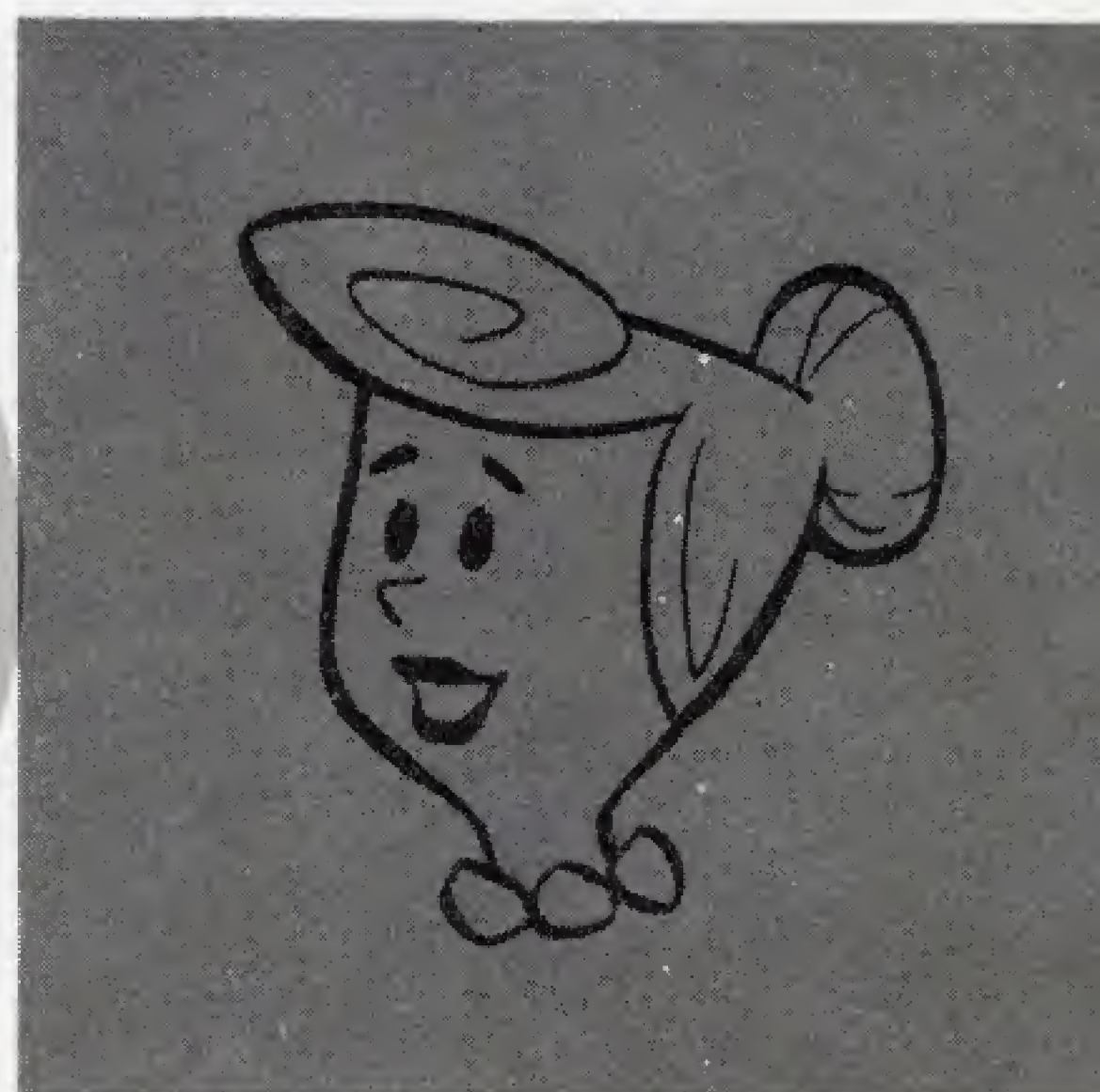






THE FLINTSTONES  
ON THE ROCKS  
by HANNA and BARBERA

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## THE WELCOME MAT IS OUT...

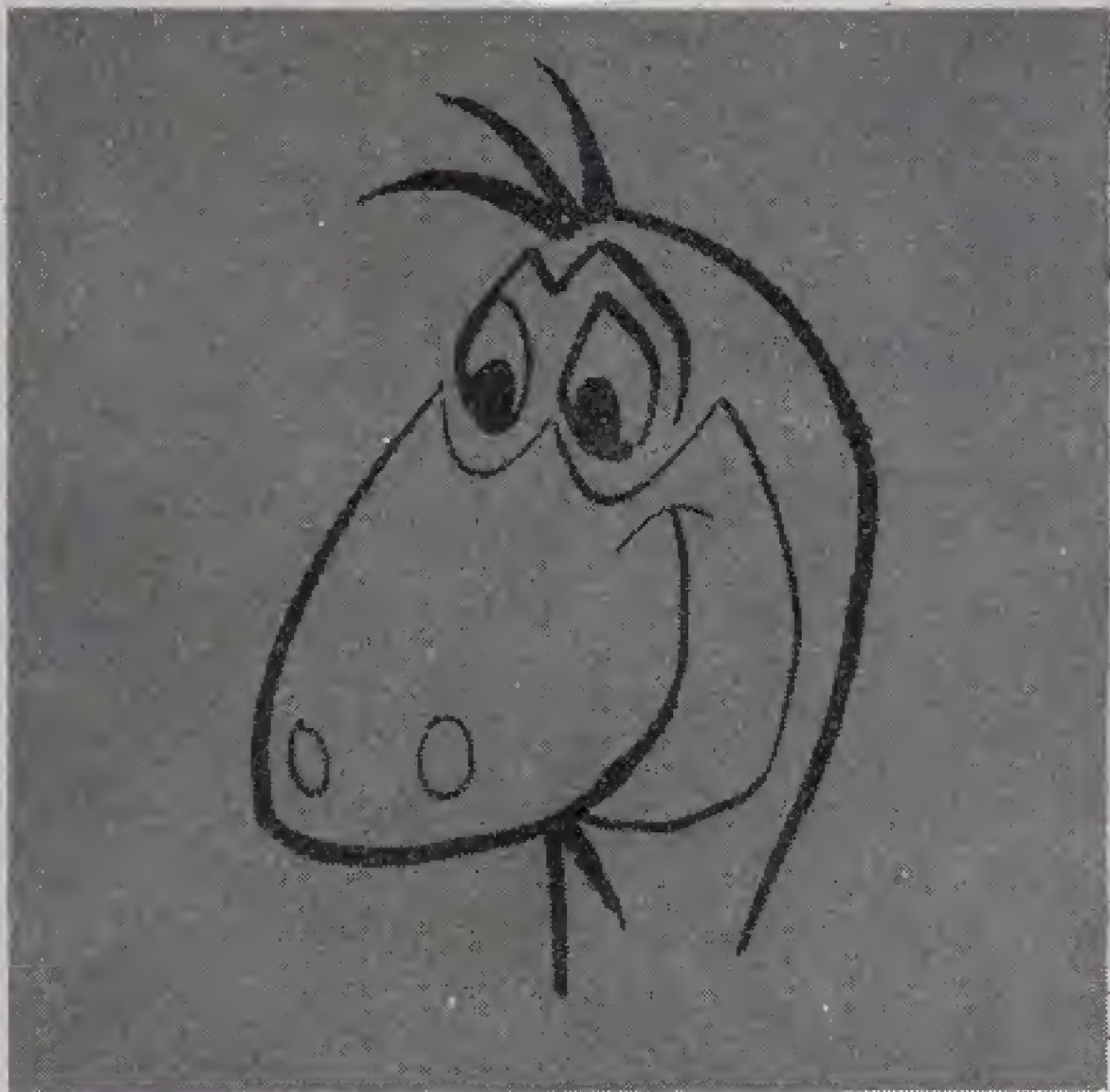
Fred and Wilma Flintstone invite you to turn back time for the time of your life...



With the Flintstones On The Rocks, you're slated to strike the spark of fun of a modern suburban family in the long-ago days of the rocky Stone Age...







## "ON THE ROCKS"...

Gloom will hit rock bottom, and your spirits will go rocketing to the skies, as you bounce blithely along the pebbled path of unpredictable paleolithic adventures with the fabulous Flintstones and Betty and Barney Rubble, their neighbors and all-time best friends. But take care, as you rock with laughter at the everyday fun and foils of these madcap mesozoic merry-makers...you're sure to end up with a splintered funnybone!



# Getting the BUSINESS

(Munch! Munch!) I sure am getting sick of this job, Barney!  
Working for somebody else is beginning  
to depress me!



(Munch! Munch!) If only I were an  
expert on something, I could go  
into business for myself!

There's **one** thing  
you're an expert  
on...eating!



Awww, you  
know good and well that's  
not what I mean!

Wait a minute! Maybe  
it is what I mean!





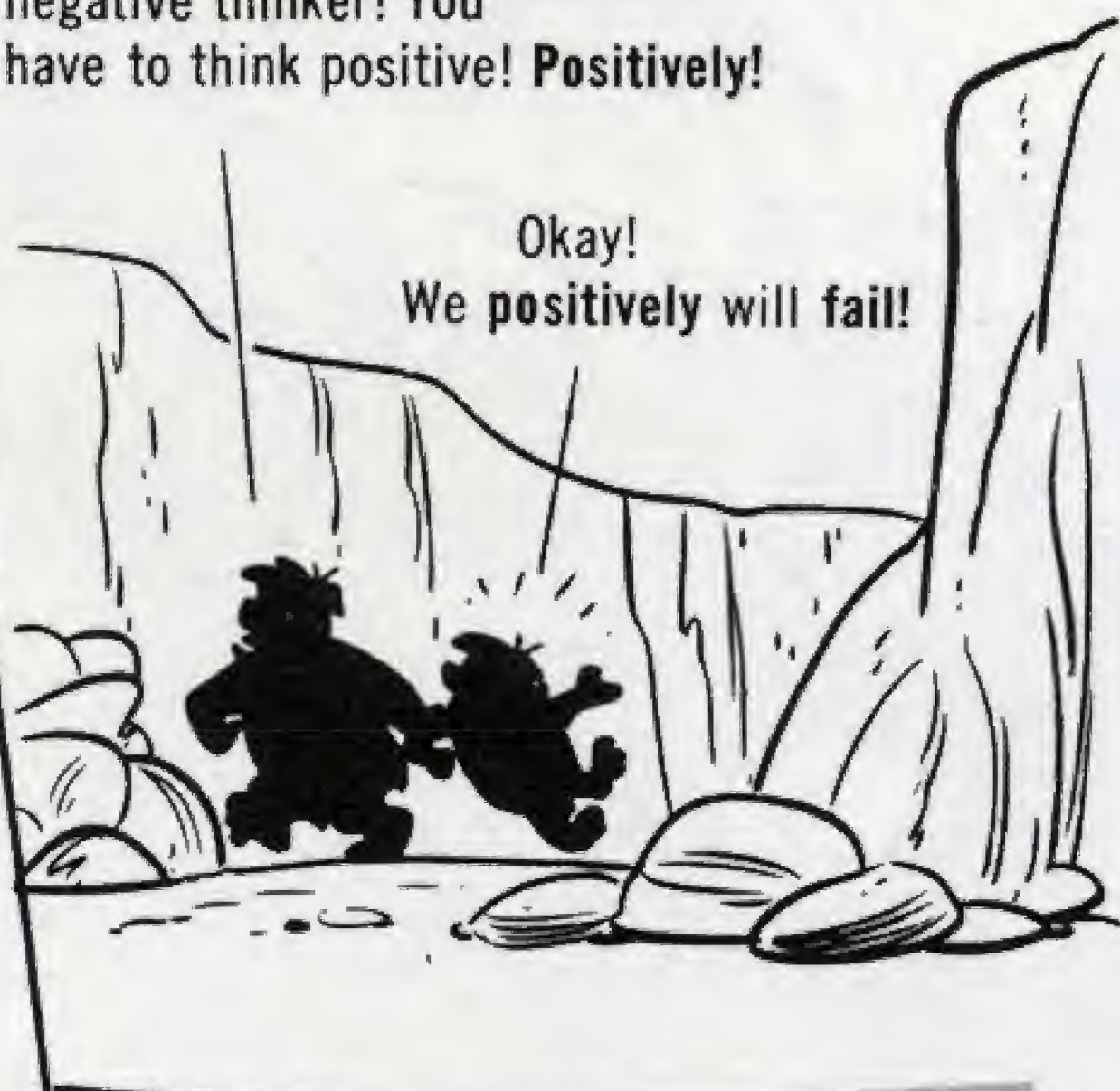
I am an expert on eating! With my brains and your savings, we'll open up a restaurant!



You have to take chances to succeed! Come on! We're quitting our jobs and getting a cafe!



That's the trouble with you! You're a negative thinker! You have to think positive! **Positively!**



Shortly...

Well, we drew all our money out of the bank! Now, let's see what restaurants are available!



Now look, these real estate guys can be pretty sharp! Let me do all the talking!



Hello! We were thinking about... er... looking for a restaurant!

A restaurant? Boys, I have just the thing! Sit down!





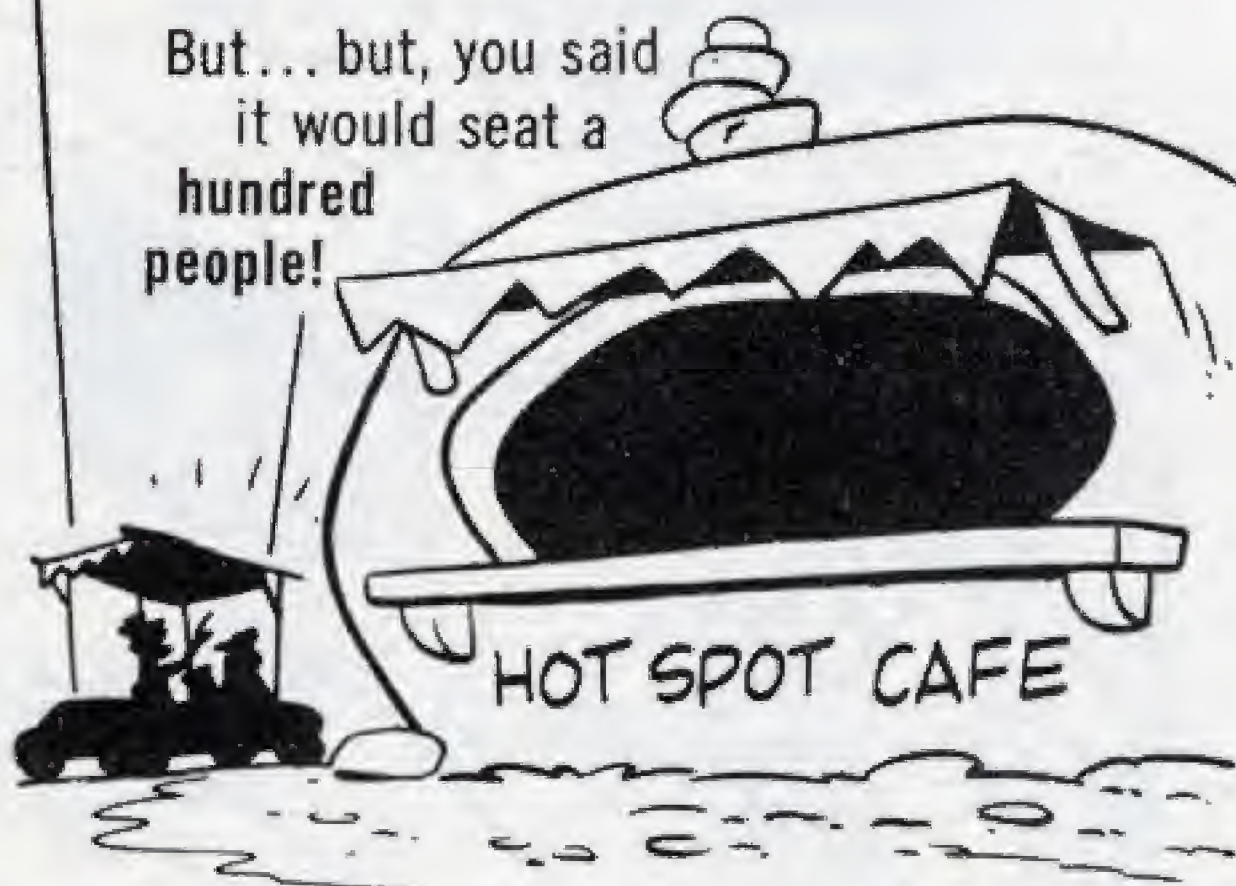
Great location...blah...blah...seats a hundred people...blah...blah...bargain...real bargain...Come on, fellas—I'll take you over to see it!



Soon...

Here we are! A real beauty, eh?

But... but, you said it would seat a hundred people!



I thought **you** were going to do all the talking!

Don't worry, I'll have the final word!



And so it will! Right in the comfort of their own cars! No overhead for you! They bring their overhead with them...unless they have convertibles! Har, har, har!



Hmmm! Drive-ins do seem to be the up and coming thing!

Umm! I see you have the exact price here! You're a shrewd judge of property!



Come on, Barney! We've got some planning to do!

So long, boys! Good luck!





Don't you think we kind of rushed into things, Fred?

Naww! You have to act fast in the business world! We'll open as soon as we hire a couple of car hops!



How about Betty and Wilma?

Are you kidding? We can't breathe a word of this to the wives until we make a go of it! They'd just scoff! Remember... not a word!



Meanwhile...

Hey, look! A new drive-in is opening! Maybe we could get car hop jobs!

Let's ask that man! Maybe he's the owner!

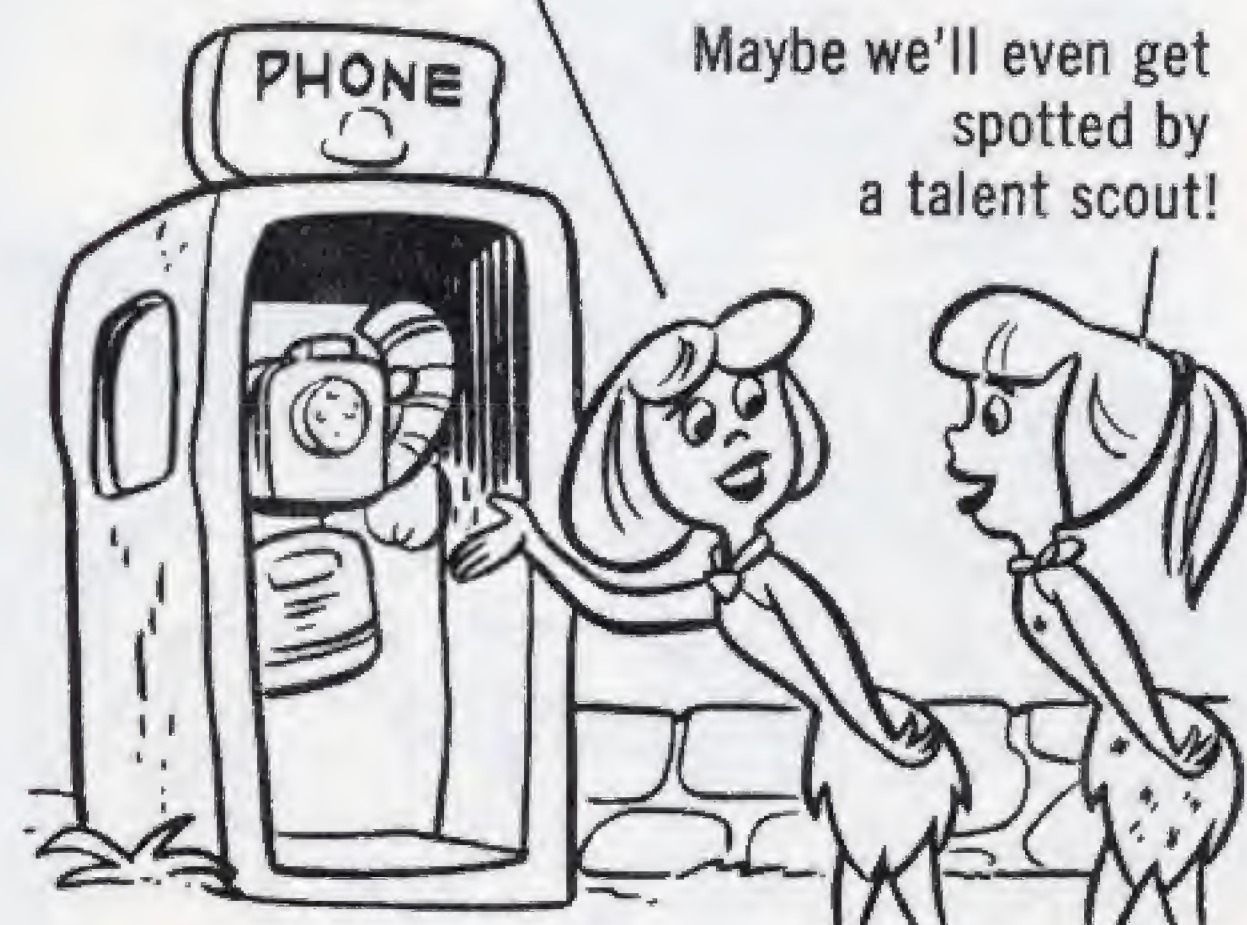


Hi! You need any car hops for this new drive-in?

I don't, but you might call Fred Flintstone! He's one of the new owners, and he'll probably need somebody!



Quick, let's look up his number and phone him! I've always wanted to be a car hop!



Maybe we'll even get spotted by a talent scout!

Maybe that's Fred calling! He should have been home from work by now!





Hello! Yes, there's a Fred living here, but he isn't home right now!  
He should be here any minute!



We understand he's looking for a couple of girls! We'll call back in a few minutes!



Hi, honey!  
I'm home!

Don't honey me,  
you two-timing tyrant!  
A couple of girls just called you!



Girls?

You remember...lipstick...  
dresses...long hair!  
Does it ring a bell?



As a matter of fact, it does! There's  
a bell...oh, that's  
just the **phone** bell ringing!



Hello! Oh, yes! Er...we do need a couple  
of waitresses! Meet me in front  
of the place tomorrow morning!

The nerve! Planning a date  
right in front of me!





Uh...don't be  
silly, dear! They  
were  
just calling  
about...

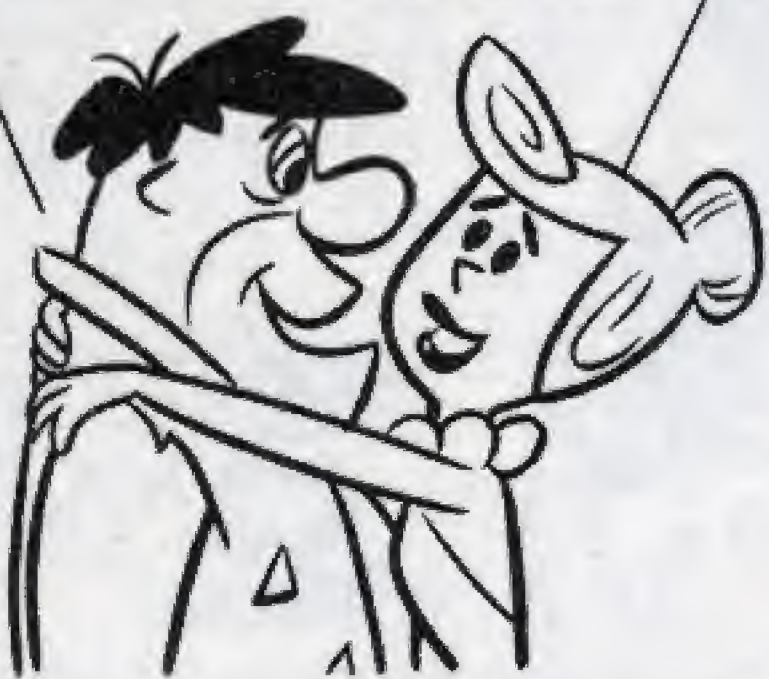


Er...about a dinner the lodge is giving  
in a few days! I'm in charge of hiring the  
waitresses for the affair!



I'm sorry I doubted you,  
Fred!

That's okay, Wilma! With  
my magnetic attraction to women,  
you have reasons to be jealous!



Next morning...

Well, Barney,  
I've stocked up plenty of supplies!  
All we have to do is wait for those  
girls to show up, and we're ready to go!



Good morning, boss!

Heh, heh! How do you like the  
outfits, Barney? People like to  
see nice legs at drive-ins!



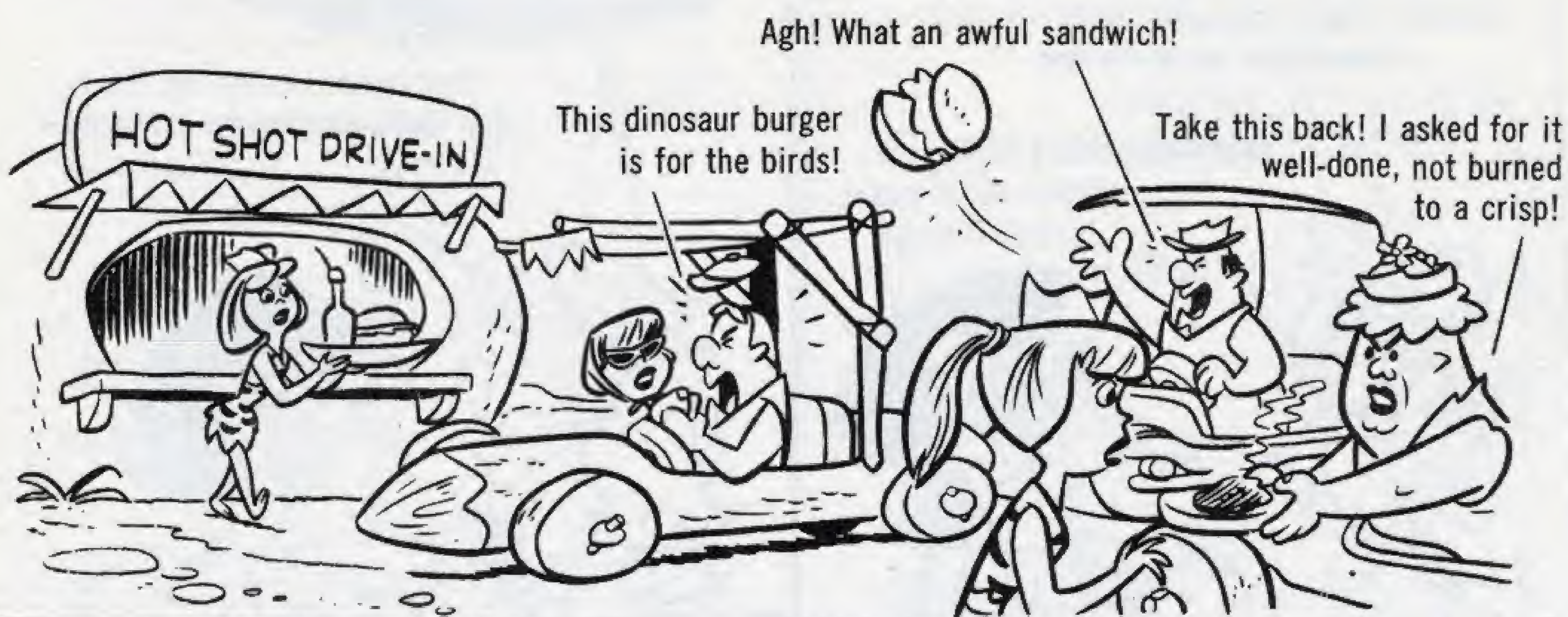
I just hope I can keep my mind  
on cooking!

Well, let's get started!





So, the Hot Shot Drive-in is off to a flying start...buns are flying, burgers are flying, and customers are flying off the handle...



Gee, I can't understand it!  
Wilma always said I was  
a good cook!

Betty said  
I was, too!



Speaking of Wilma and Betty...

...So then, Fred explained about  
the two girls and I apologized!

You shouldn't have  
mistrusted good old Fred!



You're making me feel bad  
all over again! I'm going to  
call and apologize to Fred  
once more!

That will make him  
feel good!



Rock quarry? I'd like to speak  
to Fred Flintstone, please! What? He did?  
When? Him, too? Grrr!





That two-timer in a tiger skin! He's up  
to some hanky panky after all!  
He quit his job yesterday!

Thank goodness I don't have  
these worries about sweet,  
steady Barney!

SLAM!



Betty, Barney quit yesterday, too!

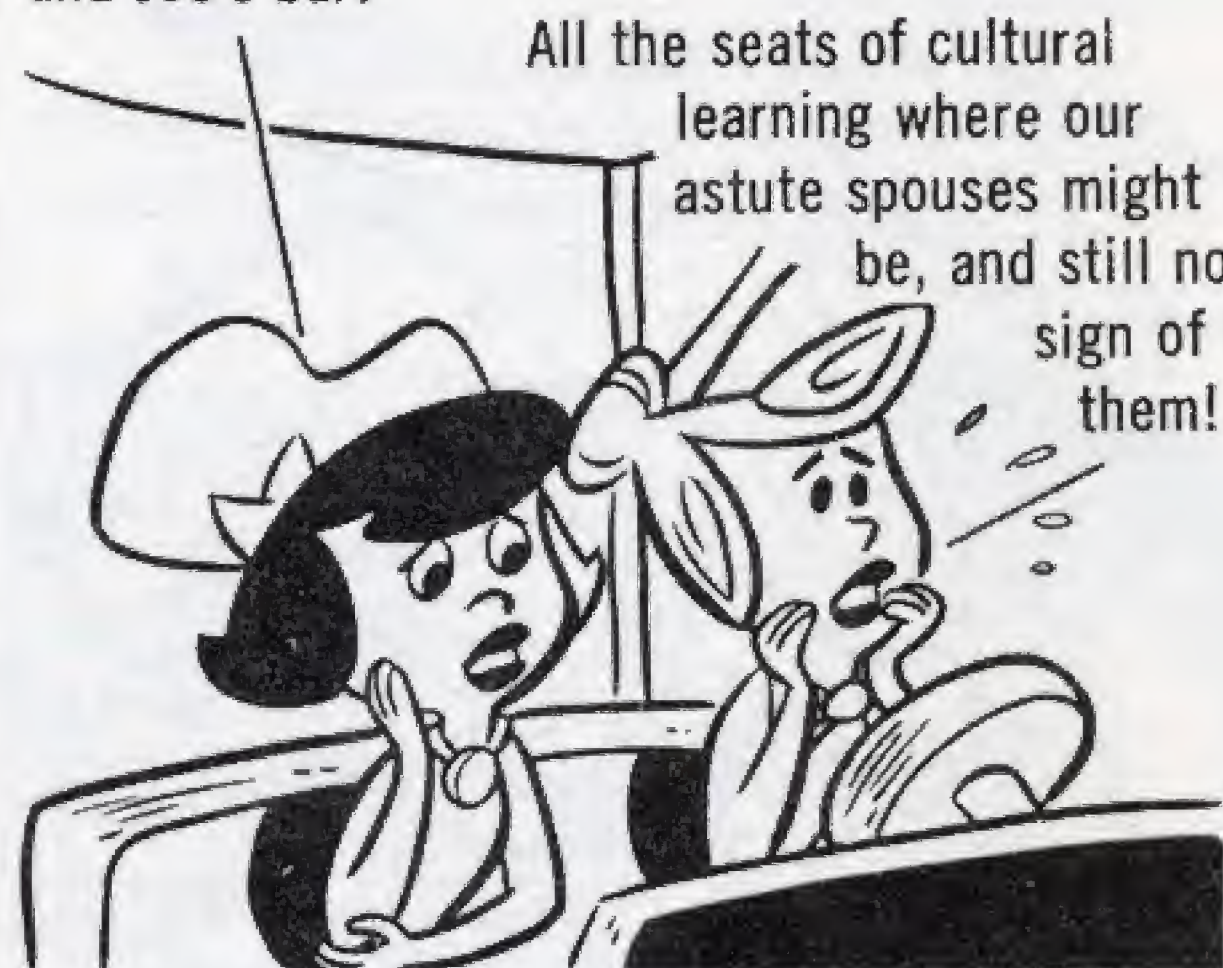
That beast! I never did trust  
that shifty-eyed snake-in-the-grass!



Later...

We checked the pool hall, bowling alley,  
and Joe's bar!

All the seats of cultural  
learning where our  
astute spouses might  
be, and still no  
sign of  
them!



I'm hungry, Betty! Let's pull in this new  
drive-in for a sandwich!

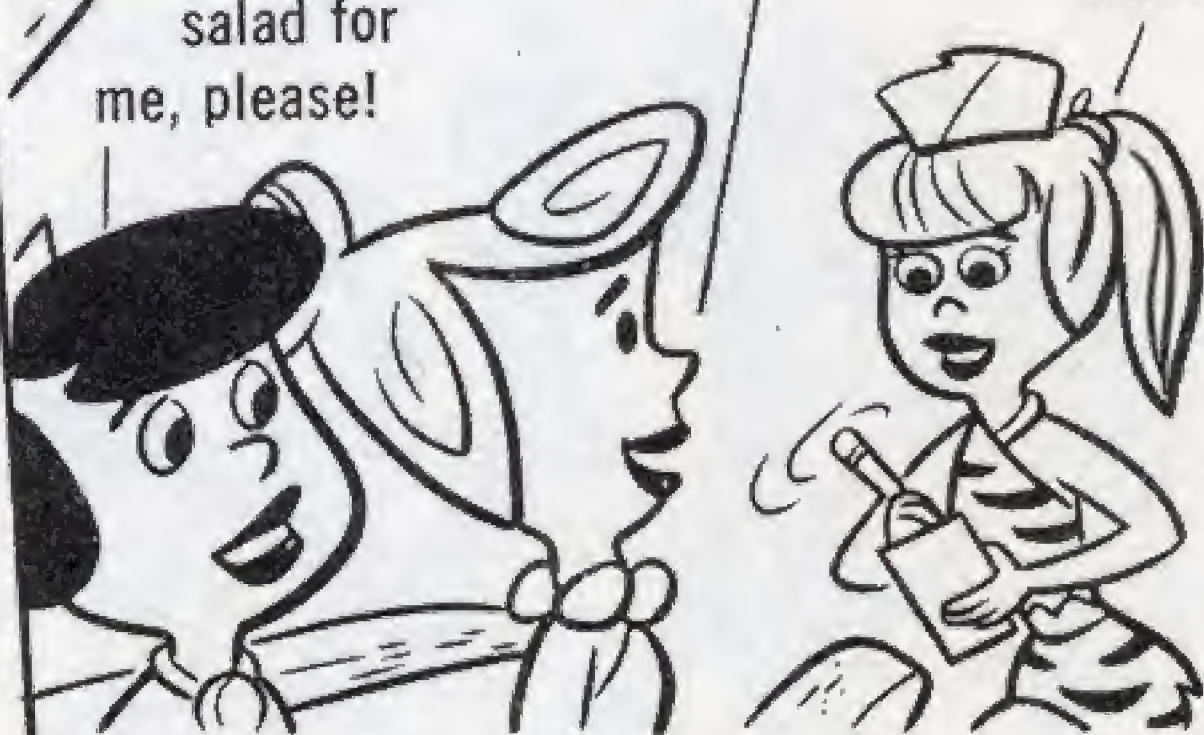
Okay!



A fried dodo egg  
sandwich, please!

Terra tuna  
salad for  
me, please!

Right!





Gaaa! This sandwich is awful!

So is my terra tuna salad!



The only time I've tasted a sandwich that bad was when Fred made it!

I had to pretend it was good so as not to hurt his feelings!

Same goes for the salad!



Betty...  
do you suppose...?

With our husbands,  
anything is possible!



(Sigh!) Our food seems to be  
going over like a lead balloon!

Maybe we should've told our wives  
about our opening this restaurant,  
after all!



Maybe you **should** have!

Wilma!  
Betty!



Come on, we'll do  
the cooking!

This place will be  
booming once they taste  
terra turtle soup!

You mean  
you aren't  
mad?





If you boys wanted to go  
in business for yourselves,  
you should have told us!



Here's another amazing way to cut down on costs! Fire those two car hops!



Oh, no! That's positively out!

If there's one thing a drive-in needs, it's legs!



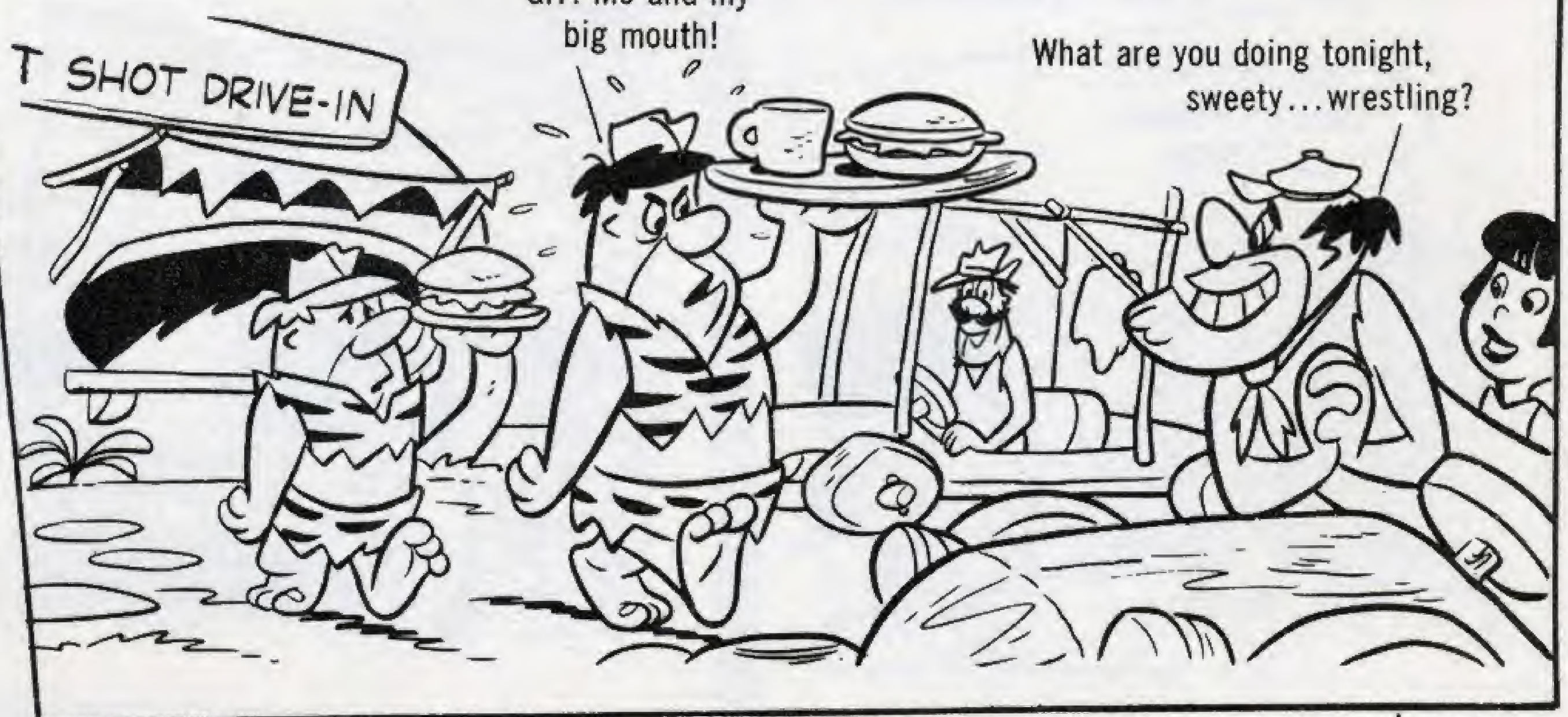
All right, have it  
your way! /

**Fred's right!**



Grr! Me and my  
big mouth!

What are you doing tonight,  
sweety...wrestling?



the End

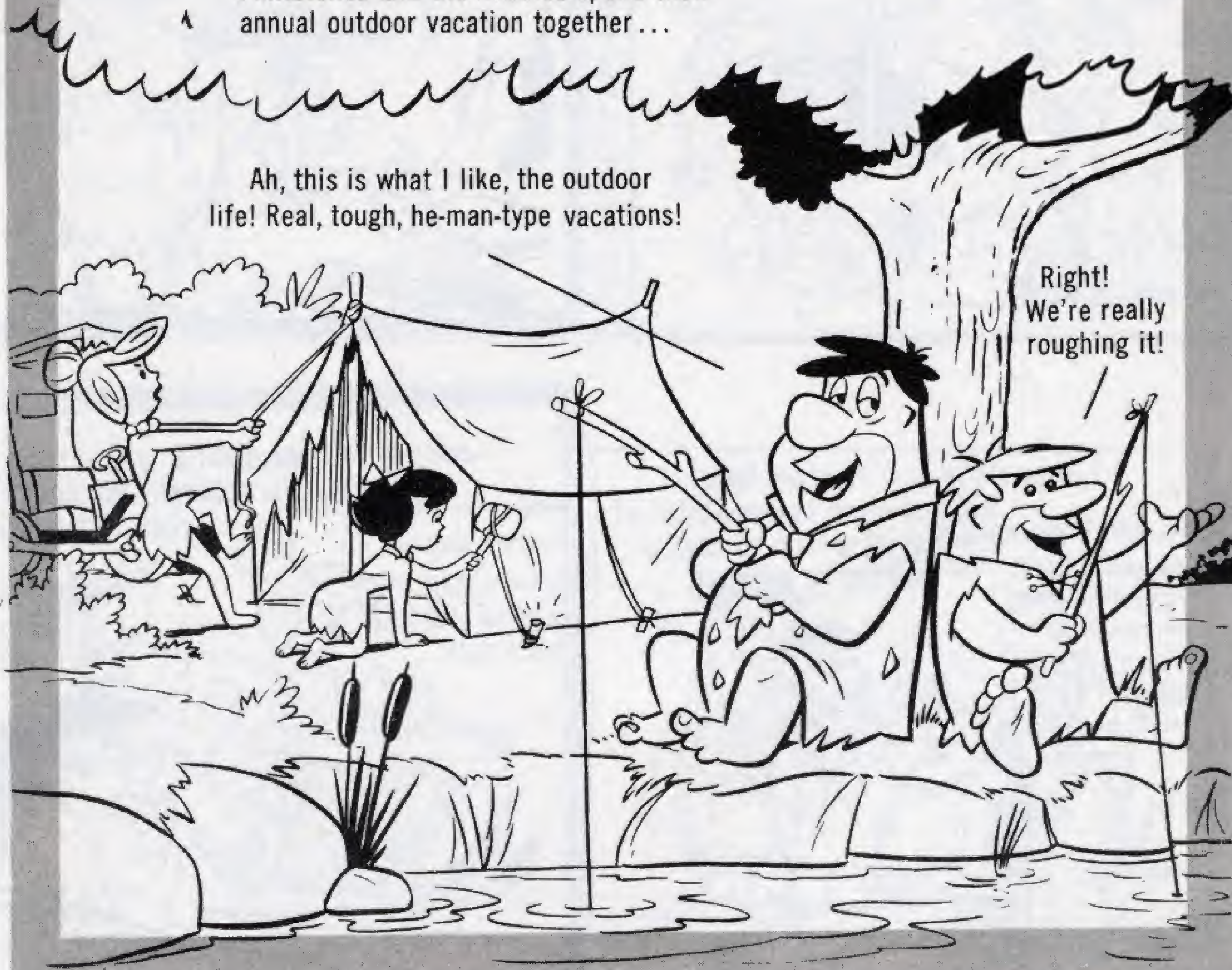


# Vacation Aggravation

Summertime, when the livin' is easy...  
but not for Wilma and Betty, as the  
Flintstones and the Rubbles spend their  
annual outdoor vacation together...

Ah, this is what I like, the outdoor  
life! Real, tough, he-man-type vacations!

Right!  
We're really  
roughing it!



Roughing it!

Did you hear that? If they had it any softer,  
they'd fall asleep!



Don't be surprised if they do!

Every year we ask those two tubby tarzans  
to take us someplace relaxing for a vacation, like  
Sandstone Beach, and every year we  
wind up out in the woods!



It's sad!



The only difference between this and housework is there's no rug to sweep anything under!

I hope our husbands appreciate all we do for them!



Wilma, I just caught a couple more fish! ... Hey! The ones I caught before aren't even **cleaned** yet! What's going on?



I know you're on a vacation, honey, but that doesn't mean you can just sit around all day and not do **anything**!

Grrrrrr!



I don't do anything, huh? How's that for a start?

Wilma!



I'm spending my vacation at Sandstone Beach! If I'm going to get dishpan hands, I want to get them in **sea water**!

(Ulp!) What did I say?



I'm going, too!

But Betty, I didn't open my mouth!



No, but you had that **look** in your eye!



Wow! They were really mad, Fred!

You know women!  
Give them a little free time,  
and they get restless!



Besides, why complain? We've been  
wanting a vacation alone  
for a long time!

Right!  
Real man stuff!



We'll start with a real man-size  
meal! Clean the fish and  
fry them up, Barney!

Me? I just know how  
to catch them!  
I don't know what  
happens to them  
after that!



(Ulp!)  
To tell the truth...  
neither do I!

I guess we'll have to  
settle for a small man-size  
meal of beans!



Doggone! Where is the can opener?

Wilma!

Aren't you forgetting?  
The girls aren't here! They're the  
only ones who know where anything is  
... at home or on vacation!



If we can't find the can opener,  
we'll starve, Fred!

No, we won't! Set the can  
over on that tree stump!





I've hunted everything  
from bird to beast with this thing...  
but never **beans!**



**B  
L  
A  
M!**

Bean's-eye!

Hooray!  
We eat!



Later...

How are yours, Barney?  
(Munch! Munch!)

Not so bad... **ouch!**  
...once you separate  
the beans from  
the buckshot!



Let's turn in! We want to get up early  
to start fishing!  
That's when they bite best!

It'll be fun!  
Who needs the girls?



11:30 A.M. the next day...

Yipe! It's practically **noon!** We missed  
out on the  
best fishing!

(Sigh!) The girls  
usually  
wake us up!



Yeah! And if their yells don't wake us,  
the smell of breakfast  
cooking always does!



Speaking of breakfast, what do you  
say we shoot another can of beans?



Beans for breakfast...nobody  
to brag to about how many fish we caught  
...nobody to tease—  
This man-to-man stuff is getting me down!



Let's face it, Barney,  
we were all wrong! The girls  
are worth their weight in gold!  
A vacation is no fun  
without them!



Let's hurry up and pack up our  
gear and surprise them at  
Sandstone Beach!



Shortly...at Sandstone Beach...



We decided a vacation without the  
wives is like...er...a hot dog  
without mustard!



Come on! You can  
buy some swimsuits and  
join us on the beach!

You'll see that  
this kind of  
vacation can be a  
lot of fun, too!





And...

You know, Barney, this beach  
idea isn't half bad!

It sure isn't,  
Fred!



Va Va Voom!

La Dee Da!



We made a big Boo Boo!

And we  
know what we're  
going to do about it!



Come on! We're leaving!

You, too, Romeo!

But-But-we just  
got here!



So...

Women! I never will  
understand them!

Don't try!  
Just keep fishing!



the End



# Are You A P.P.P.? \*

\* (POPULAR PERSON  
AT PARTIES)

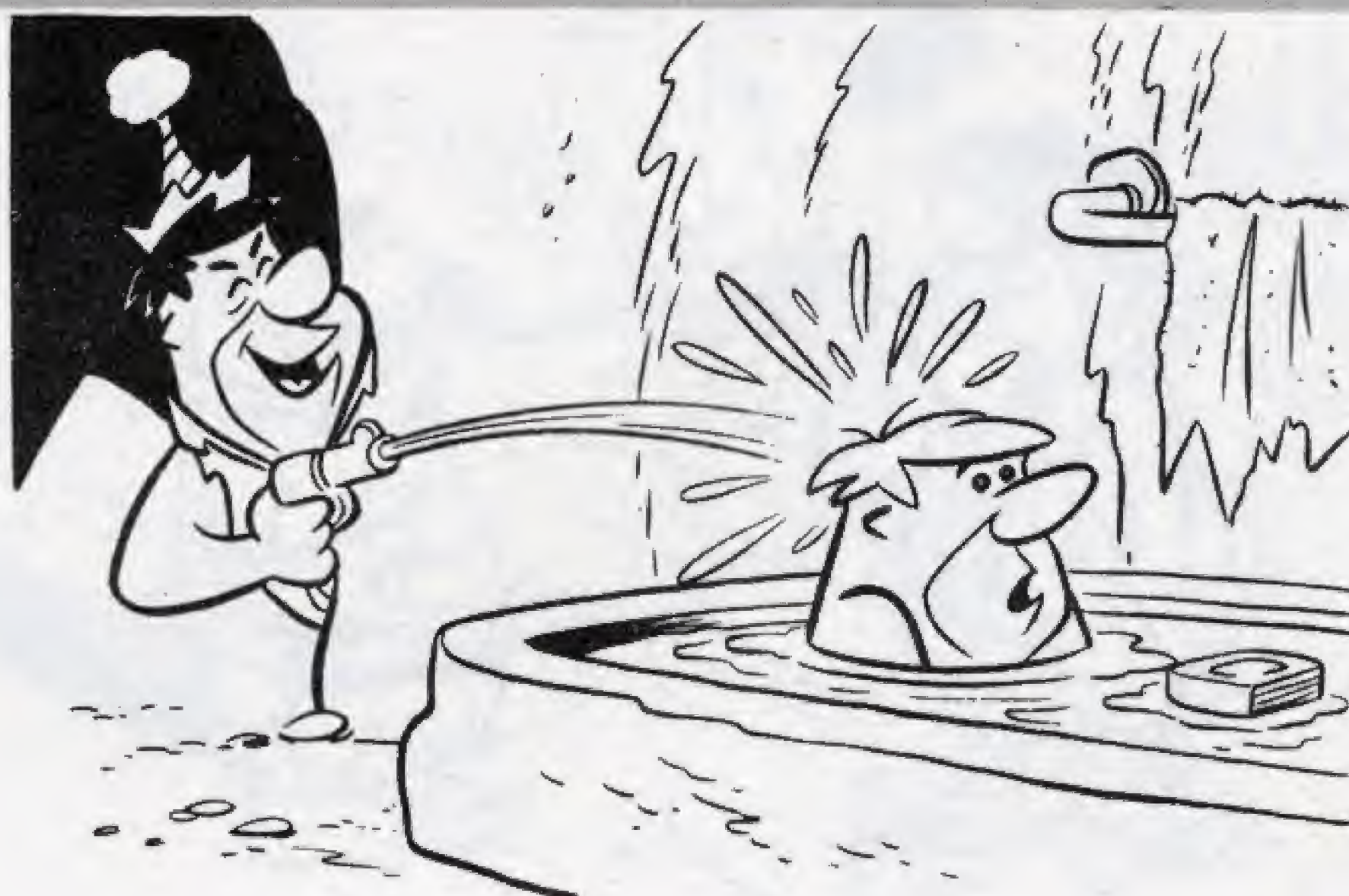
Most of  
us answer "Yes,"  
but a scientific analysis  
is necessary to find  
the total truth!

Yes ☒  
No ☐



Do you arrive early  
and insist on  
helping your  
host get ready?

Yes ☐  
No ☐



Do you  
practice  
the games  
at home so  
you become  
an expert?

Yes ☐  
No ☐



Post office,  
too?

Yes ☐ No ☐



Are you  
capable  
of amazing  
everyone with  
magic tricks?

Yes ☐

No ☐



And when the  
law comes to see  
what's causing  
the disturbance,  
do you act as spokesman  
for everybody?

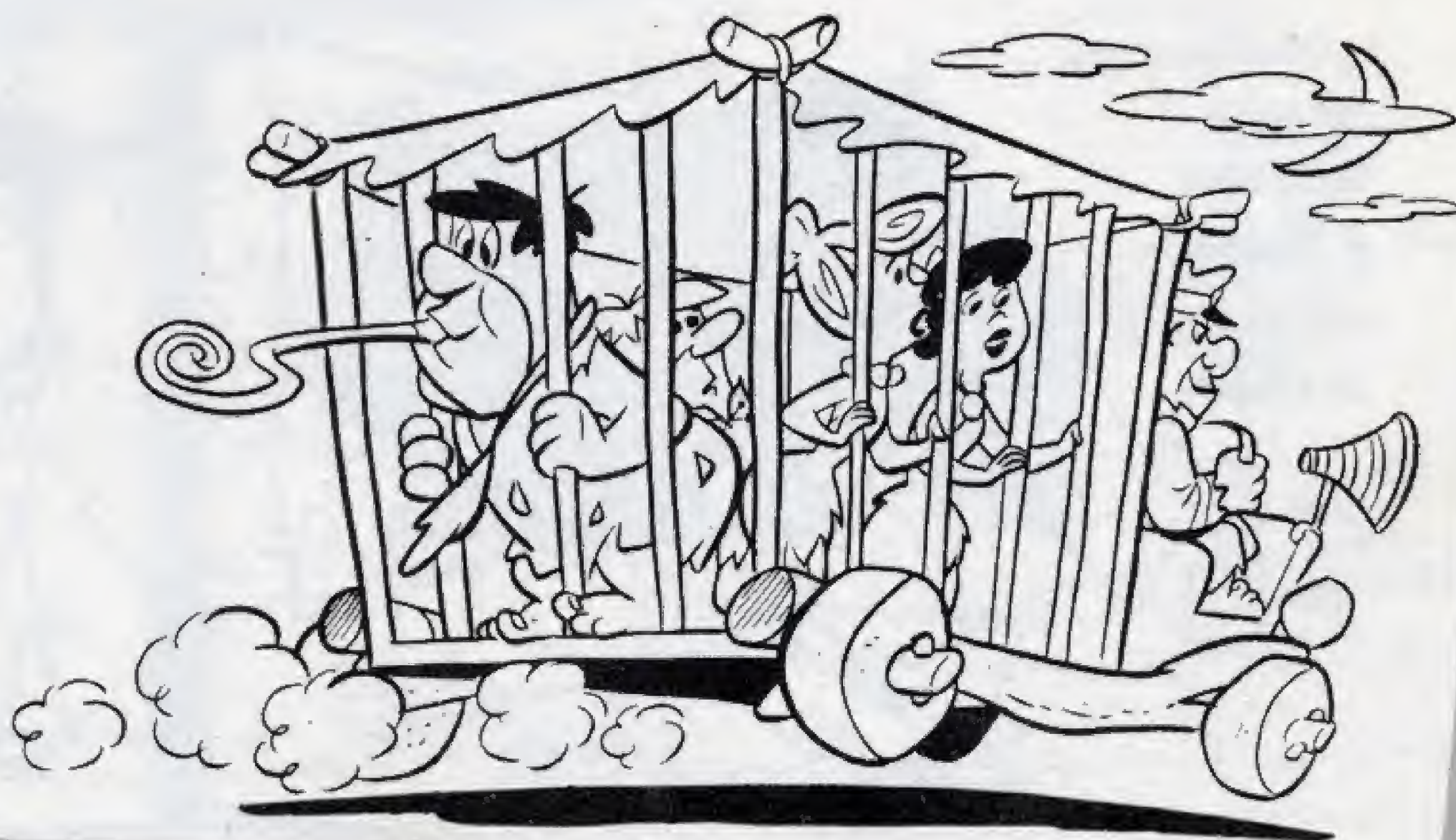
Yes ☐

No ☐

How come you  
get invited to  
parties, anyhow?

Huh? ☐

Huh? ☐



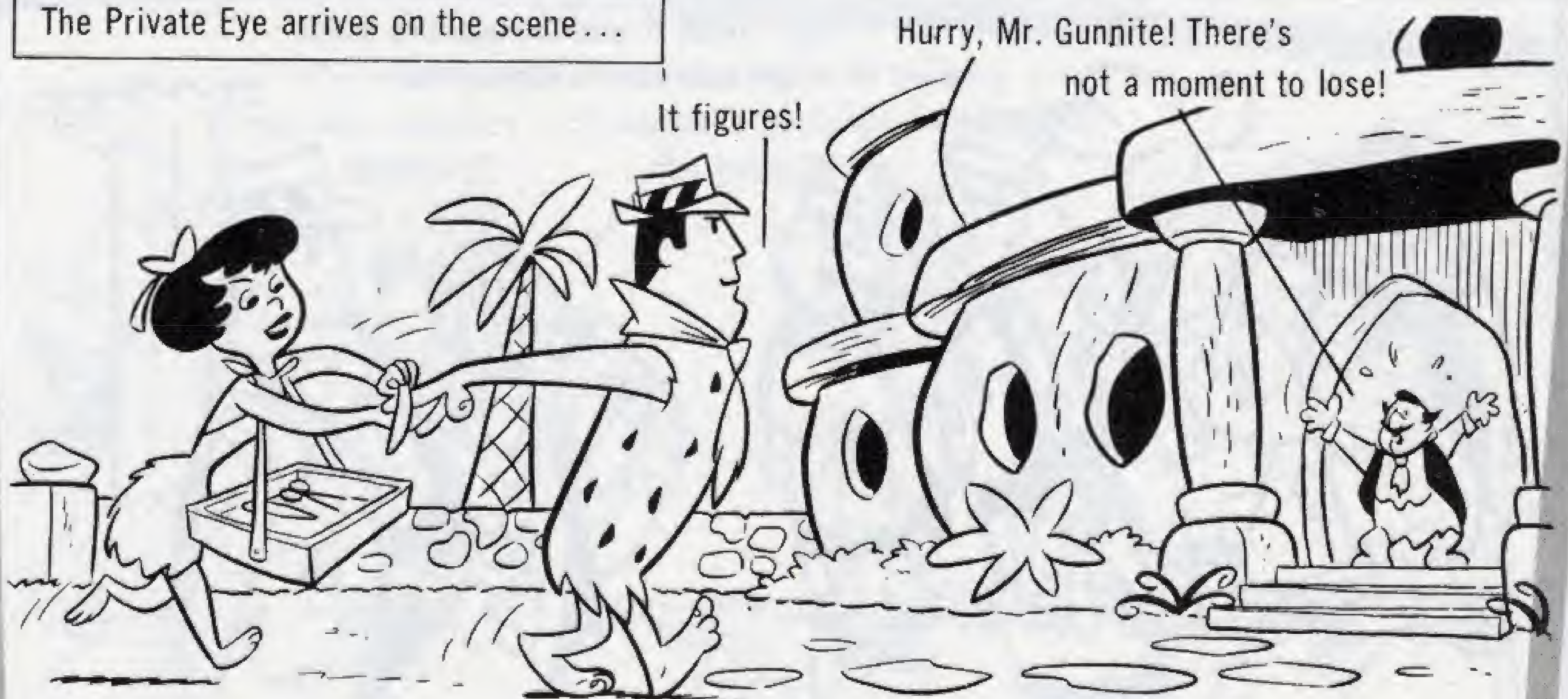


# The No-Account COUNT

Private Eyes — the handsome, carefree glamour guys of TV. Such is not the case in real life. Take real-life Private Eye, Perry Gunnite — his is a tough, hardworking, unglamorous life...



The Private Eye arrives on the scene...









Don't look at me! I've been alone in my room all day!  
And I've got three witnesses who were there with me and can prove it!



I didn't do it! I've been dusting all day...  
and I've got the dust to prove it! See?



Look! Why keep up this act? I know you're all thinking it was  
me just because I'm the butler! Everybody always thinks  
the butler did it!

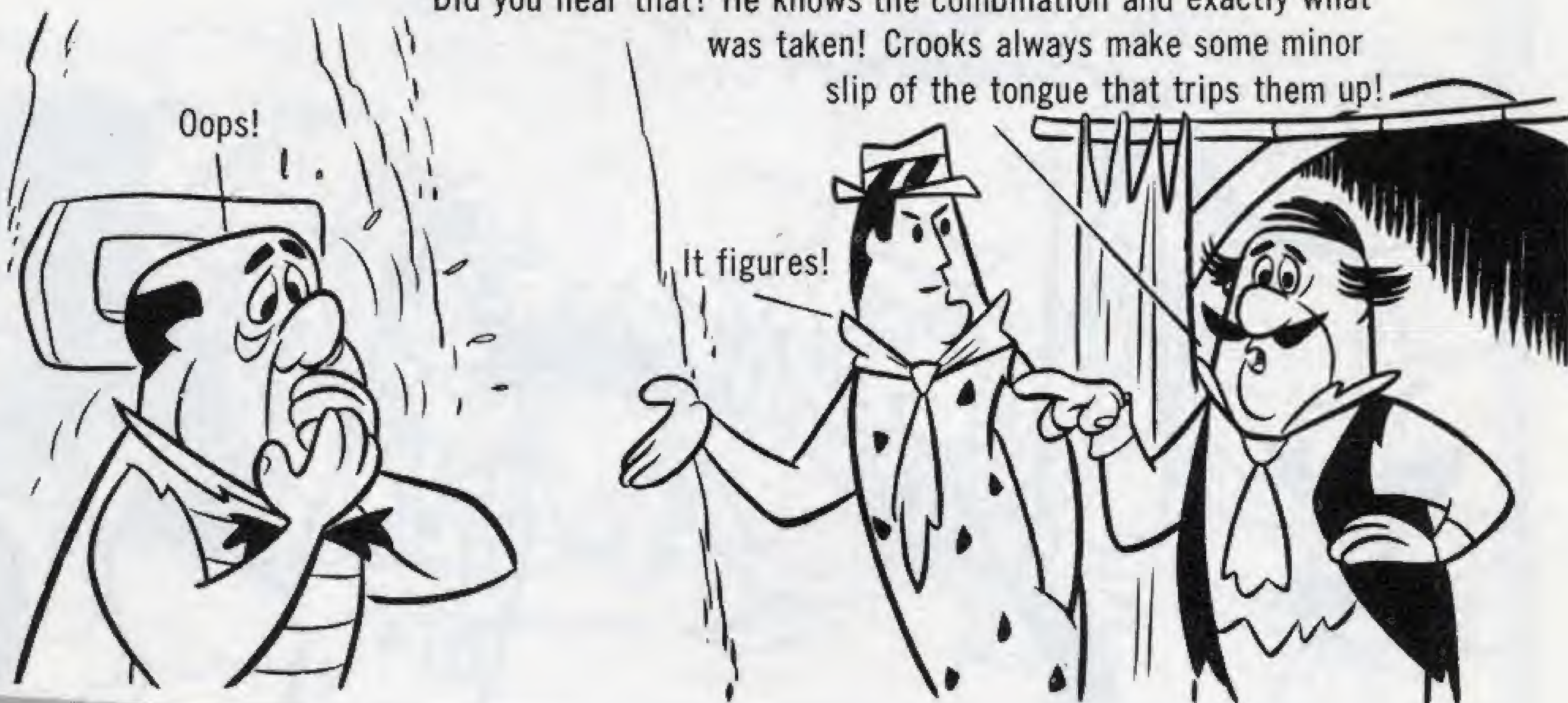




But I'm innocent! Innocent! I didn't open that wall safe,  
combination 6-42-11, and take out fifty thousand dollars,  
eighty-six cents, and four hairpins!



Did you hear that? He knows the combination and exactly what  
was taken! Crooks always make some minor  
slip of the tongue that trips them up!



You win! Here's the stolen money that I  
had stashed away in the closet!

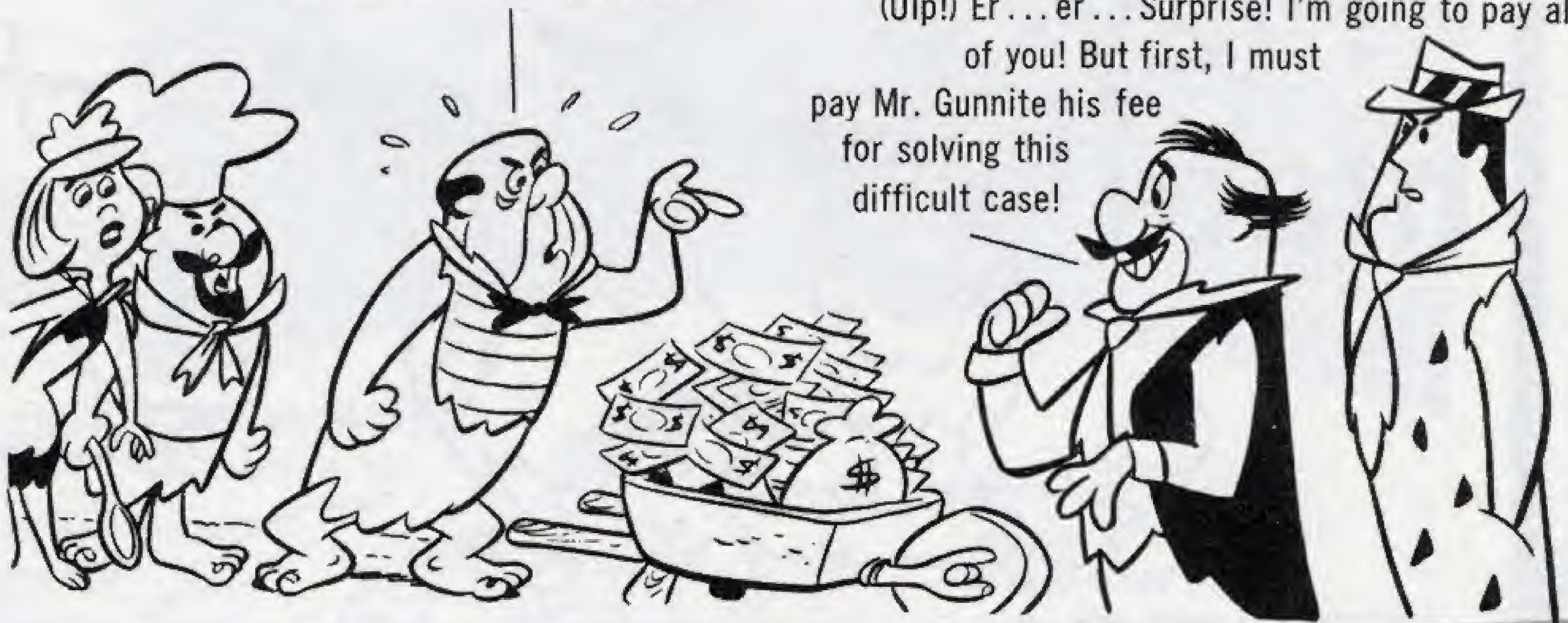


Crime does not pay!



Neither do **you**! That's why I took the money! You owe us  
all back pay! I was just going to settle our  
accounts and return the rest!

(Ulp!) Er...er... Surprise! I'm going to pay all  
of you! But first, I must  
pay Mr. Gunnite his fee  
for solving this  
difficult case!



Go ahead, Mr. Gunnite, take your fee...  
twenty dollars, thirty dollars...  
whatever it might be!



Horrors! He took all of my money for his fee!  
Now I can't pay you servants  
your back wages!

It figures!



*the End*



# Play-mate

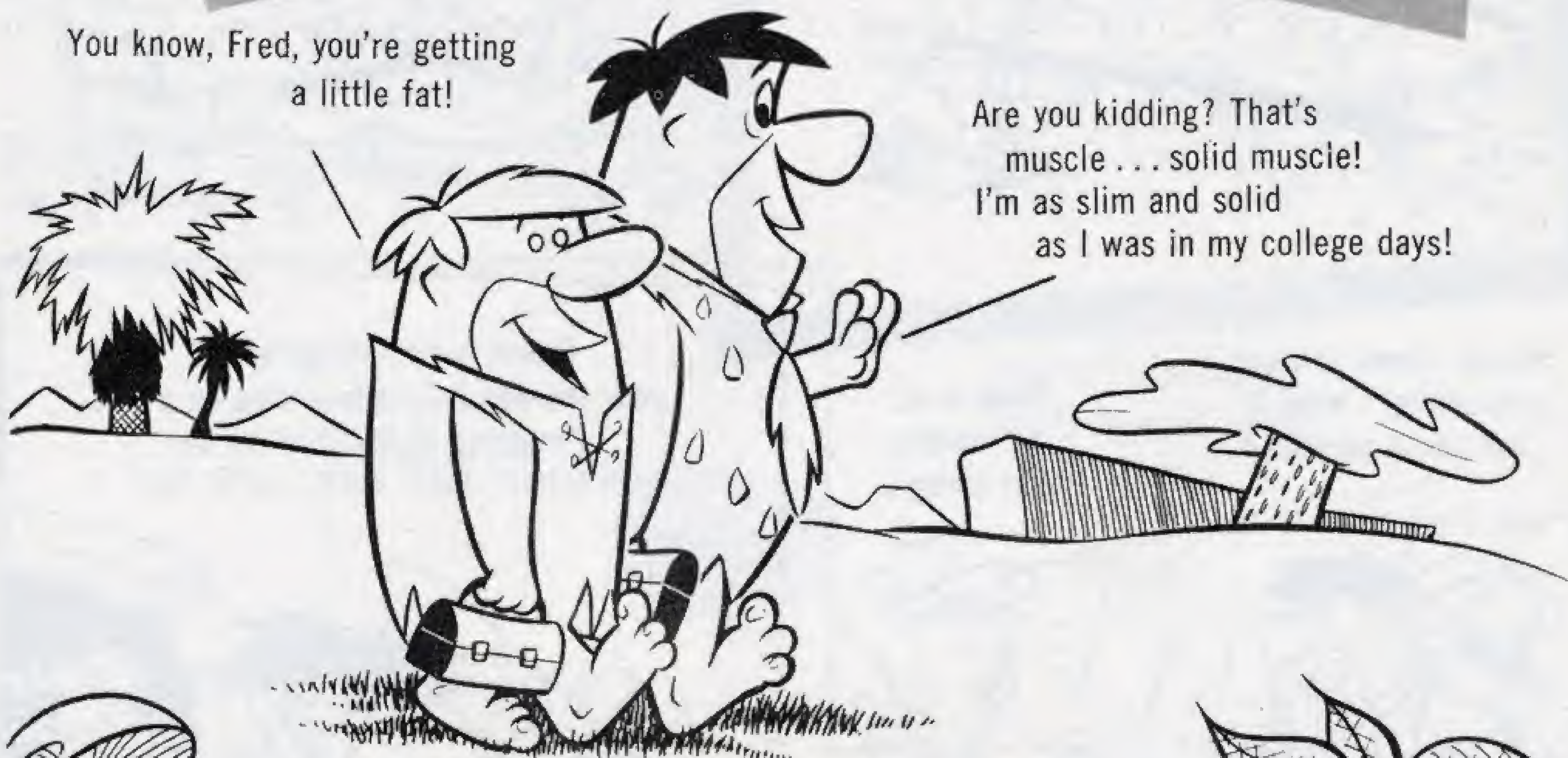




# DO OR DIET

You know, Fred, you're getting a little fat!

Are you kidding? That's muscle . . . solid muscle! I'm as slim and solid as I was in my college days!



You never went to college!

All right! My high school days, then!



You never went to . . .

I did too! Quit clowning!



Go ahead and hit me in my stomach! I'm as solid as a rock!

Okay!





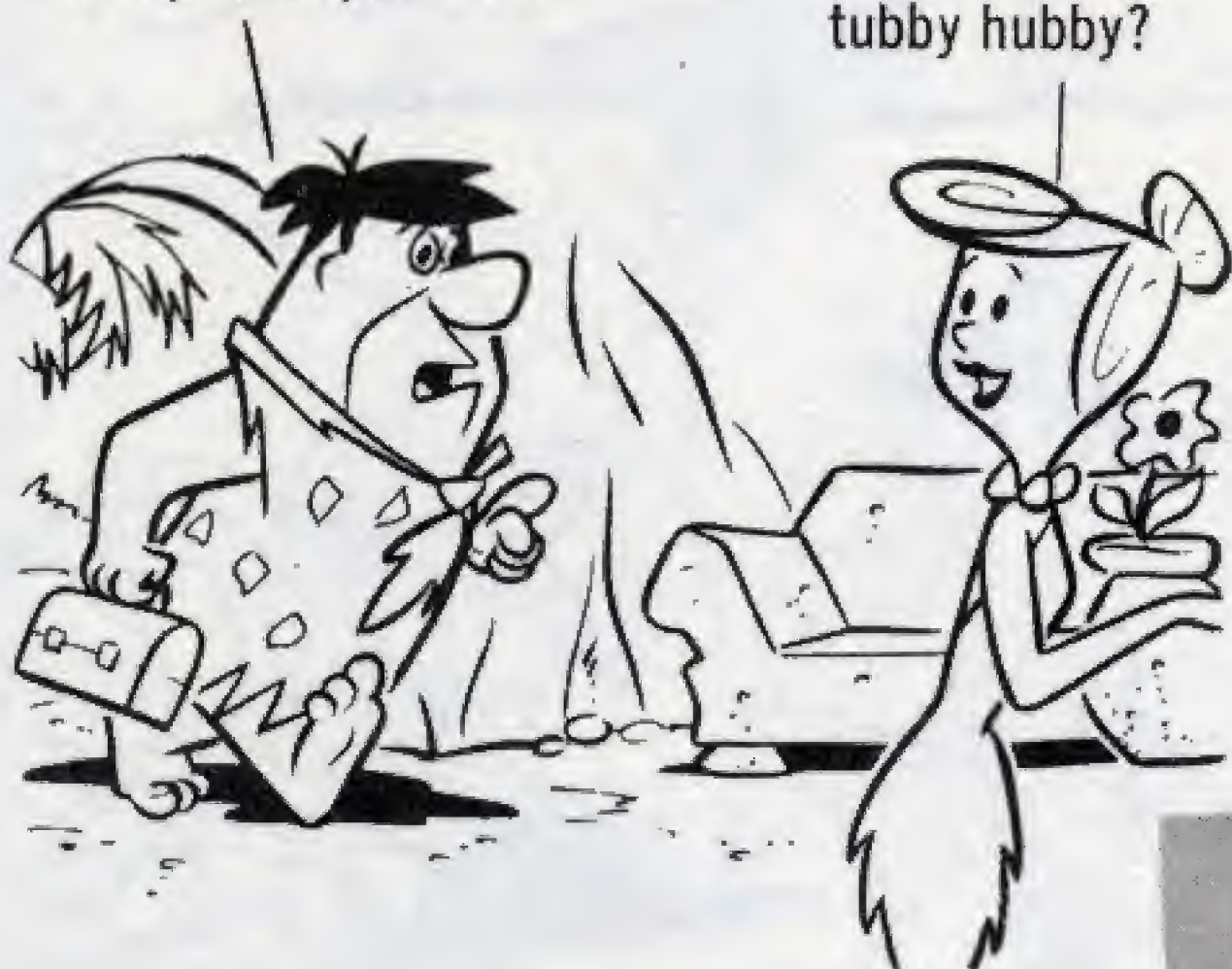


Maybe you're right! Maybe I could stand to drop a few pounds!



Wilma, I have to know something! I want to ask you a question!

What is it, my chubby, tubby hubby?



Shortly . . .

Heh, heh! It still fits! We always used to wear them tight!

Hmmm! It may be tight in front . . .



Never mind! You gave me your answer! But, before I go on a diet, I'm going to see how my old high school cheer leader outfit fits!



But, back here it's the wide open spaces!

Yipe! That does it! I'm going on a diet!





Later . . .

This is all I'm going to eat for dinner  
from now on, Wilma . . .  
one sardine!

Sure, Fred!  
Sure!



Soon . . .

Now to go in and watch some  
television to take my mind off food!

(Sigh!) It's the same thing  
every time Fred decides to  
go on  
a diet!



He skimps on dinner  
and then stuffs himself the  
rest of the night!

Wilma!!!



I'm going to turn in early! I'm too  
weak from hunger to stay up!

All right, Fred!



Try Grandma Gravel's  
Brontosaurus Bacon!  
It's lip-smackin' good!

Turn it off! I can't take it!



Now, in about fifteen  
minutes, he'll come walking out in his  
sleep and head for the  
icebox like a bee heads for honey!





Sure enough . . .



(Mumble!) ZZZ . . . Food . . .  
food . . .  
food . . . ZZZ!

That's what  
you call a one-track  
mind! And the track leads  
straight to the icebox!



(Munch! Slurp! Munch!)

There's one problem this  
family has never had . . . what to  
do with leftovers!



(Sigh!) And tomorrow morning, he'll  
ask me to leave the sugar  
out of his coffee because he's on a diet!



A few days later . . .

How's the old diet  
coming, Fred?

I had to quit! It  
was getting so none  
of my clothes  
would fit!



No kidding?  
You lost that  
much weight?

Lost? I gained  
ten pounds!



the End



# Are you a born LEADER



It's not  
hard to  
find out,  
because  
you have  
little choice...  
just answer  
"Yes" or  
"No"  
below!

Do you  
lead the  
parade  
to the  
water  
cooler?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Does  
everybody  
take notice  
when  
you have  
something  
to say?

Yes ☐

No ☐





Is the boss inclined to treat you more like a "son" than an employee?

Yes ☐

No ☐

Is your attitude towards work contagious?

Yez-z-z-z ☐

No ☐



Do your opinions carry much weight?

Yes ☐

No ☐

If you have too many noes and are not a born leader, take the test over again and fib a bit.



For Men Only

# Are You HENPECKED?

(OR ARE  
YOU JUST  
"CHICKEN")  
?



Take the  
Fred Flintstone  
test and find out  
before it's too late!

Do you  
jump  
when the  
little woman  
calls you?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Do you  
have  
more  
than one  
hobby?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Do you  
often  
have  
a night  
out?

Yes ☐

No ☐



Do you  
play a  
dominant  
role on  
the road?

Yes ☐

No ☐

Can you  
appreciate  
the  
humorous  
side of a  
situation?

Yes ☐

No ☐



If you have more yeses than noes, it proves one thing — you're single!



# The Get-Rich-Quick Kick

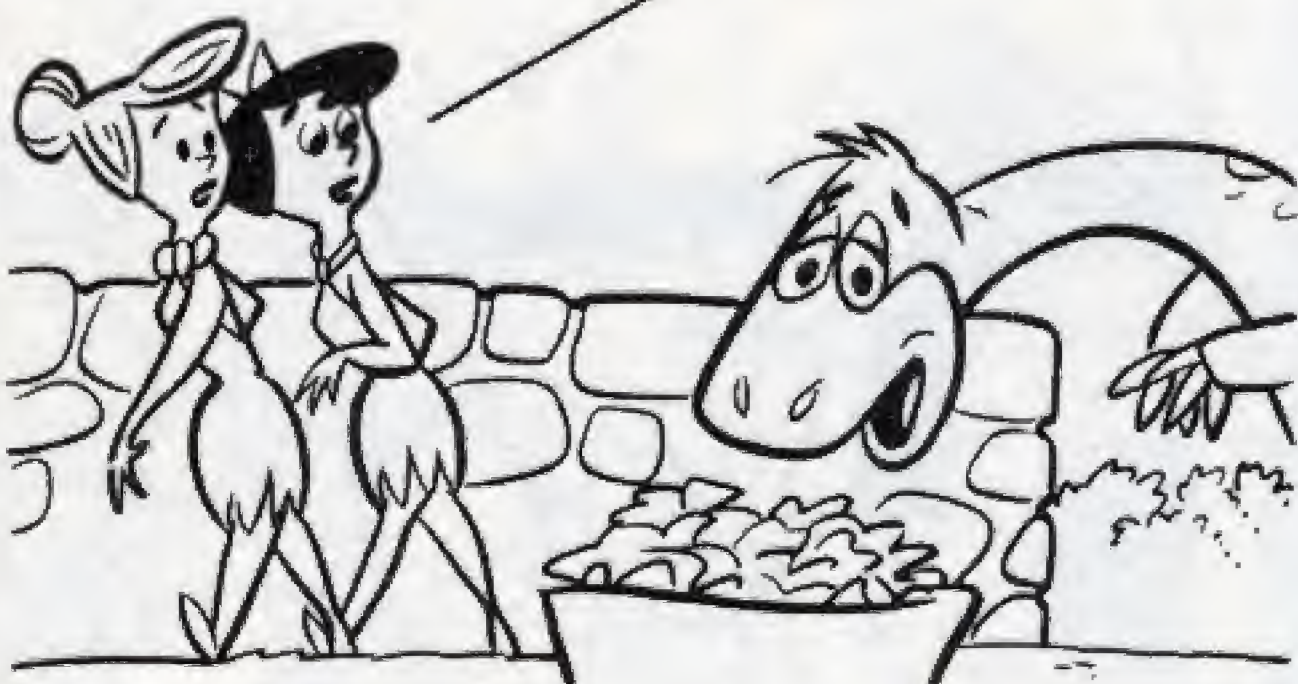
(Sigh!) There go the two get-rich-quick boys! This is their weekly ritual of taking all their contest entries down to the post office!



They've been doing it for ten years!  
I've got more topless boxes at home  
than you could shake a stick at!

Poor Dino! He's been eating Floppo  
Flakes every meal for the last month!

Oh, Barney entered that one,  
too! "Why I love Floppo Flakes  
in twenty-five words or less!"



Fred could tell you why he hates them  
in twenty-five thousand words or  
more! All he likes are the box tops!

That contest is supposed to  
be for kids, but that doesn't  
stop our husbands!





Meanwhile ...

Well, Barney, how many did you enter this week?

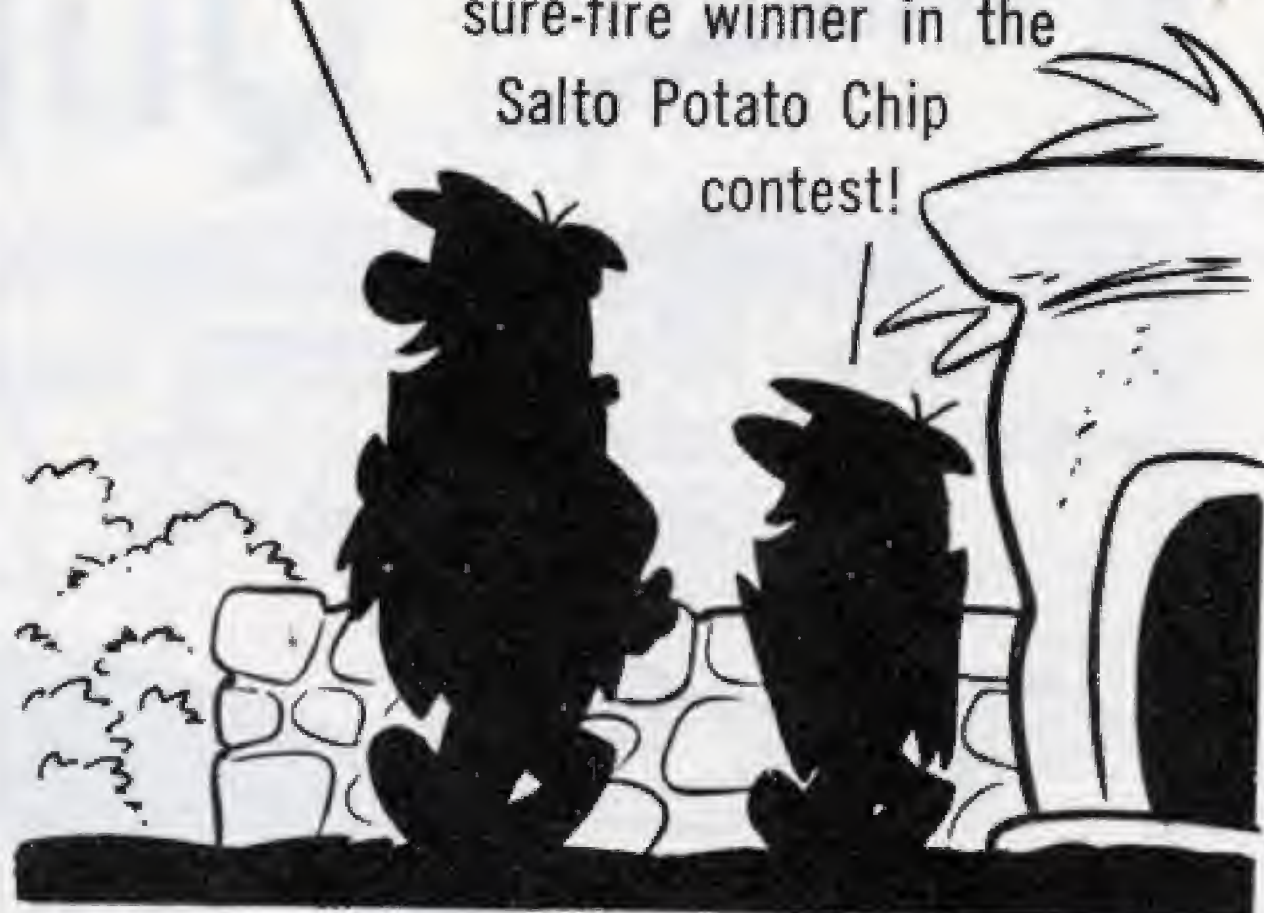


Seventeen! And it's about time I won something! Have you ever won anything, Fred?



Nope! But I got a four cent postage refund once!

Well, that's something! Anyway, I think I have a sure-fire winner in the Salto Potato Chip contest!



A few days later ...

"I eat Saltos all day ... they're so crisp and brown ... and you never get a tummyache when the chips are down!"

Ooou! Good luck, pal! You'll need it!



Wow! I almost forgot! Today's the day they announce the winner of the Floppo Flake contest on their cartoon show!

Here we go again!



This is Captain Bill, kids, and the winner of our contest is little Freddie Flintstone!

Hooray! I won!



Little Freddie will receive the \$100 prize!

Just who is little Freddie Flintstone?

We're rich!





Er... that's me! You see, you're supposed to be under twelve to enter! But, they'll never know the difference!



They won't know the difference, huh?



And here's a special surprise for Freddie! Instead of just mailing him a check, we'll fly him and a parent here to Hollyrock so he can receive the prize right on our show!



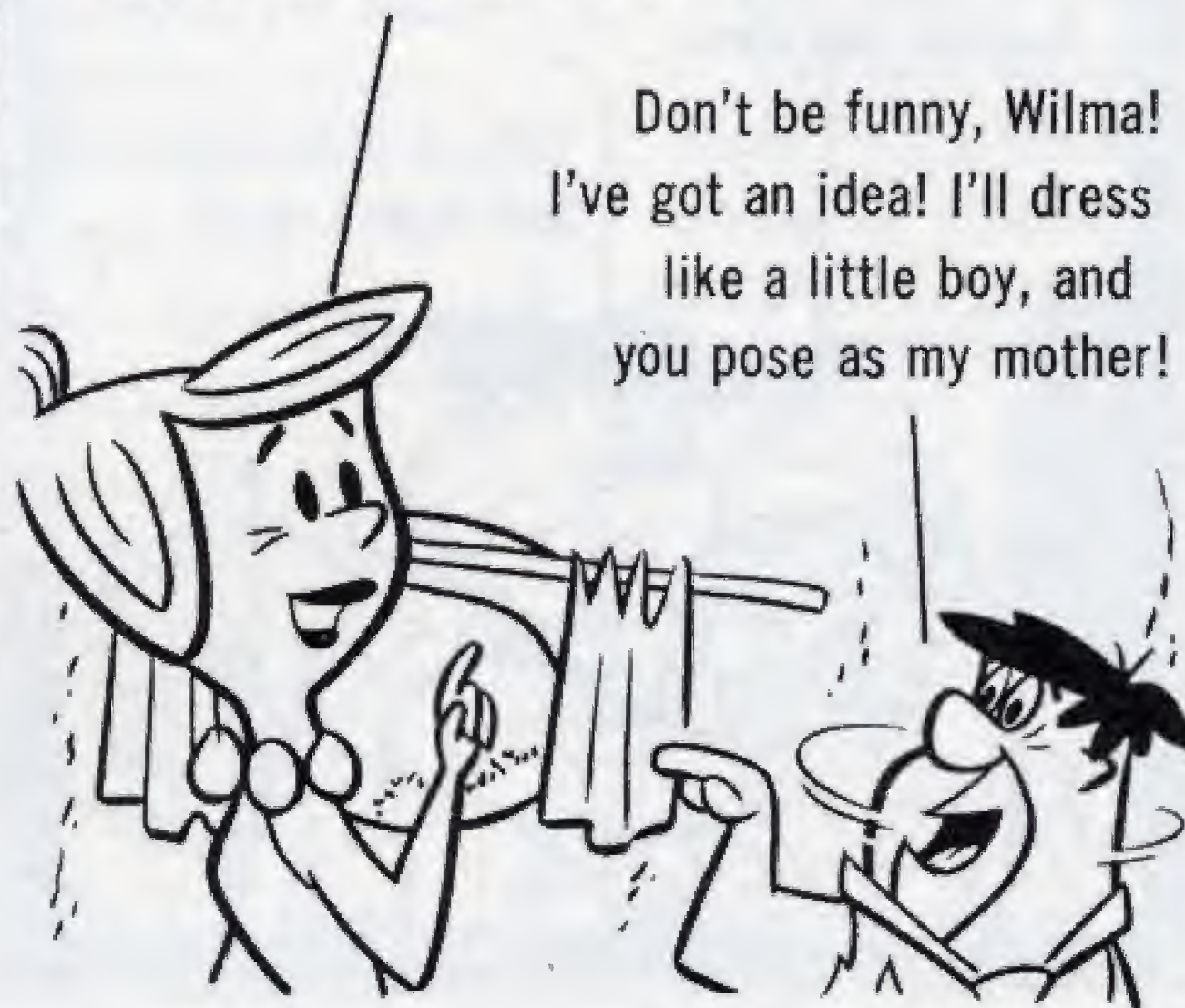
Wilma, what am I going to do? You heard the man! I have to go to Hollyrock and get the award in person!



I guess you'd better pack your roller skates and bubble gum, Freddie!



Let's look in the yellow pages! Maybe we can rent a kid!



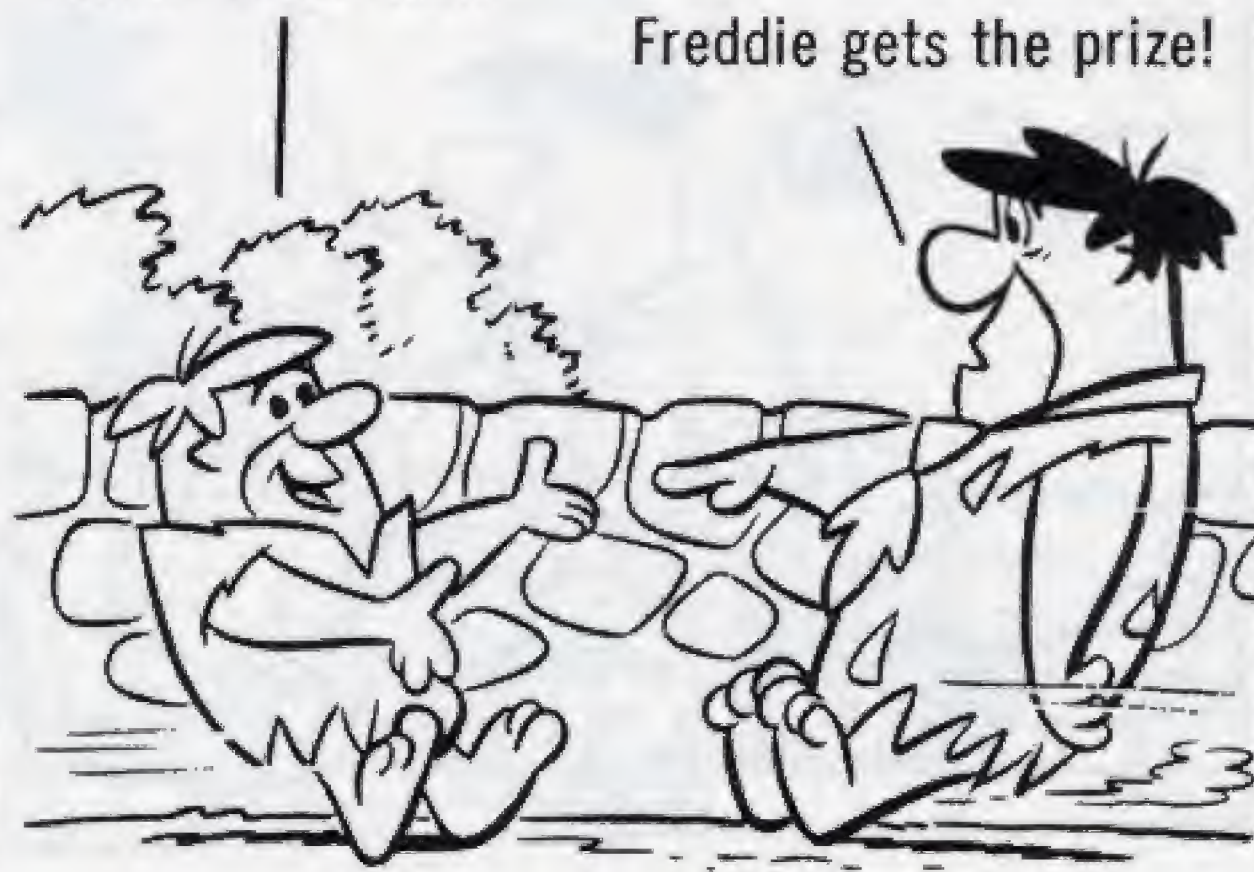
Don't be funny, Wilma! I've got an idea! I'll dress like a little boy, and you pose as my mother!

Oh, no! I'm not getting involved in your crackpot schemes!

Then I'll go see Barney! That's what crackpots... er, friends are for!



Hi, pal! I heard the news! What luck!



Uh, huh! But you've got to help me by posing as my Pop while little Freddie gets the prize!



But, Fraud, that's Fred! I mean ...  
Fred, that's  
fraud!

Naw! I won the contest  
fair and square!  
Can I help it if  
I've had a few extra  
birthdays?



Besides, a hundred  
dollars would spoil  
some child! I'm doing  
the parents of the  
world a favor!

I can't do it!



I must hold to my  
principles of  
honesty, integrity ...

Okay! I'll split  
the prize with you!

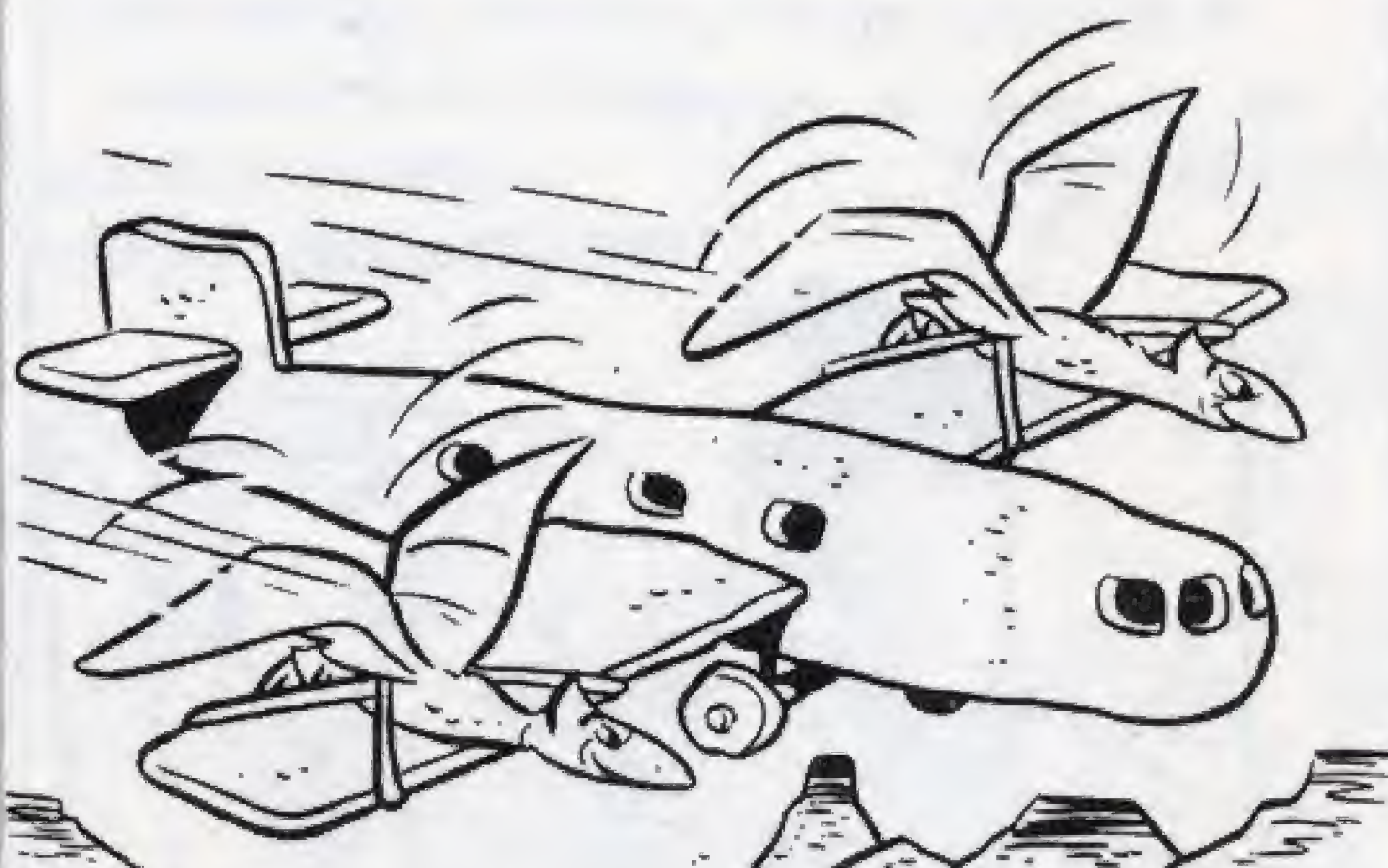


Freddie, my boy!

Heh, heh! I knew  
that would do it!



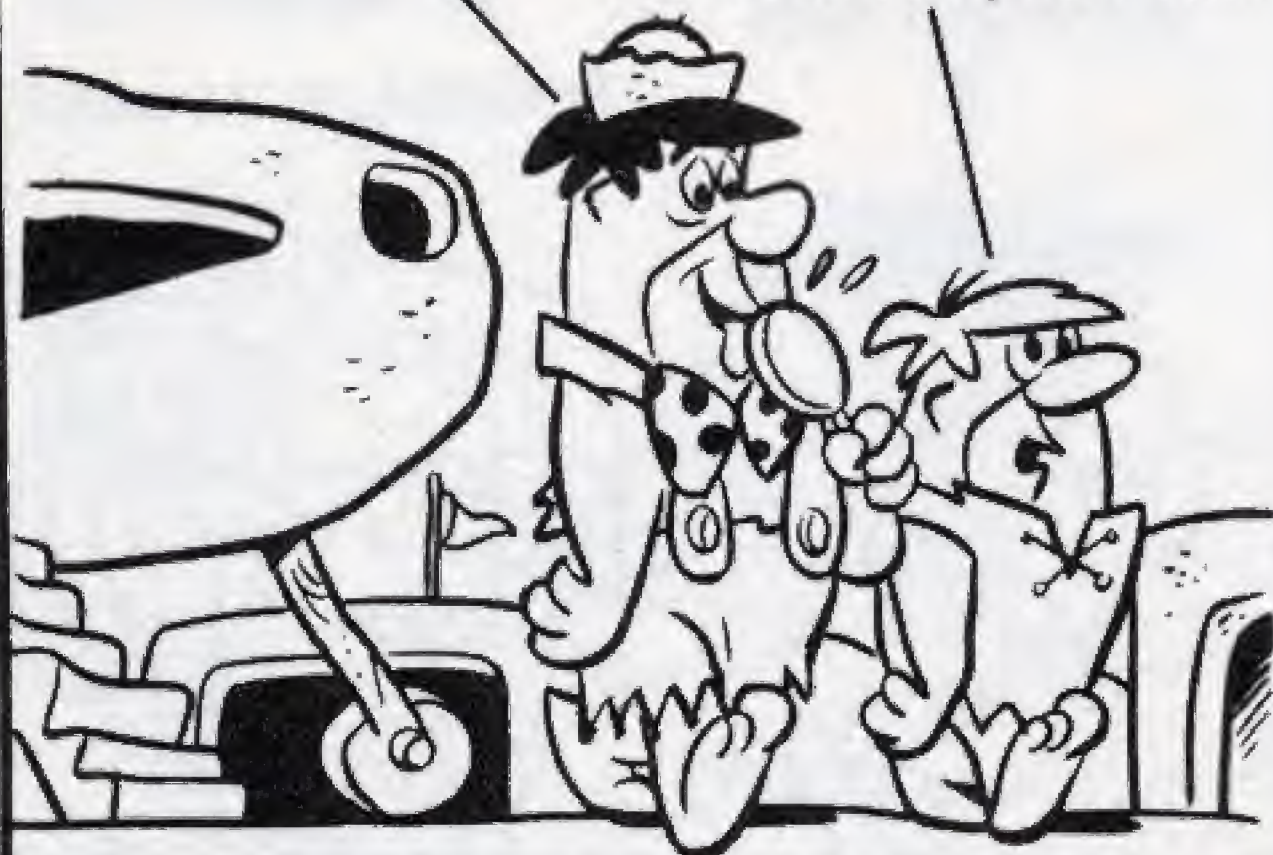
So, little Freddie and his anxious "Pop"  
are on their way to Hollyrock ... all expenses paid!



Later ...

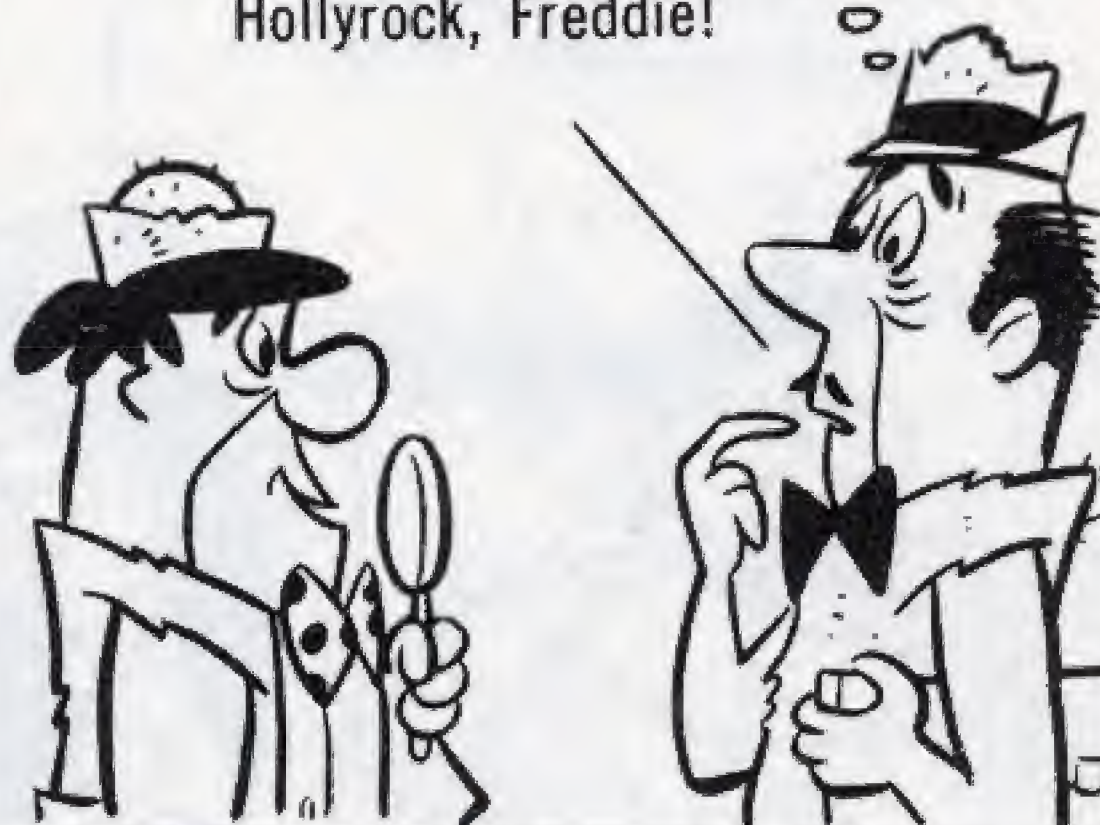
Oh, doody! We're finally here!  
My wittle heart is so happy!

Don't overdo it, ham bone!



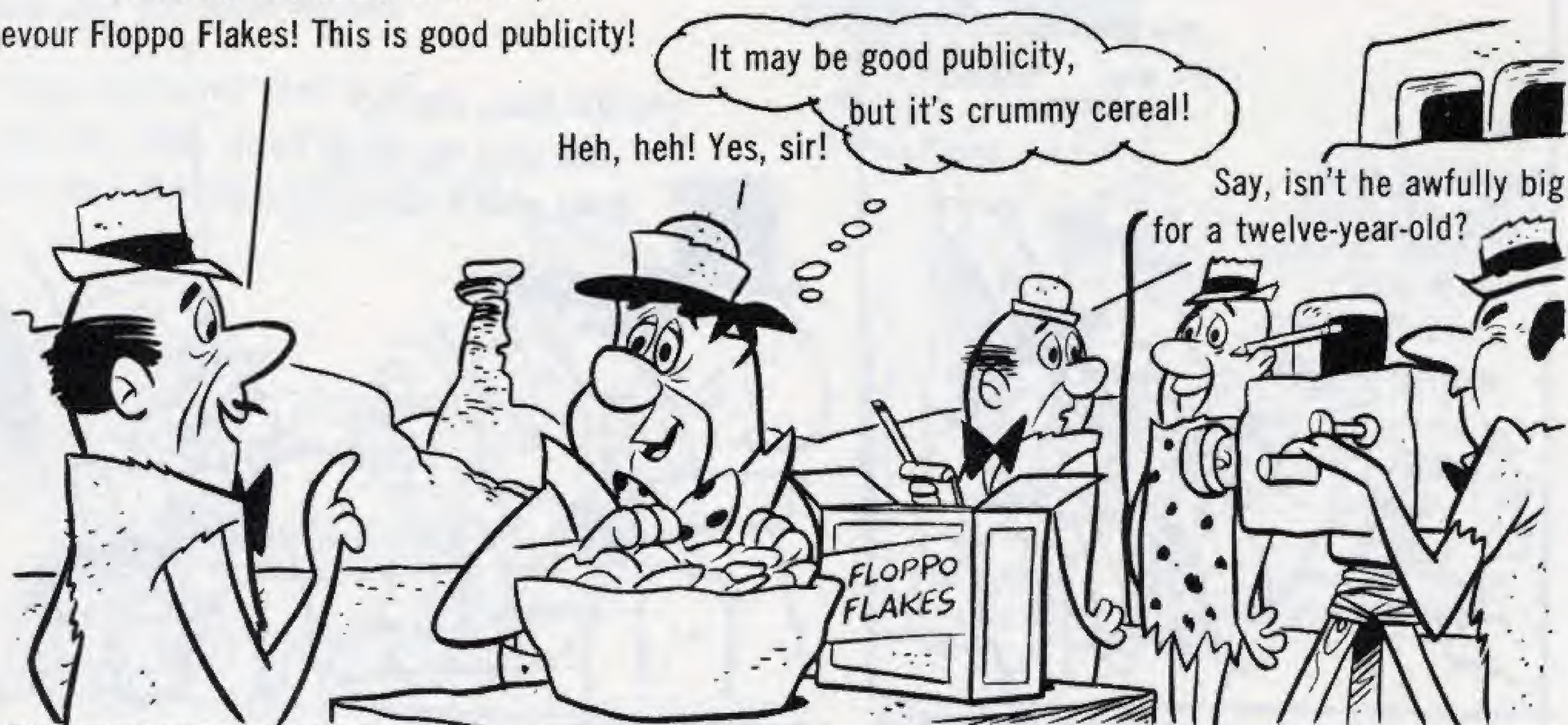
I'm going to make  
my kid stop eating  
Floppo Flakes tomorrow  
morning!

(Ulp!) Welcome to  
Hollyrock, Freddie!





Smile for the cameras while you devour Floppo Flakes! This is good publicity!



Later, at their hotel room...

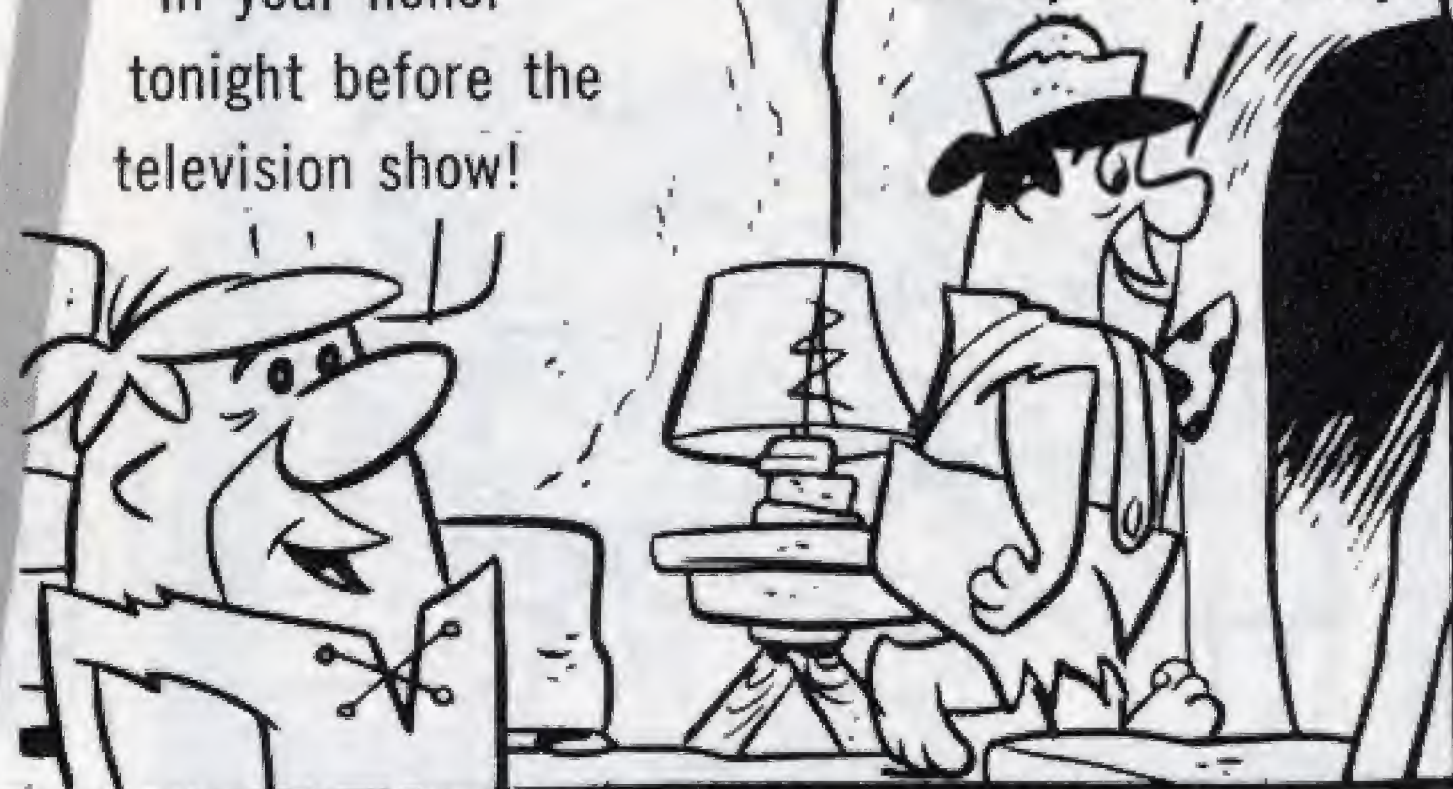
Well, that's what happens when you eat Floppo Flakes! You grow big and strong!

Dat's wight! I was a ninety-seven pound weakling!



You better get cleaned up, Fred! The company is having a banquet in your honor tonight before the television show!

Real food, at last! I've been eating those Floppo Flakes all day for publicity!



Good evening! J. J. Floppo is the name... president of Floppo Flakes! I came to congratulate little Freddie!

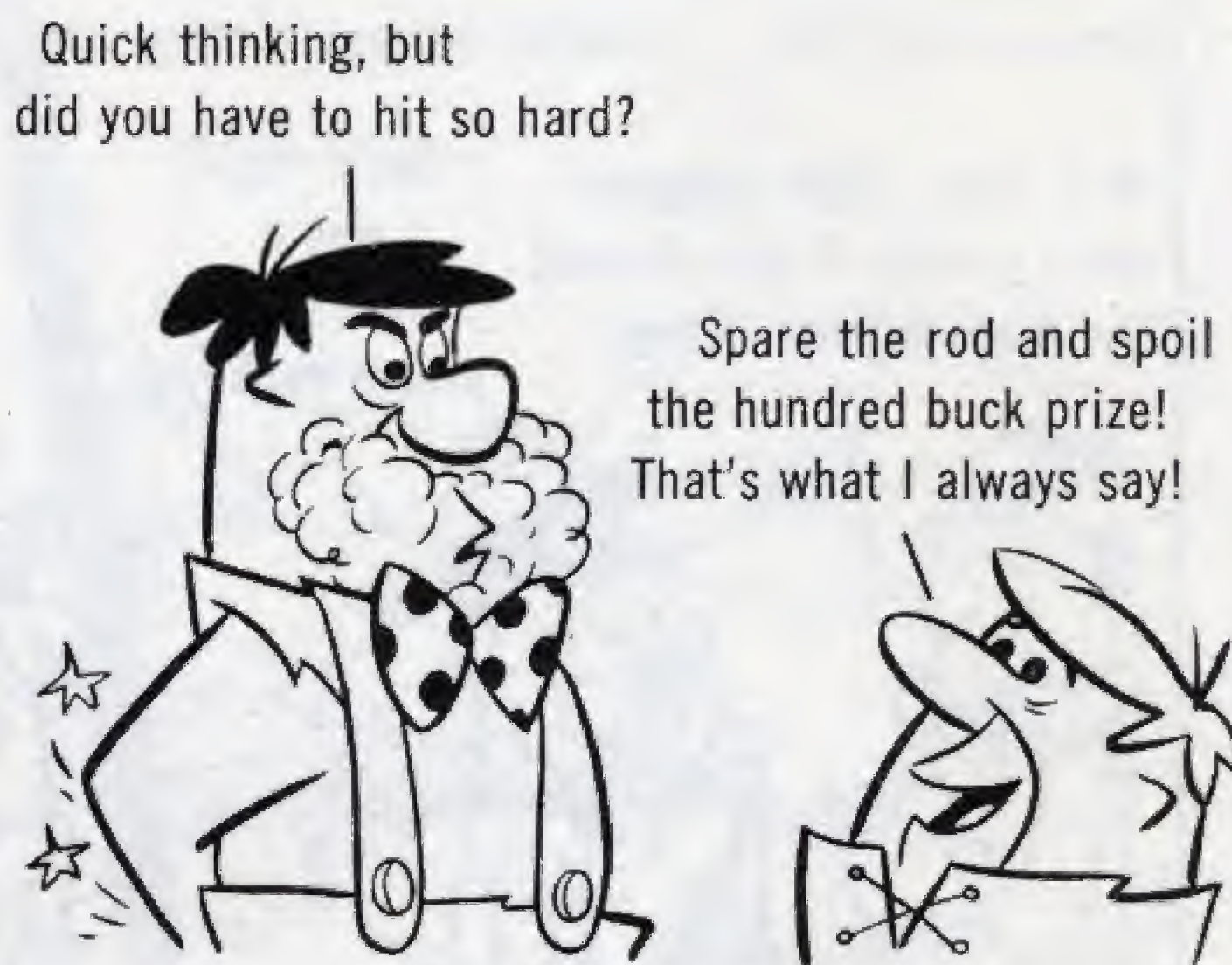
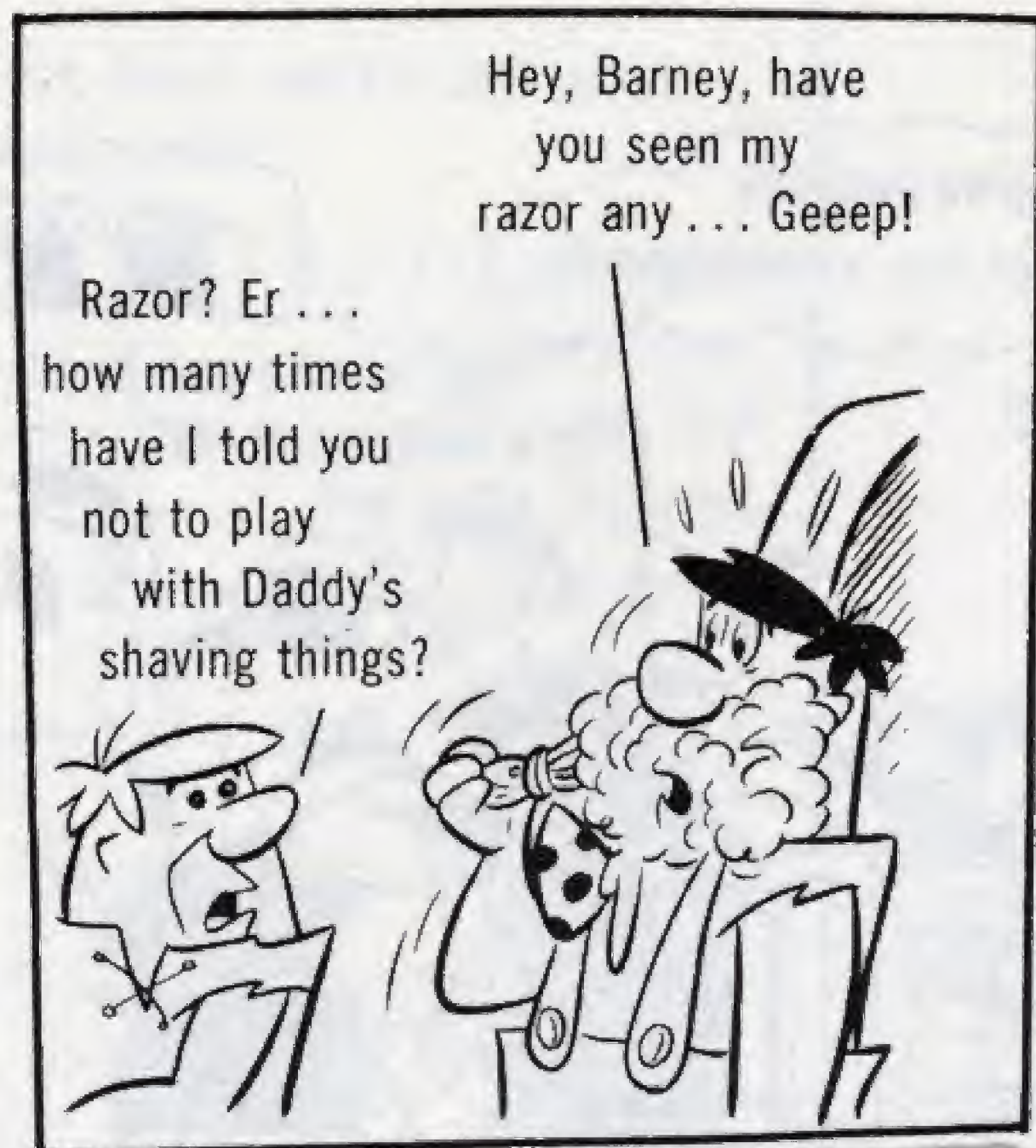
Heh, heh! Being Fred's Pop isn't as hard as I thought it would be!



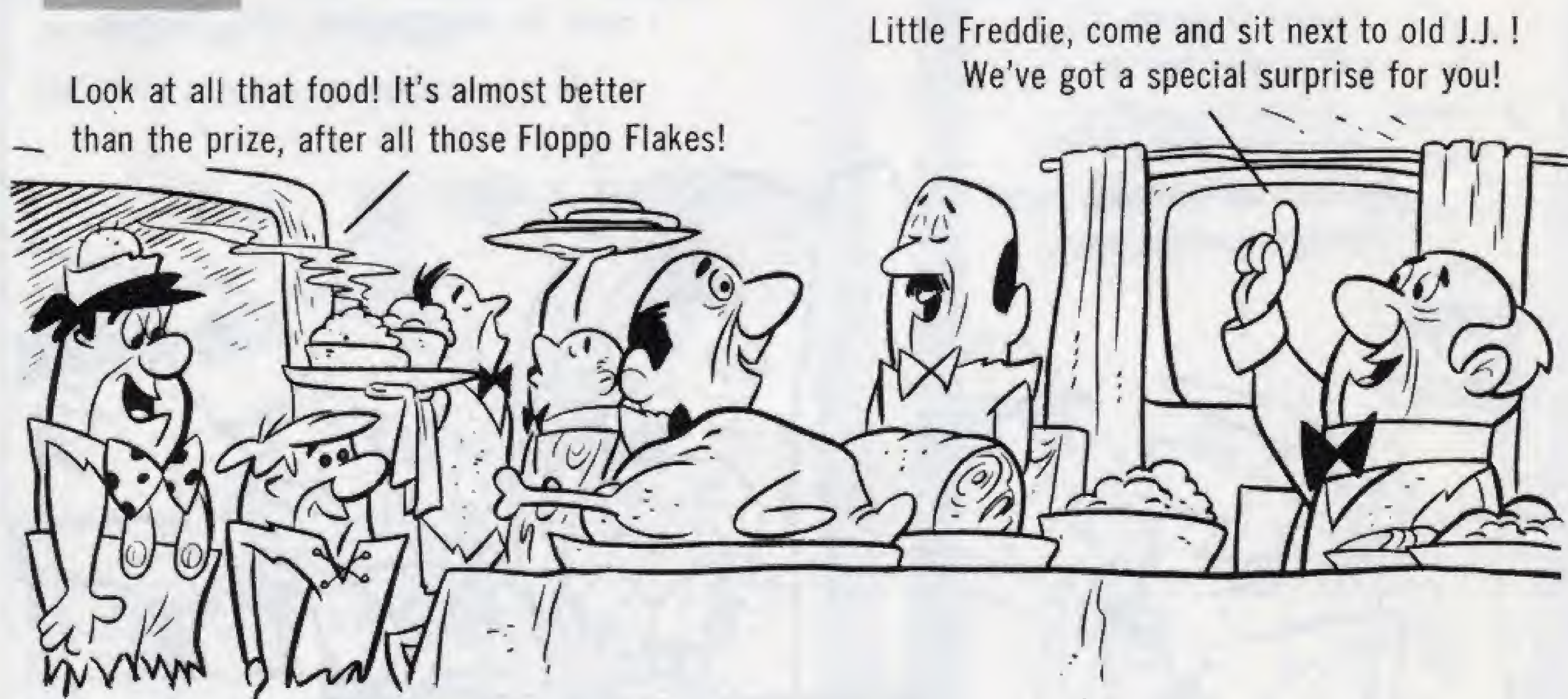
Er... well... that is...







Soon . . .





I know you're not used to all this rich food, so we've got a big plate of Floppo Flakes for you!



Oh, goody!  
(Gulp!)

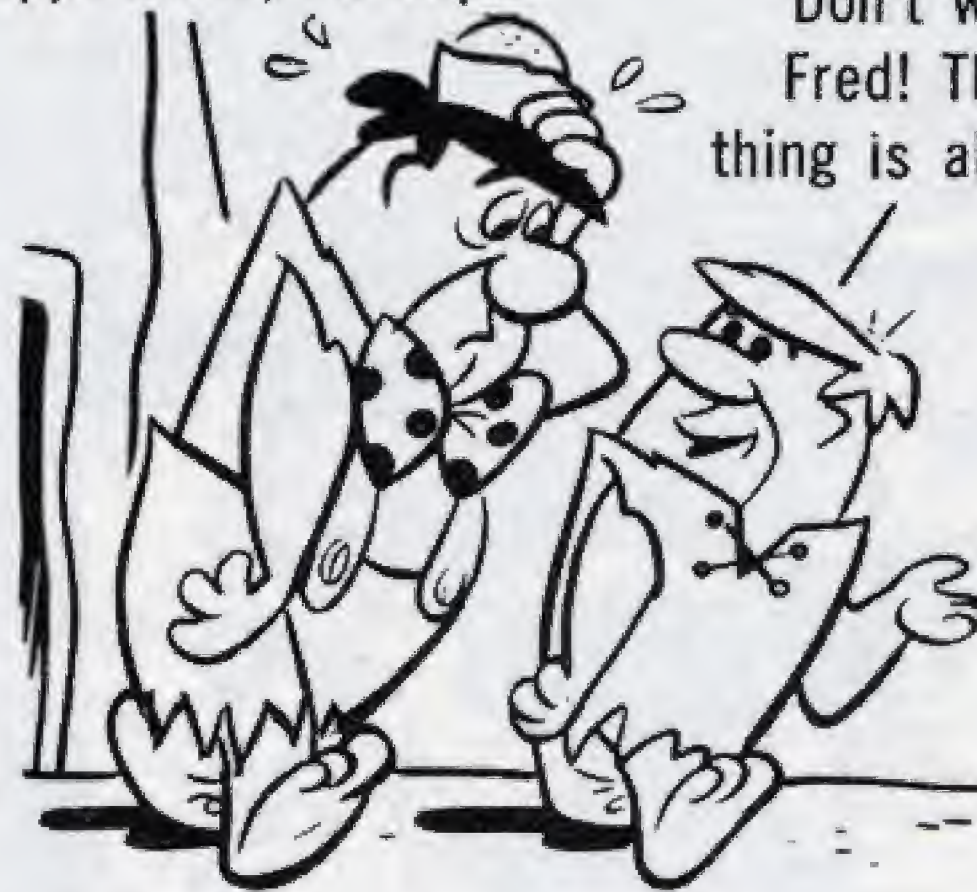
All you have to do now is go into this studio where Captain Bill is and pretend you're twelve years old in front of millions of people!

Thanks! You're a big help!



After the banquet...

Ohhh! If I see another Floppo Flake, I'll flop!



Don't worry, Fred! The whole thing is almost over!

You're the kid who won the contest, huh?

Okay! We'll go on right after this next cartoon!



Okay, Captain Bill!

Hi, kids! Wasn't that a great cartoon?  
Now to meet our contest winner!  
The moment we've all been waiting for!



It sure is the moment we've been waiting for!



Here he is! Little Freddie Flintstone!

Ha, ha, ha! This is funnier than the cartoon!





Heh, heh! I suppose you want this hundred dollar check, young man!



You can say that again! ... Er ... it would be nice, Captain Bill!



Well, first we have a nice surprise! A heaping bowl of Floppo Flakes!



Why doesn't this phony just give me the loot so I can scoot?



Eat them and show the kids how much you like them!



Yipe! **No!** This is the last flake! I wouldn't eat another bite of that stuff for **five** hundred bucks!



That's right! I'm a grown man, and I can't stand Floppo Flakes!

Whaaat?



Ha, ha, ha, ha!



(Ulp!) Er ... that was a funny skit, wasn't it, kids?



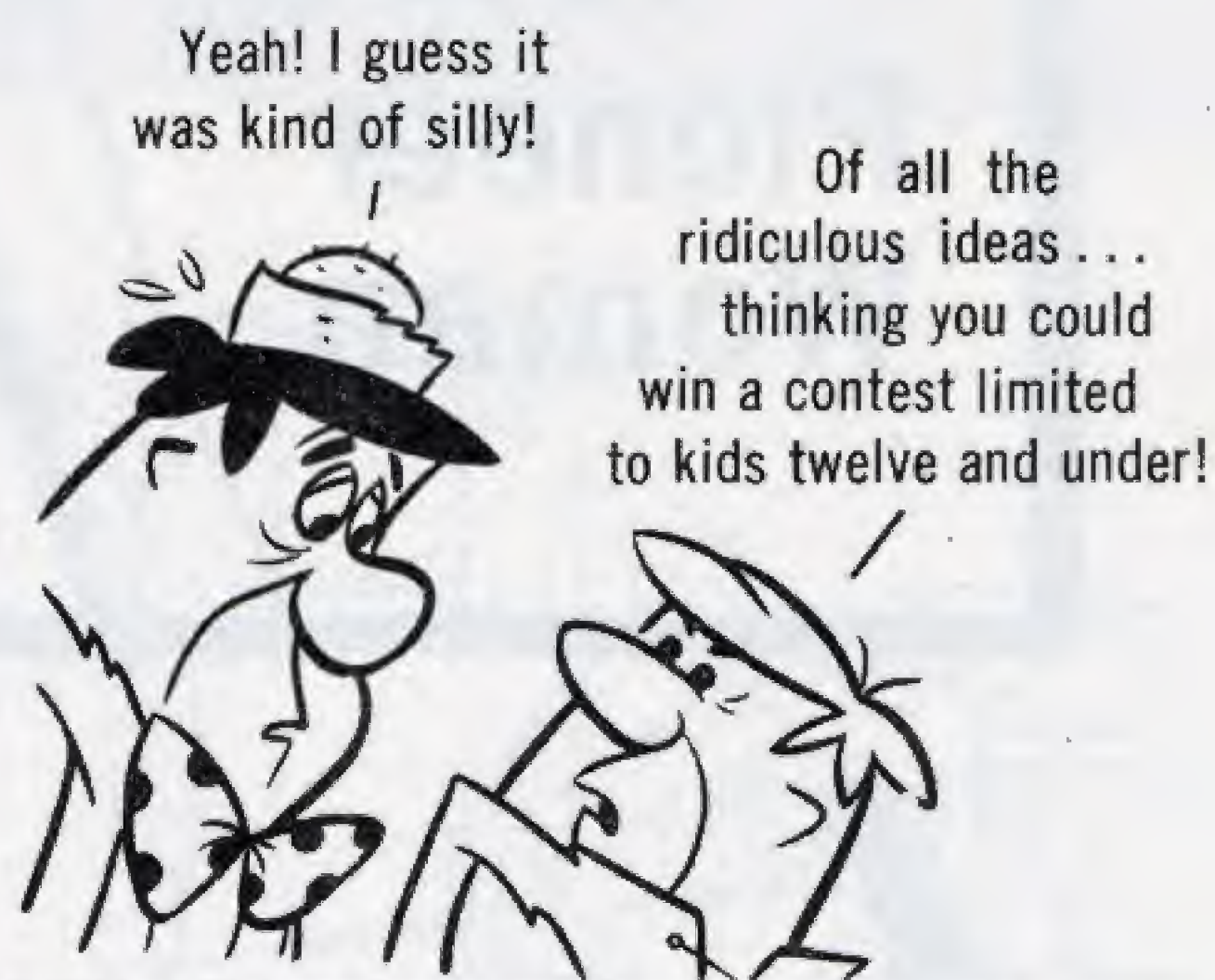
Sue me! Take away the hundred dollars! Throw me in jail! ... But no more Floppo Flakes!



And now that that little ... comedian ... Freddie Flintstone has disqualified himself, we'll just announce the next best entry!







Ten seconds later ...



the End



# Pioneer Woman





# on the town

Hi, Wilma! What's new?

Hi, Betty! Nothing, as usual! Come on in for a cup of coffee!

What are you doing tonight?

Watching television—what else?  
I forget what it looks like  
outside after six o'clock!

I know what you mean! Last time Barney  
and I were seen out  
together was when  
the living room  
caught on fire!

TV or not TV...  
that is the  
question!

It's no question with  
Barney! He comes home,  
and I only hear two  
sentences all night—  
"What's to eat?" and  
"Change the channel!"

It's the same here!

Betty, we've got to do  
something! We  
married husbands, not  
TV-controlled robots!

But what can we do?



Tell them that either the television goes or we go!



I wouldn't tell Barney tonight! It's Wednesday! He'd choose Bat Mastoidson in a showdown!



Maybe you're right! We won't give them a choice! Follow me!



Are you going to do what I think you're going to do?



Right! Trade this thing in on a marriage! You get yours and do the same!



Yippee! I feel like a new girl already!

Shortly...

Boy! This will buy us each a new dress and pay for a big night out!



Won't the boys be surprised?



Later...

Hello, honey!

Hi! (Yawn!) What's to eat? TV warmed up?



Hmmm! There's no picture on the set! Yipe! There's no set, period!





Wilma! Where is it?  
I've got to have it!  
I need it! Where is it?

Whatever are you  
talking about, Fred?



You know very well  
what I'm talking about!  
Man's best friend!  
The television set!

Oh, that! I sold it!



Sold it! Are you mad?

I sure am! Good and  
mad at **you**! You  
didn't even notice that  
I'm all dressed  
up in a new outfit!



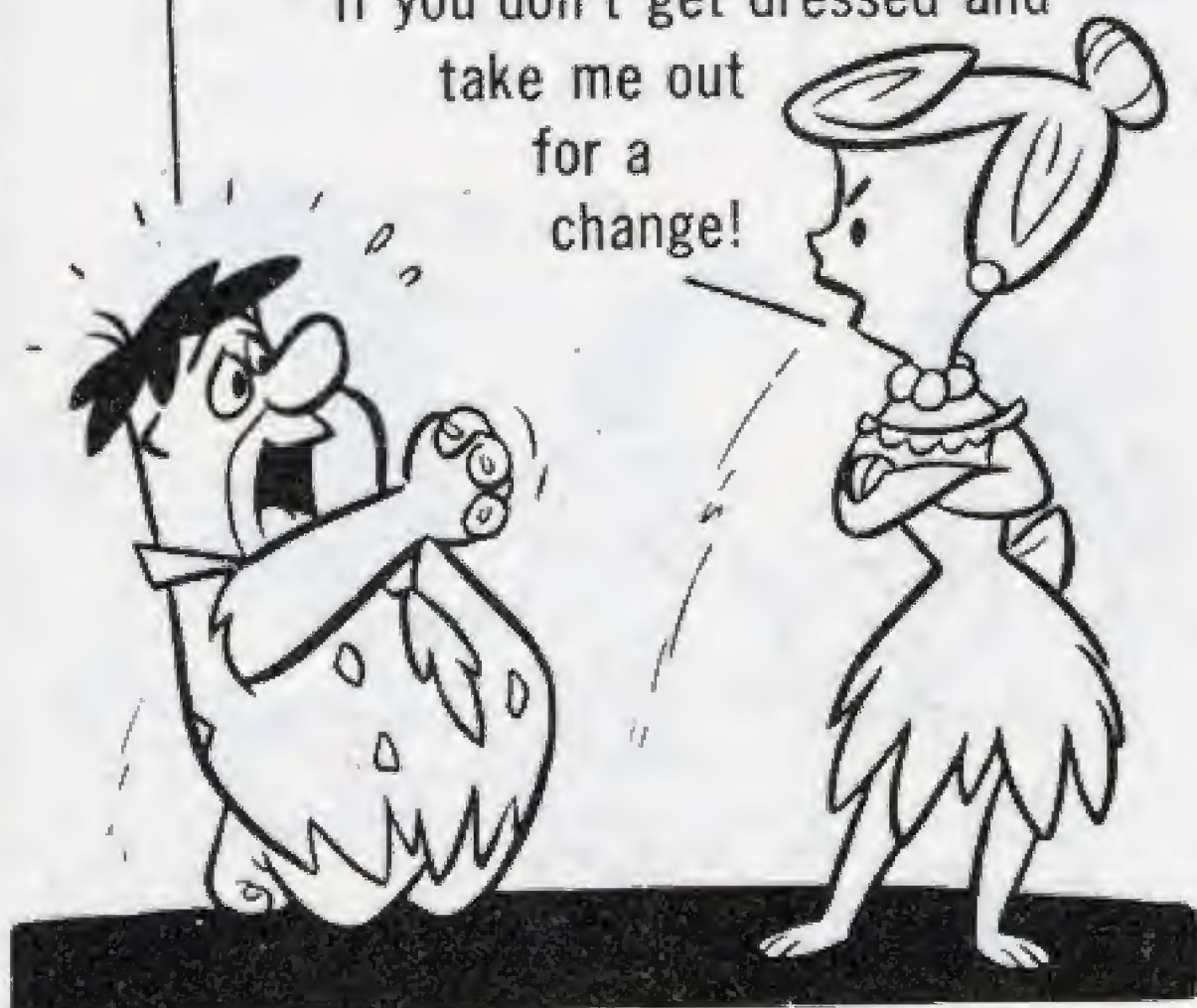
Oh ... yeah! ... Now, about the set ...

I don't want to hear any more about  
the set! All you do every night is watch  
television!



But, baby ... the fights are on tonight!

They're going to be on right here  
if you don't get dressed and  
take me out  
for a  
change!



Shortly ...

So this is what they call night!

Don't be sarcastic! You know  
I took you bowling on our  
anniversary  
four  
months  
ago!





You, too, Barney?

Uh, huh! No more will  
the pitter patter of  
happy little horse's  
hoofs be heard  
around our house!



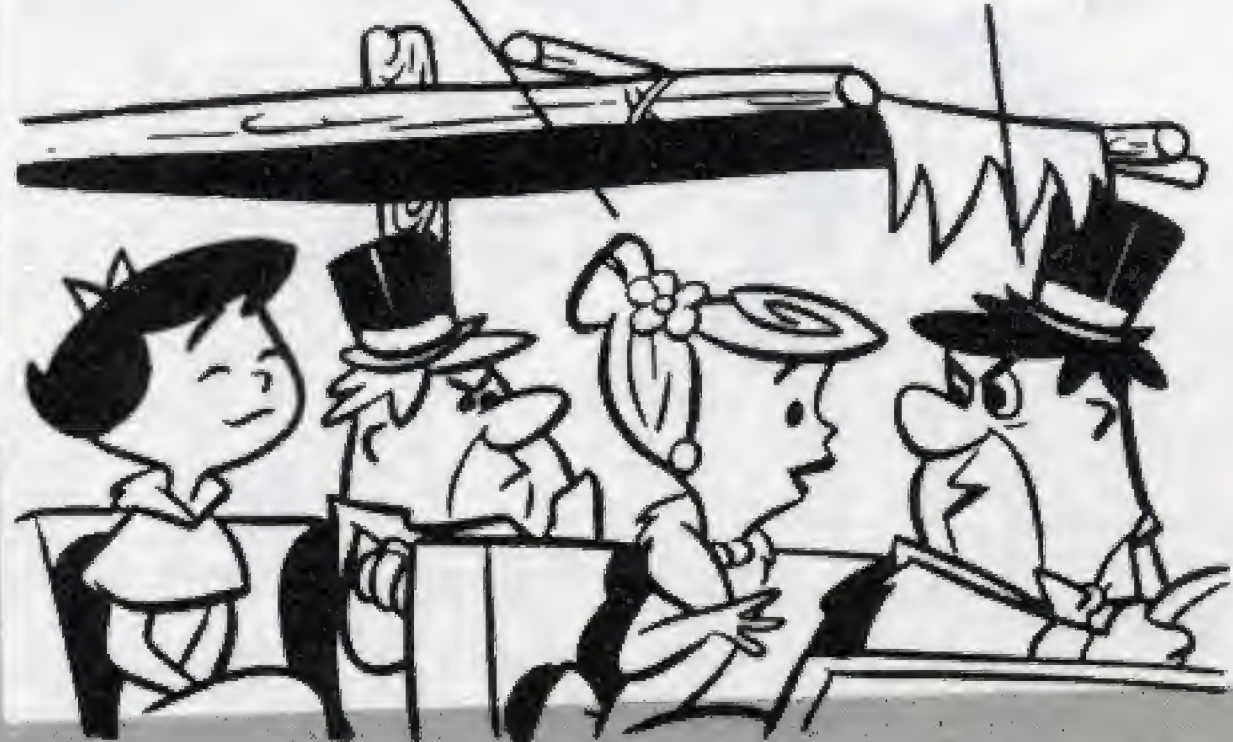
Let's go for dinner and  
dancing! I haven't been  
dancing in ages!

That's a  
great idea!  
I'd just love  
to dance!



Let's go to the Terragone  
Ballroom! That's  
the last place you  
took me dancing, Fred!

Okay, if that's what  
you girls want!



Shortly ...

Say, isn't there a  
place called the  
Terragone Ballroom  
around here?

Where you been, son?  
That place closed  
ten years ago!



Later ...

(Ulp!) Maybe we  
have been staying  
home too much!

Never mind!  
We'll try  
that new place  
uptown ...  
Cave Inn!



Mmmm! It sure feels  
good to eat something  
I haven't cooked myself!



You can say that  
again! Heh, heh!





You boys excuse us while we go and powder our noses! Then we'll come back and dance till our feet ache!

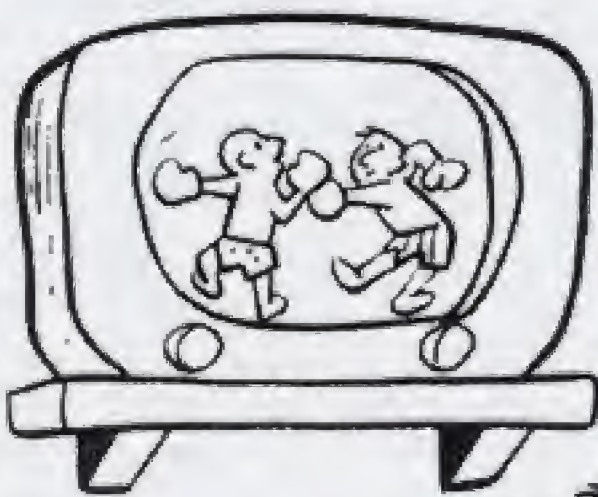
Mine ache just thinking about it!



Minutes later ...

Where are the boys?

I don't know, but we'd better start a searching party!



That a boy, Rocky! Give him the old one-two!

Wow! Look at that reception! We'll have to come down here more often!



Let's face it, Wilma, we'll never get them to break the TV habit! We might as well give up!

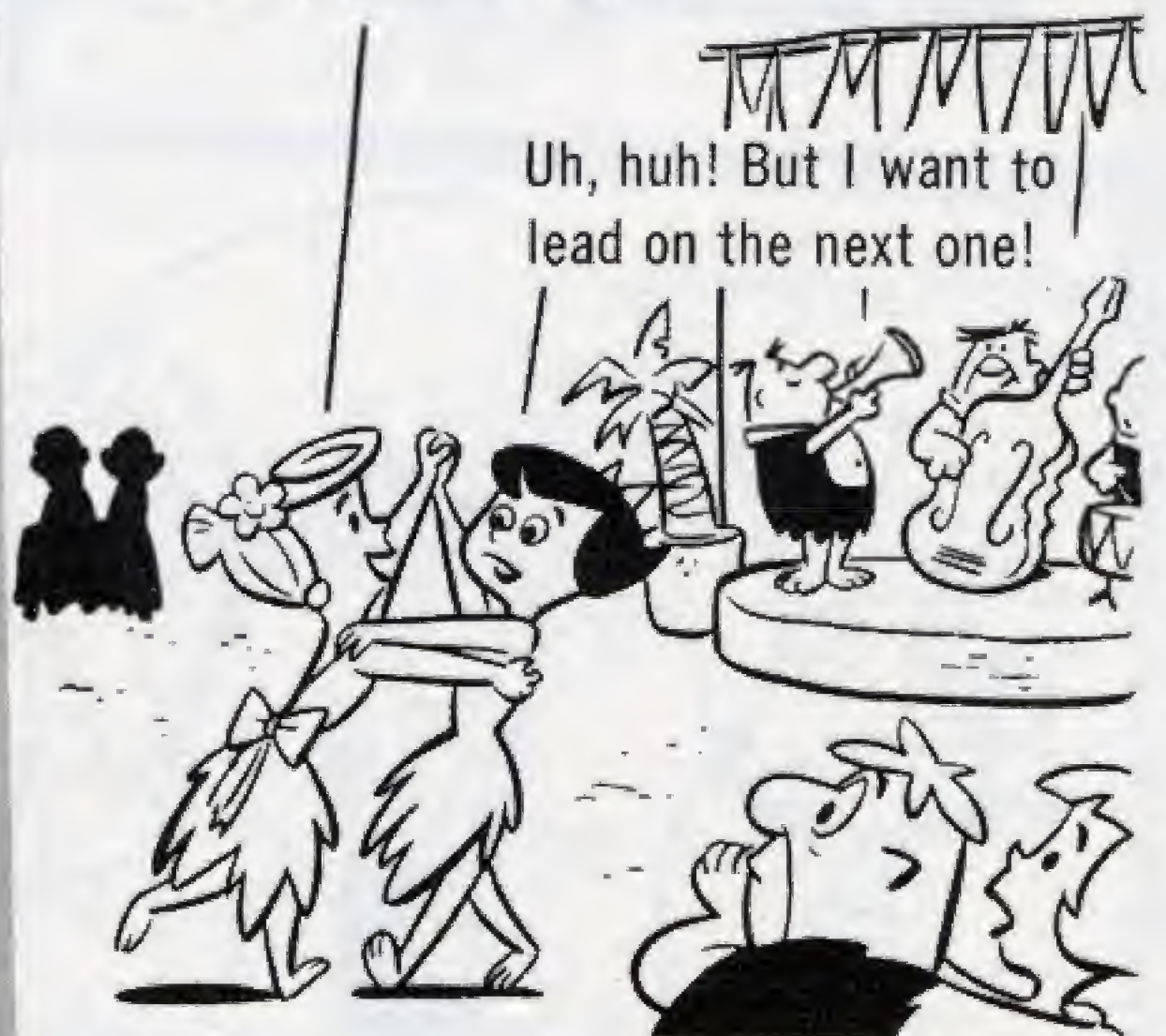
I came down here to dance, and we're going to dance!



So ...

Enjoying yourself, Betty?

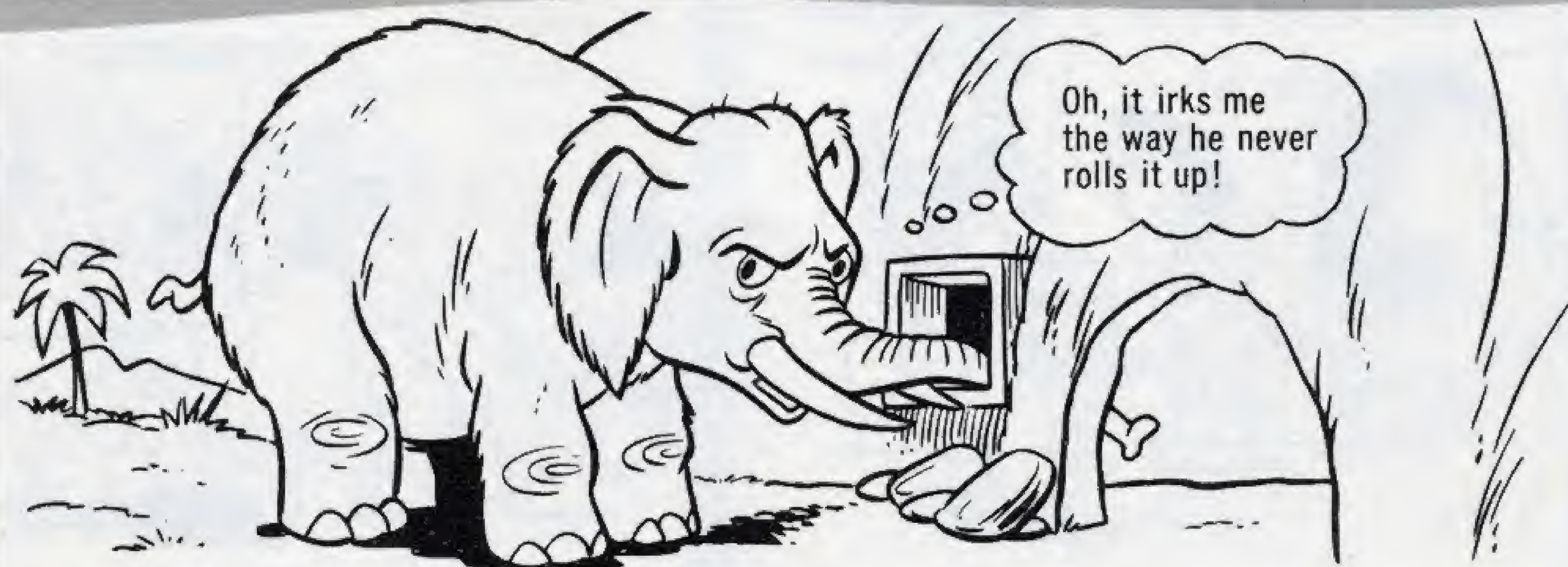
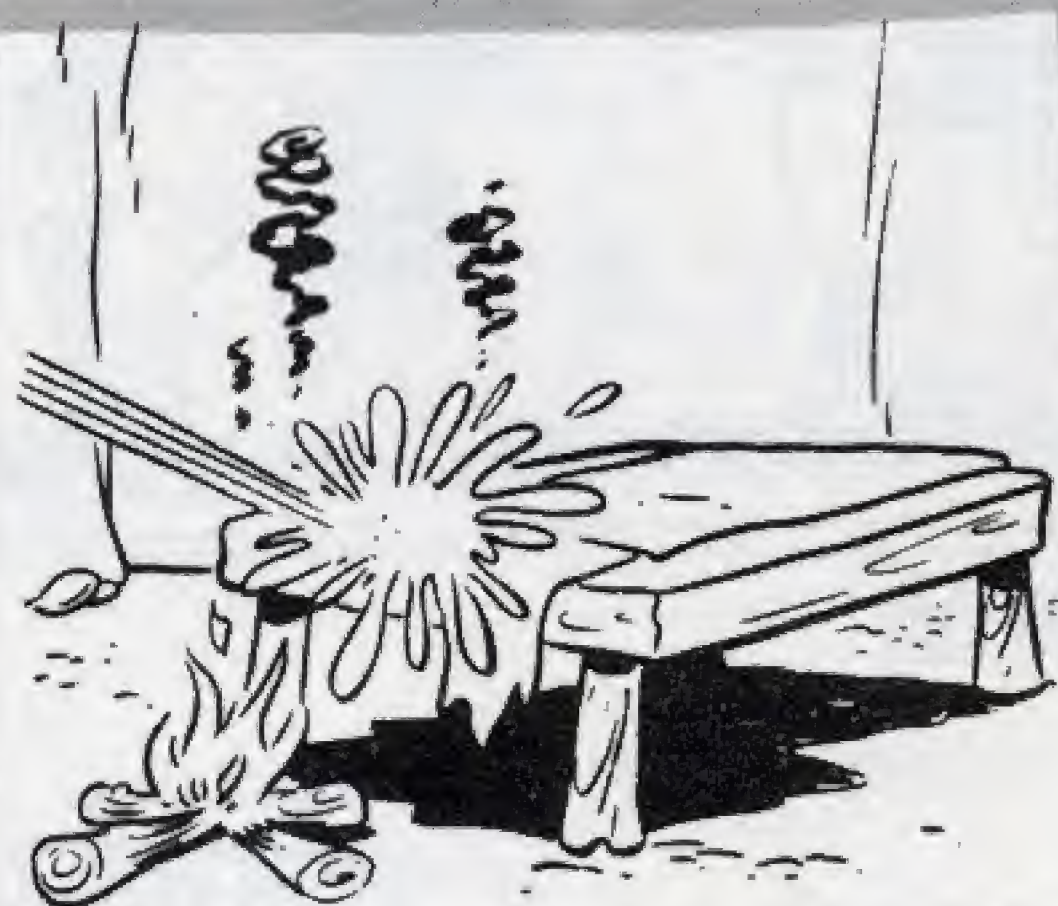
Uh, huh! But I want to lead on the next one!



*the End*



# Hose Nose





# Deep in the Heart of Taxes

The mail is here, Fred!

So what? The last letter I got was an invitation to a birthday party in the fifth grade!



Well, you got one today!

Gosh! A letter! A real letter! Look, it even has my name on it... not just "occupant," like all those ads!



Well, why don't you see who it's from?

Please, Wilma! Let me enjoy my moment of glory a little longer!



Yipe! It's from the Bureau of Internal Revenue! I'm supposed to go into their office today!

Ha, ha! Some moment of glory!



Wilma! How can you laugh at a time like this?

Do you realize that the government is after me?

Oh, Fred, stop making mountains out of molehills!





Women! They never support you in your darkest hours! I'm going over to talk with Barney! He'll comfort and console me!

Barney's about as comforting as a bomb alert!



Hi, pal! What's new?

Plenty! I just got a letter from the tax collector to go and see him this afternoon!



Oh, that's bad! That's real bad! I'd hate to be you!

He is about as comforting as a bomb alert!



Look, I didn't come over here to listen to the voice of doom! I want some help in figuring out why the tax men want to see me!

Gee, I don't know! Did you mail in your form this year?



Sure! I sat up every night for a week! I wouldn't want to go through that again!

You reported everything you made? No unreported income?



What do you mean, "unreported income"?

The tax boys are really tough on that! If you make some big money on the side and don't report it, it's a federal offense!





Barney, that's it! Remember that dollar-eighty I won from Tom Tileset while bowling last month?

Uh-oh! Your goose is cooked! They must've found out about it, somehow!



Come to think of it, the guy who rented me my shoes had a kind of shifty look!

Uh, huh! Undoubtedly a tax man in disguise!



But, Barney, I didn't mean to cheat anybody! I just forgot to list it!

Fred, I'm your best friend, and even I find it hard to believe! What's the judge going to say?



I know what I'm going to do! I'm going over and give that dough back to Tom! Then I'll go into the tax office and tell them it was just a loan!

Good thinking, Fred! I'll go with you!



Shortly...

Hi, Tom! I came to return that money I won bowling last month!

Give it back?



Oh, no! I've known you long enough to know it must be some kind of trick!

No, honest! I just want to give it back to you!





Come on, Fred! Nobody gives away money without a catch... especially you!

Er... how about making a little bet, then?



Now you're talking! Heh, heh! I knew that giving-away-money gimmick was just a build-up to something!

Heh, heh! That's right! I'll bet you a buck-eighty on something!



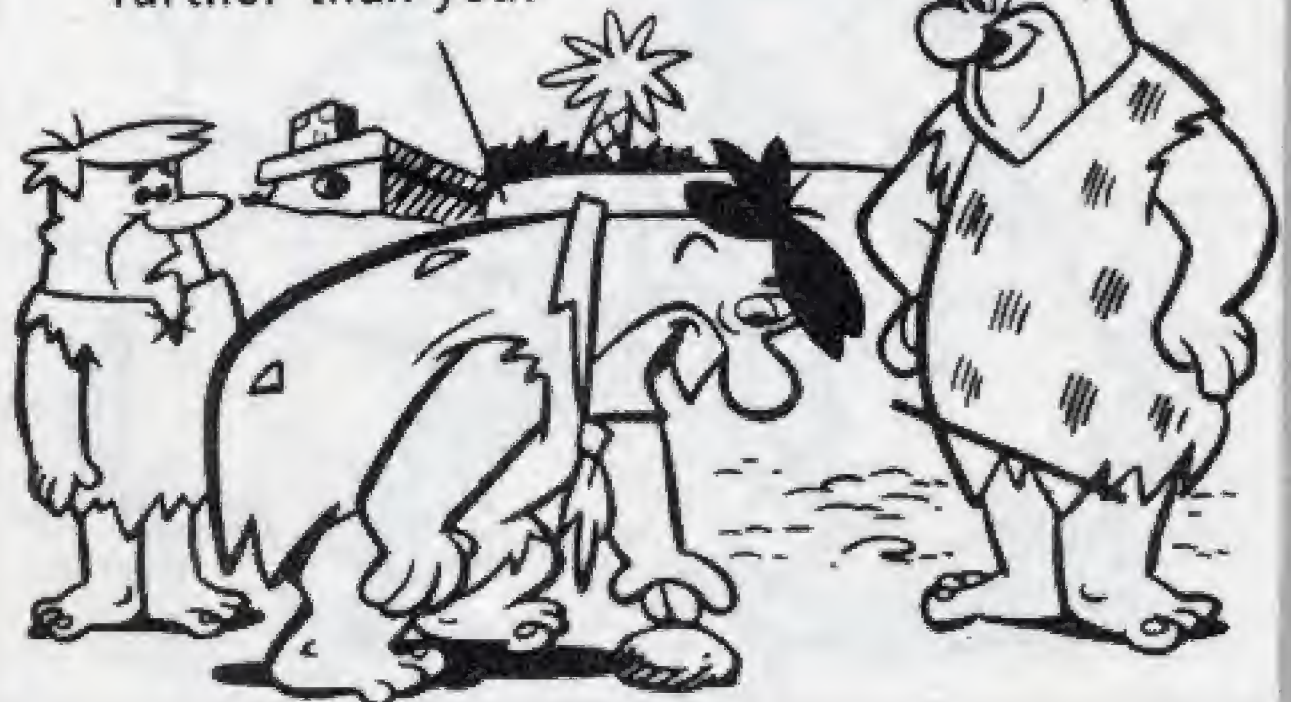
Fred! You're just getting yourself in deeper!

Naw!  
This is one bet I'm going to deliberately lose!



We'll make it something simple!  
I'll bet I can toss a rock further than you!

You know me!  
I'll bet on anything!



Oops! Doesn't look like I did so good!

Wait a minute, Flintstone!  
I don't know what's going on, but somehow you're trying to trick me!



There! I lose! I'm not going to fall for one of your schemes!—I know it would cost me money! It always does!

B-B-But...





Don't give me any buts! You've won a buck-eighty... now scam before you cost me my life savings!

What's the use?



Say, don't forget to report that money you just won on next year's tax form! You don't want to get in this same fix next year!

You're a cheerful soul!



Well, I guess I'll just have to go up and face the music!

When you go in, don't make any false moves or reach in your pockets or anything!



Huh?

Sure! They're bound to have a couple of guards around if they know a **wanted criminal** is coming up!



Soon...

Don't shoot! Look! I'm giving myself up quietly!

Quietly? You're the noisiest bird we've had in here all day! What's the big idea?



My name's Flintstone... Fred Flintstone! You know me! I'm a wanted man!

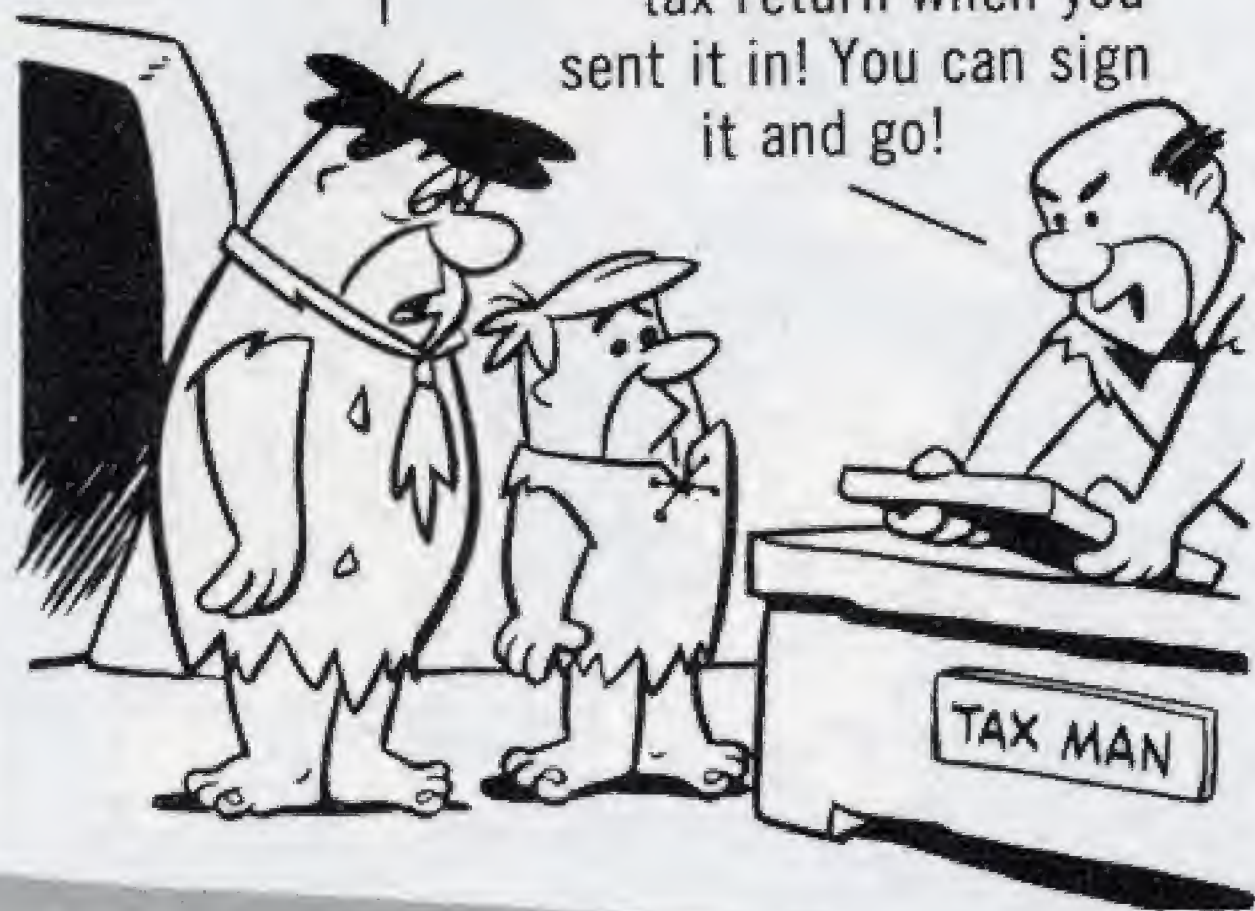
You're not wanted around here... Oh, wait a minute! I remember!





I'm ready to hear the worst!

You forgot to sign your tax return when you sent it in! You can sign it and go!



Y-Y-You mean... that's all you wanted me for?

Hooray! You're not wanted for not reporting all your income!



What's this about unreported income?

Er... it's only a couple of dollars, sir!



Makes no difference! You'll have to do it all over again, **plus** fill out form 119... send in a duplicate of form 856A, complete this questionnaire... blah... blah... blah...



Whew!. How are you ever going to do all this, Fred?

I've got news for you, pal!  
I'm not doing it!



So...

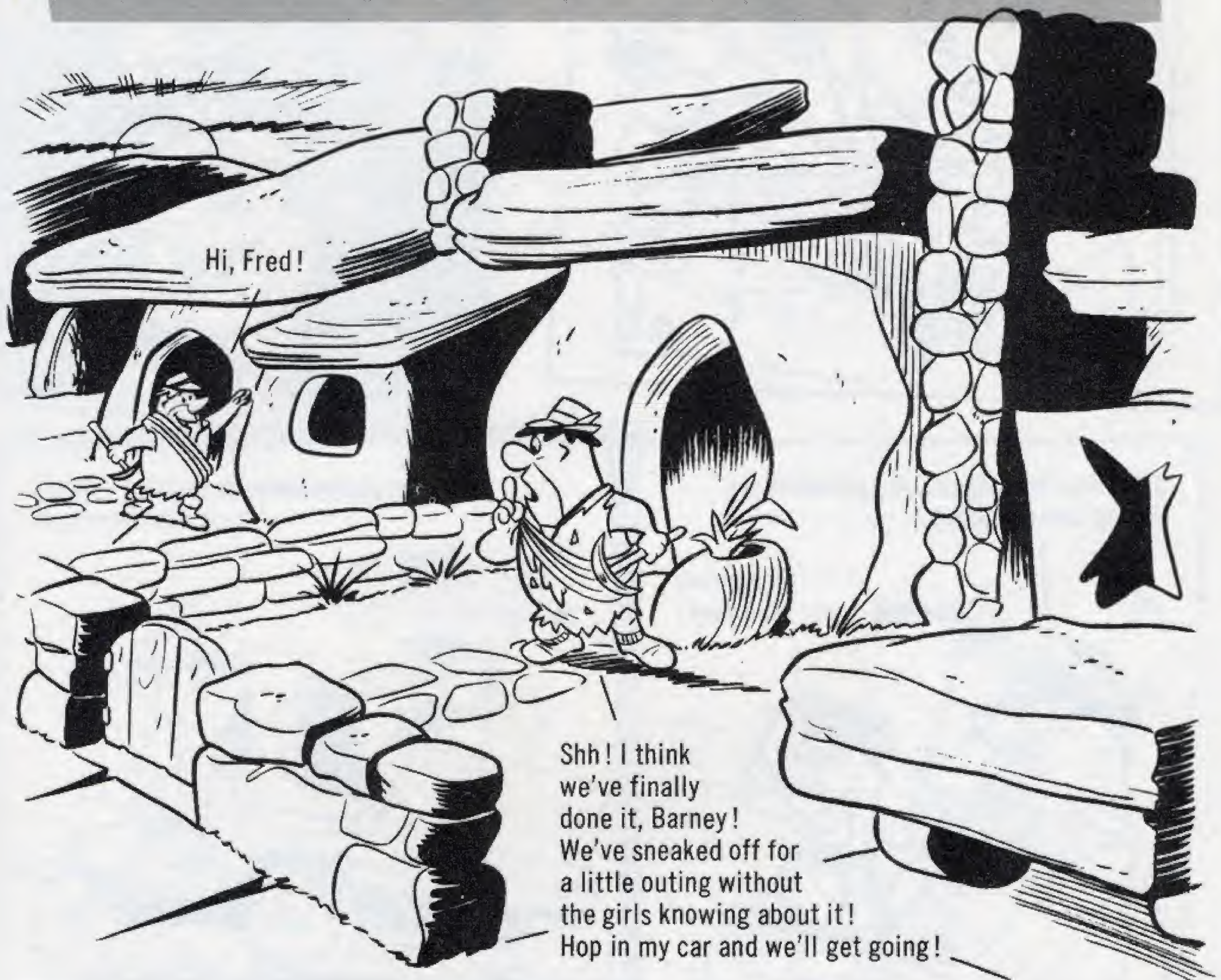
Heh, heh! It sure is fun to watch Barney chisel on my income tax!



the End



# Mountain of Trouble



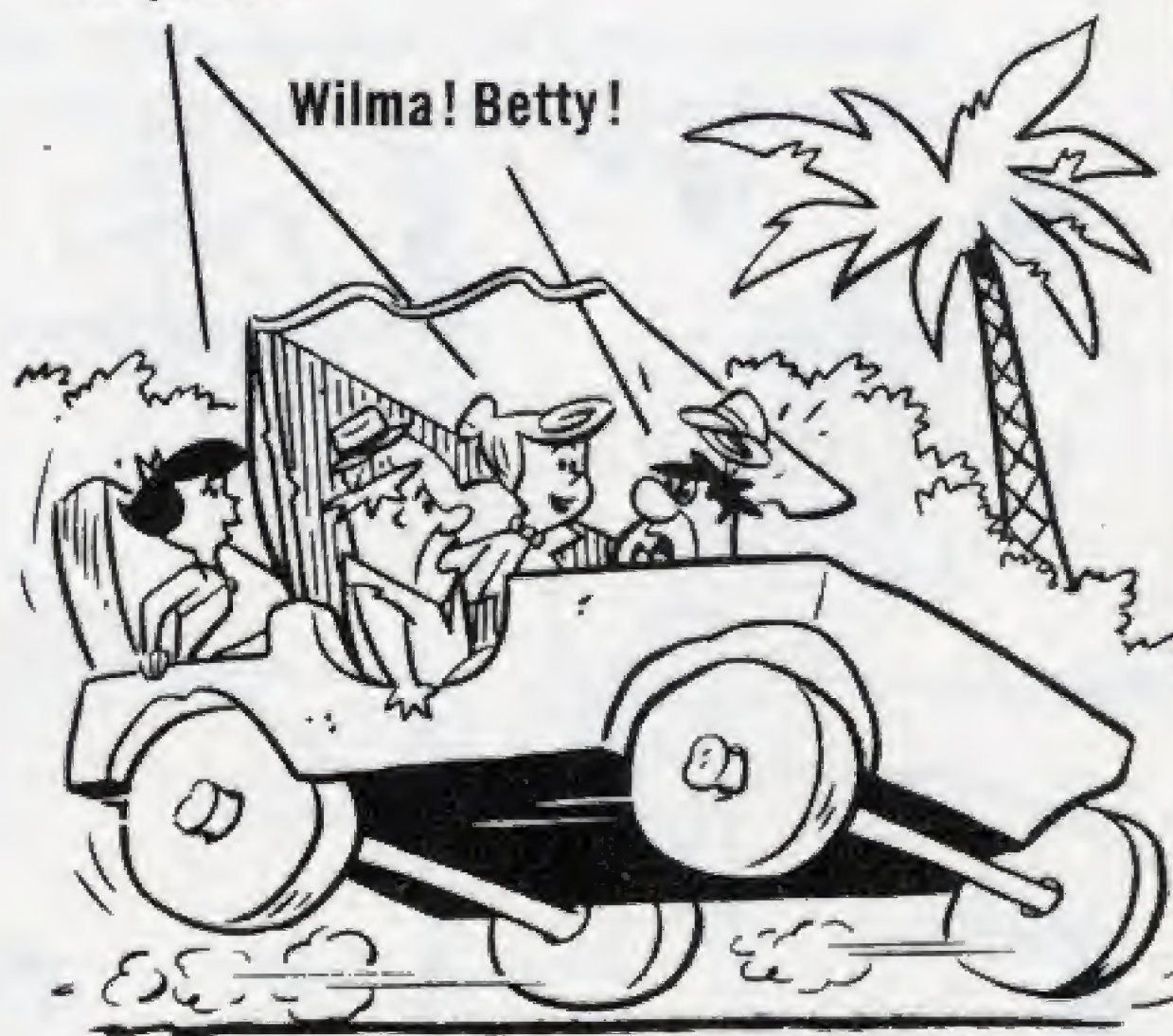
Now, off to do a little mountain climbing!

Without the wives!  
Har, har!

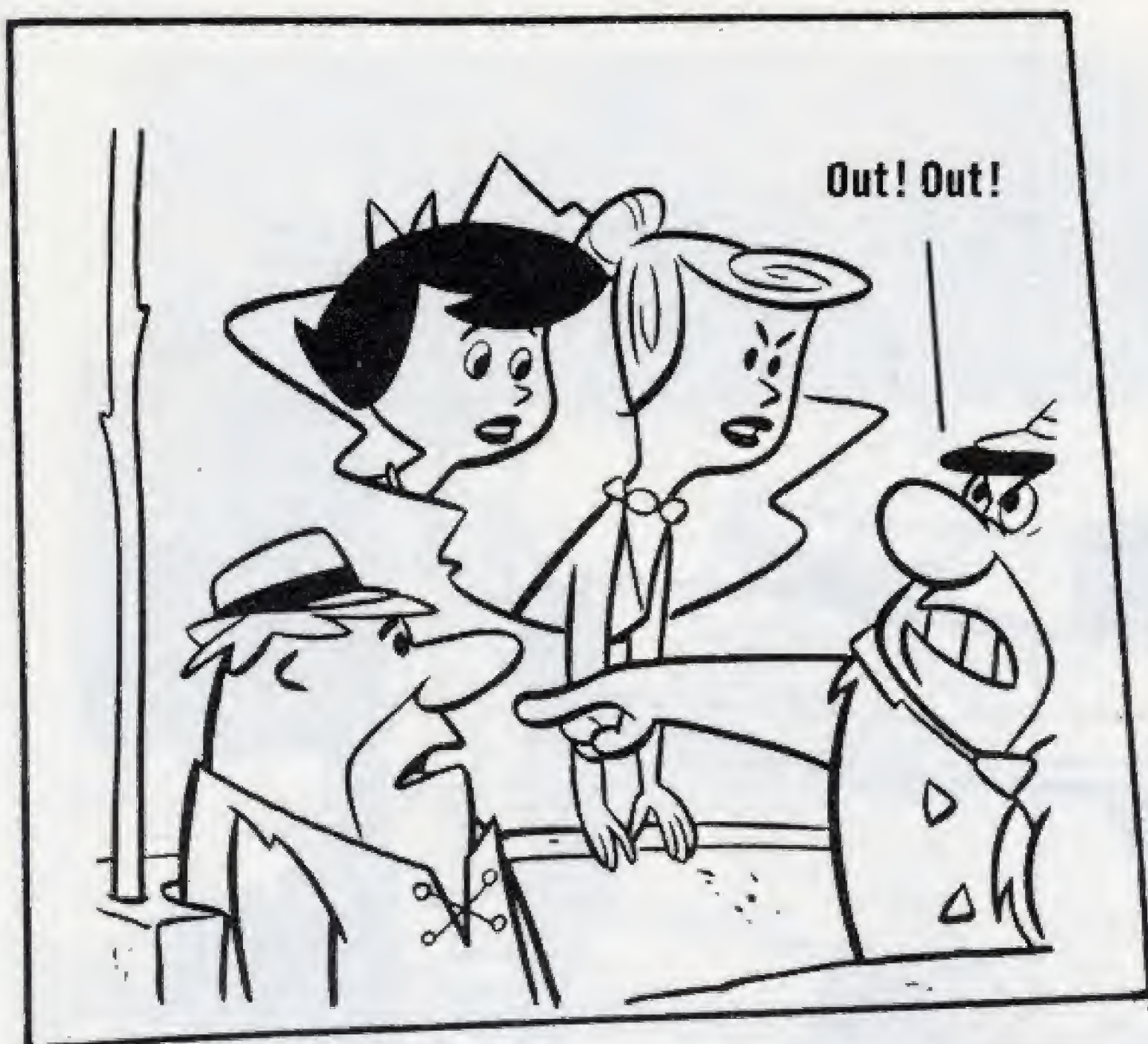


Surprise!

Wilma! Betty!







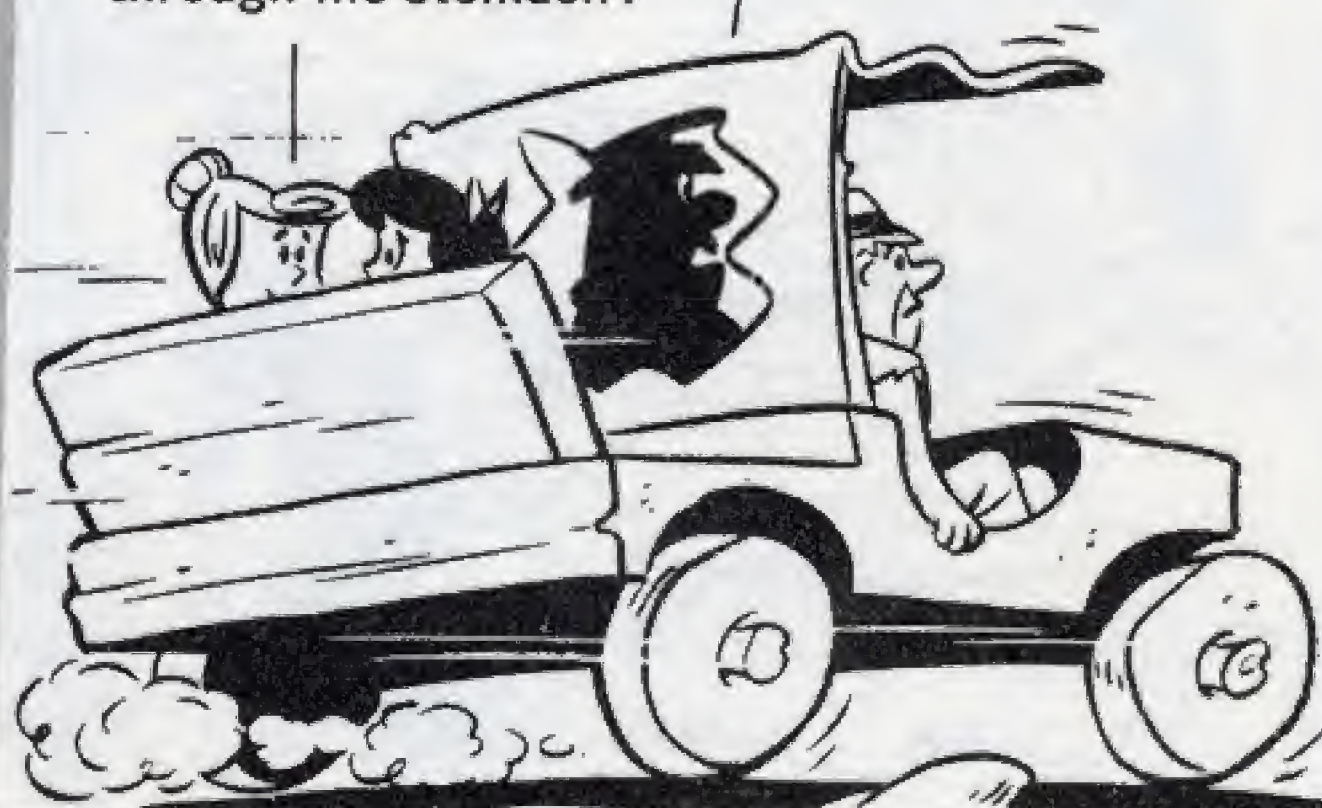
Stop! You know food gets us! That's hitting below the belt!

It's hitting above the belt...our **stomachs**!



Okay! You can come with us!

Heh, heh! A way to a man's heart is through his stomach!



Soon...

There it is... Spike's Peak! That's what we're going to climb!

(Ulp!) It is?





Oh, Fred,  
Why do you want  
to climb that  
silly hill?

I do it, dearest,  
because  
it's there!



Now, let's mount the mount, my trusty aide!

How come, all of a  
sudden, I'm an aide?



They're going to need plenty of aid  
to climb that thing!

And more **first** aid  
when they come down!



Egad! Nothing can compare with the  
thrill of scaling mountains!

Unless it's making a  
seven-ten split at  
the bowling alley!



Later...

Whew! I'm  
beat, Fred!

Beat?  
Already?



We've only gone ten feet! Let's keep climbing!  
We're already one-thousandth of the way there!

That's encouraging!





Several weary hours later...

Ah! Here we are! I'll bet we've already come up higher than any human being!

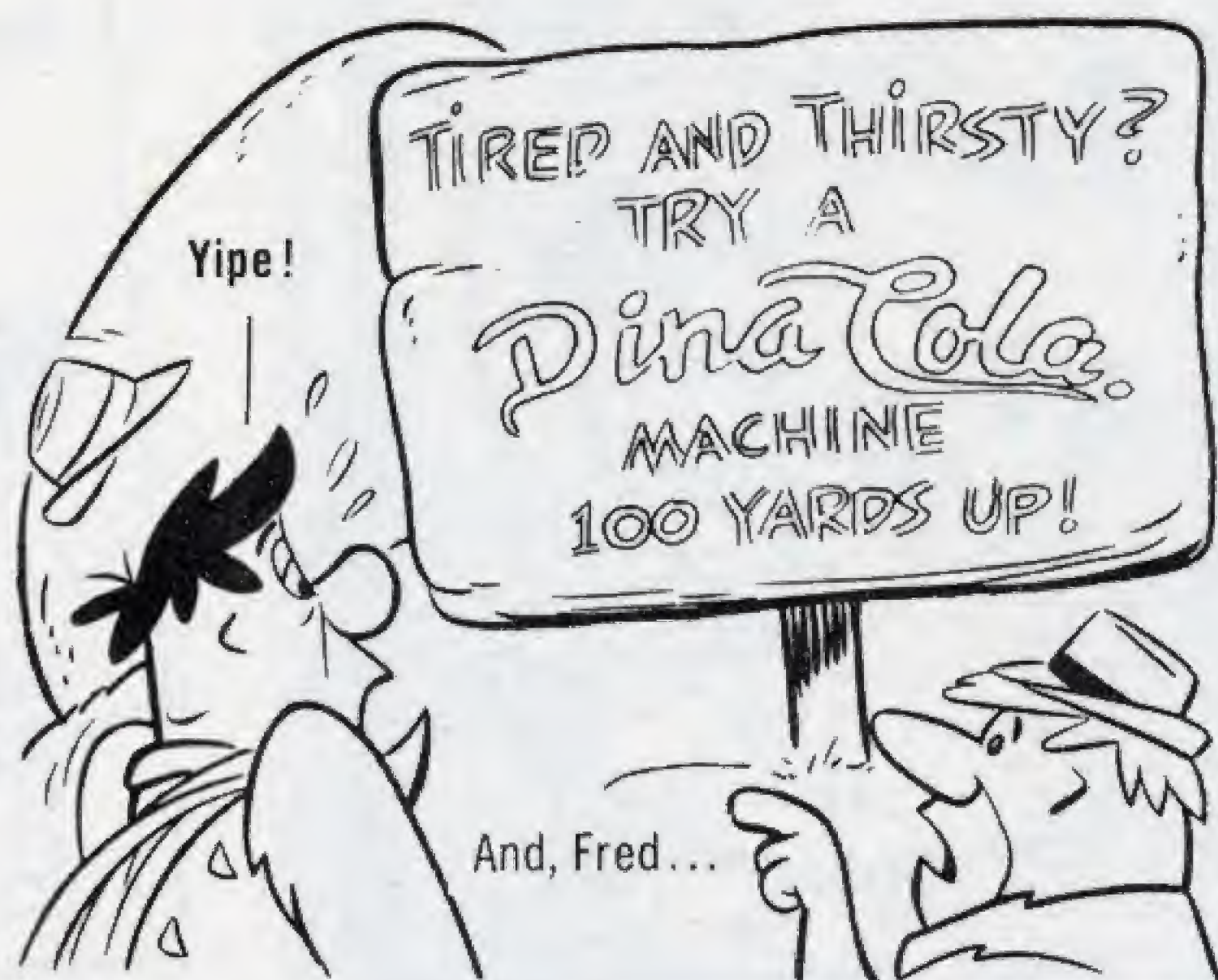


Er... I hate to disappoint you, Fred! Come take a look at this!

Come! We must press onward, ever onward, until we reach a new height!

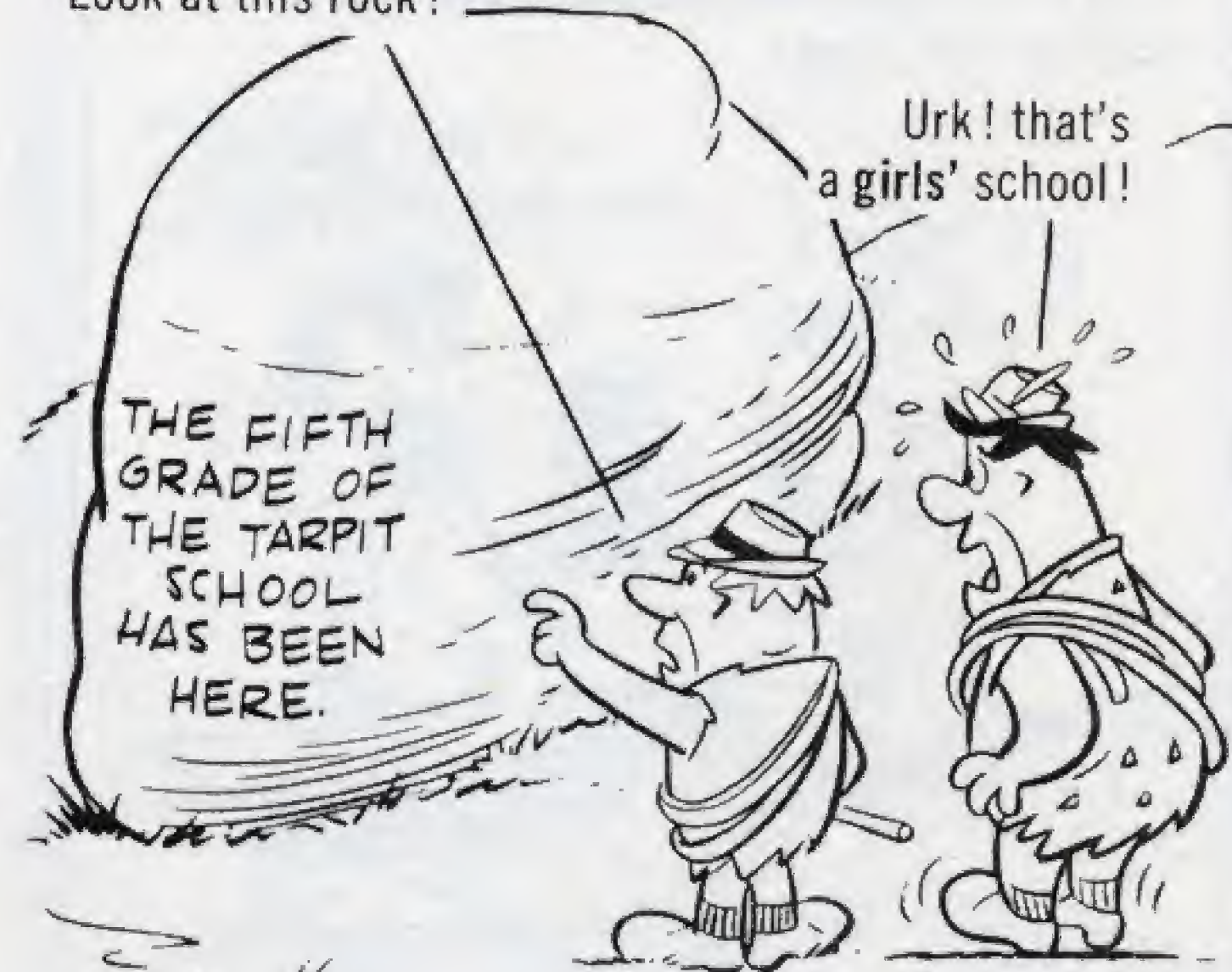


Whew! I shouldn't have shown him that sign!



Look at this rock!

Urk! that's a girls' school!



Okay! Here we go again!

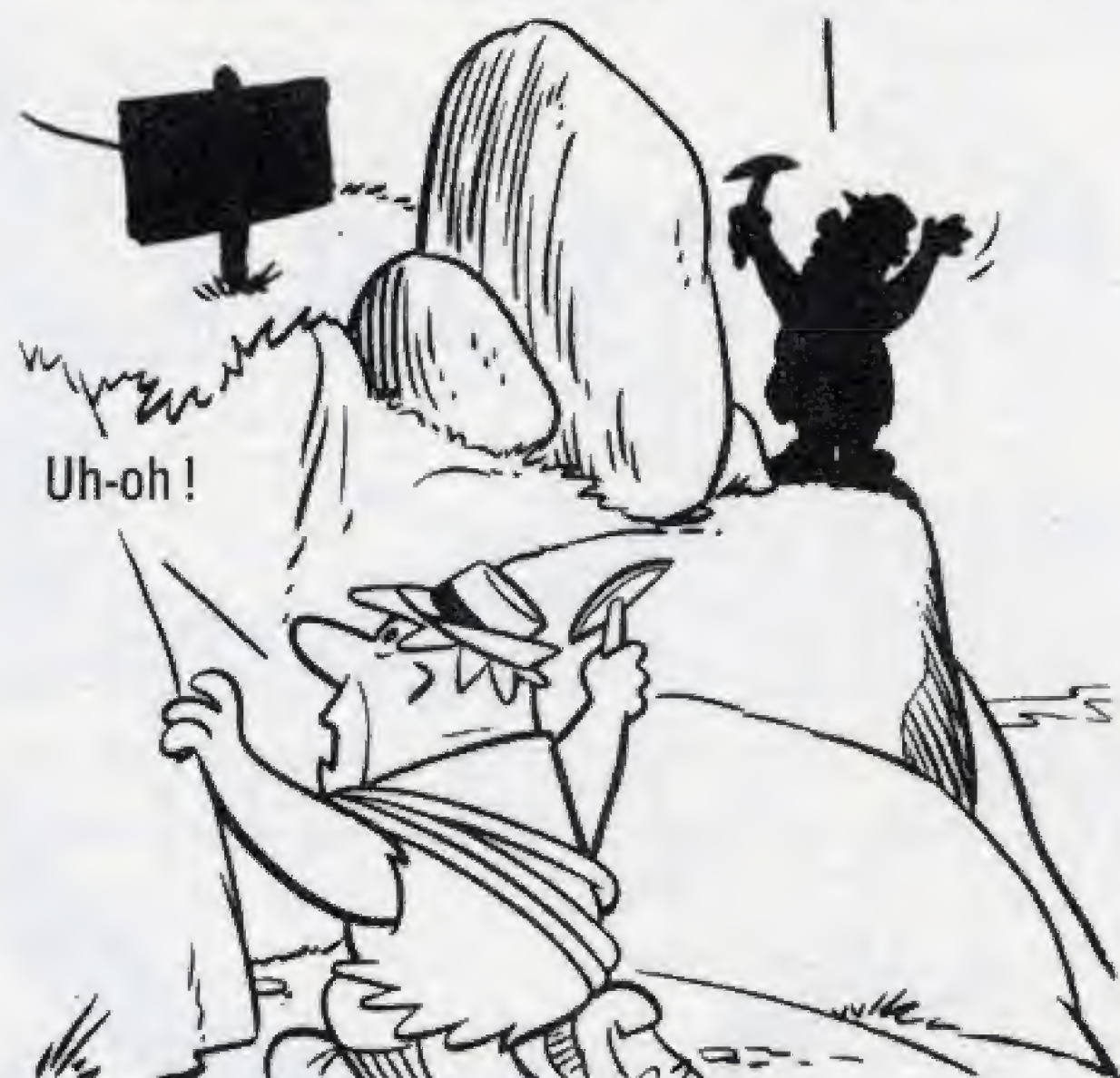


That's the spirit, pal!



Still later...

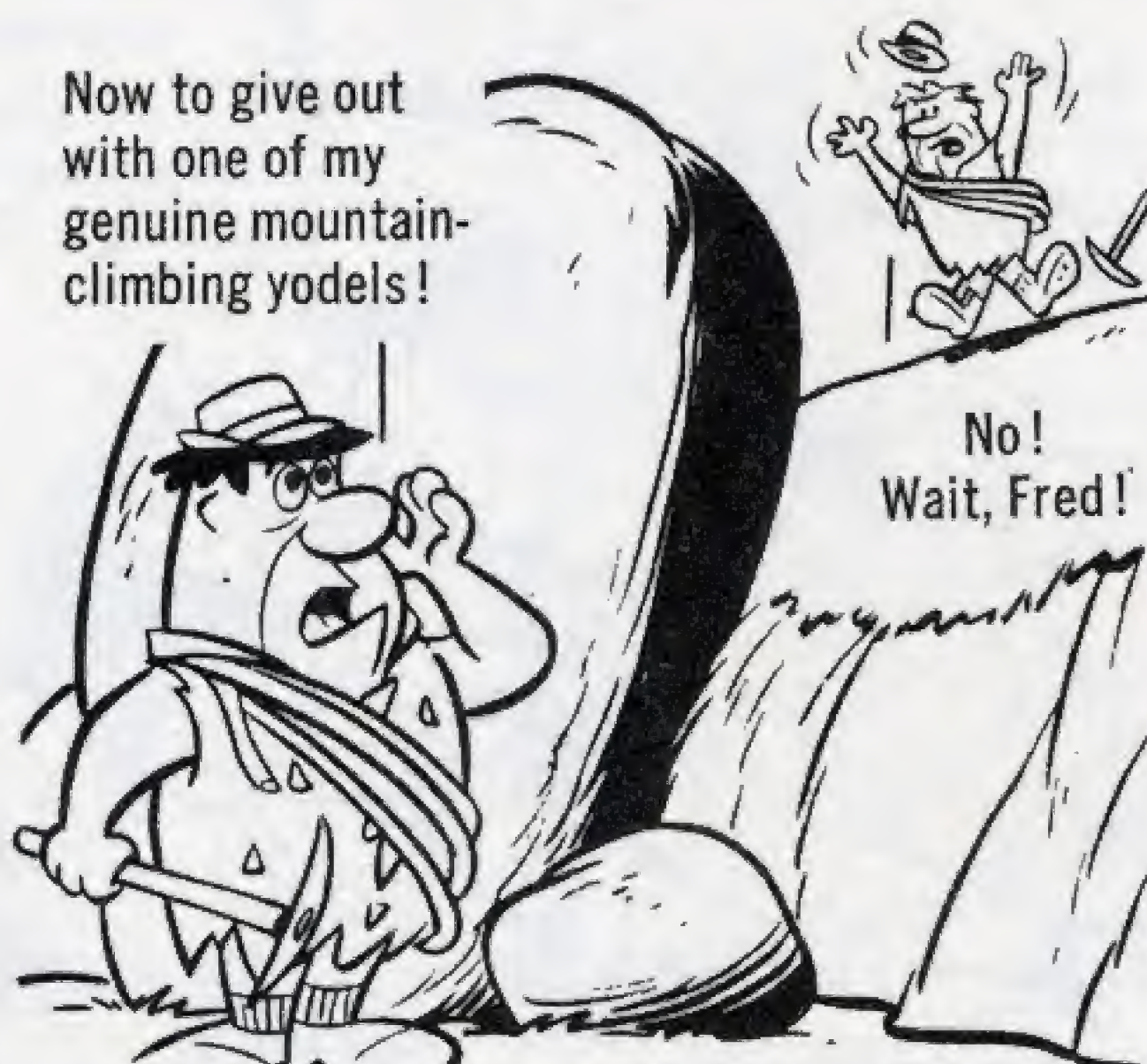
Ah! Surely nobody has ever been up here!



No sense telling Fred someone's been here, too! It would spoil his fun, and then he'd want to climb higher!



Now to give out with one of my genuine mountain-climbing yodels!



Meanwhile...

I wonder where the boys are! We can't wait much longer to eat!

Don't be worried! I know a way to bring them on the run!



Fred! Barney! Soup's on!

That should bring them!





Eek! They're coming!  
And we'd better get going!



Er... did I hear  
somebody  
mention lunch?



Fred Flintstone, you've crushed the lunch,  
you've ruined our day,  
you've messed up  
everything!



The same goes for you,  
Barney!

Just wait till we get home! I'm  
really going to tell you off!



Women! Hand  
me that sign,  
Barney!

Back home...



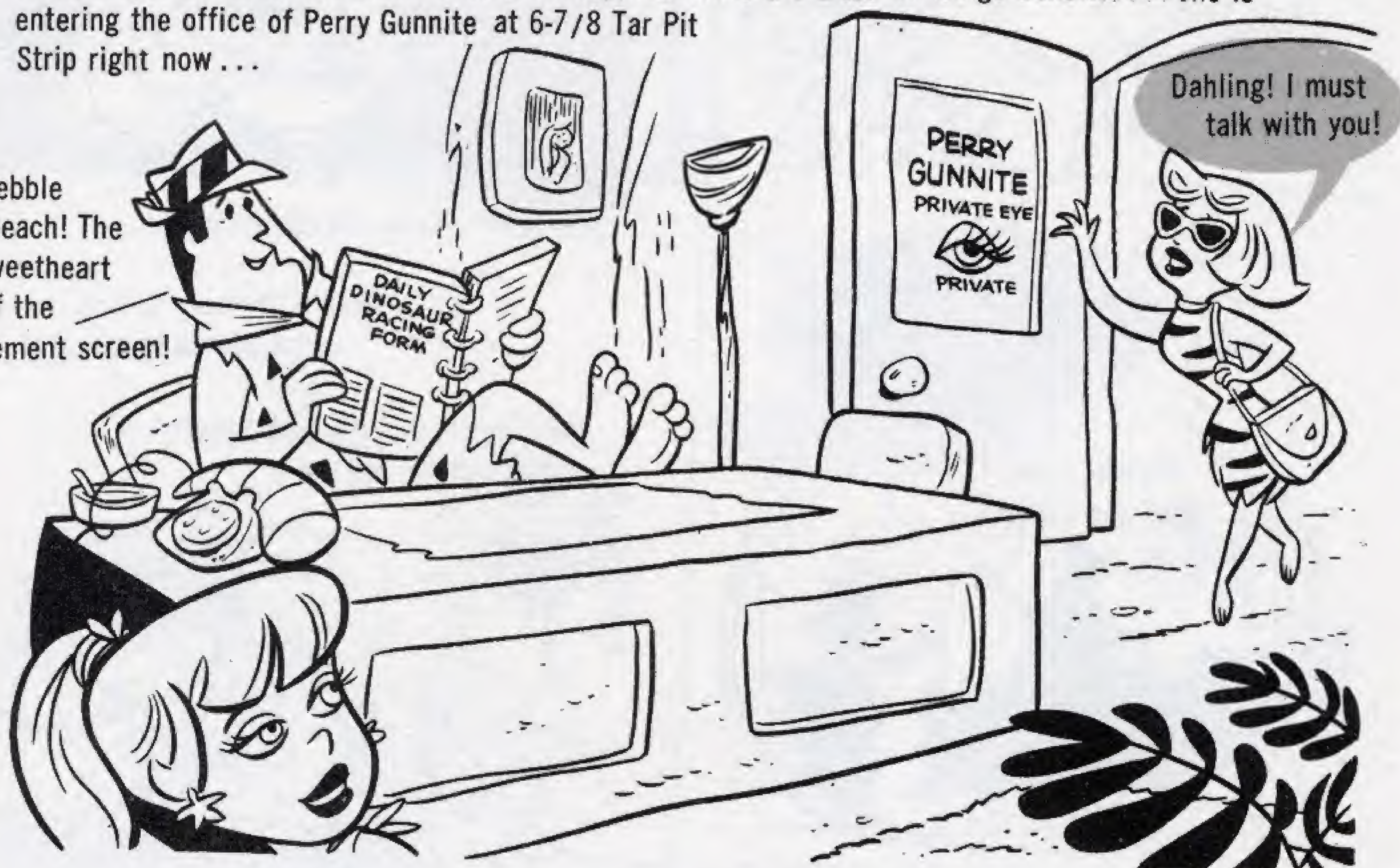
*the end*



# Facts and Figures

Private Eyes don't always make a lot of money, but there are a lot of fringe benefits ... one is entering the office of Perry Gunnite at 6-7/8 Tar Pit Strip right now ...

Pebble Bleach! The sweetheart of the cement screen!



What's the problem, Miss Bleach?

Something of mine has been stolen! Oh, it's too awful for words!



Gee, it must be something valuable! Your car? Jewels? Furs? Poodle?

No! (Sob!) Worse than any of those!







That's because you haven't seen my diary! I write everything I know about Hollyrock in it! It's all about famous directors, writers, and my leading men!



(Sniff!) You have to help me get my diary back!

Calm down! I'll take your case! Your worries are over!



Shortly, at Pebble's penthouse apartment in the Rocky Arms ...





Ouch! I think I've stumbled  
onto an important clue!  
Stumbled is right! It's  
some kind of note!



Hmmm! "Meet me at  
two in Marble Park with  
ten grand, and you can  
have your diary back!"

Eek! Blackmail!  
What shall I do?



Give him the money! What else?

For this information  
I need  
a private eye?



That's just to make sure you get your diary  
back! Once it's safe in your hands,  
I can go about tracking down the thief!

I guess you're right!



Naturally! You don't  
want to risk his giving your diary to the  
wrong people! It's best not to try and  
nab him until we have the diary!



Gee... but, ten thousand dollars!  
I guess I'll have to cancel my  
beauty shop appointments  
for a month!

Tough! But you'll get your money  
back as soon as I track  
down the crook!





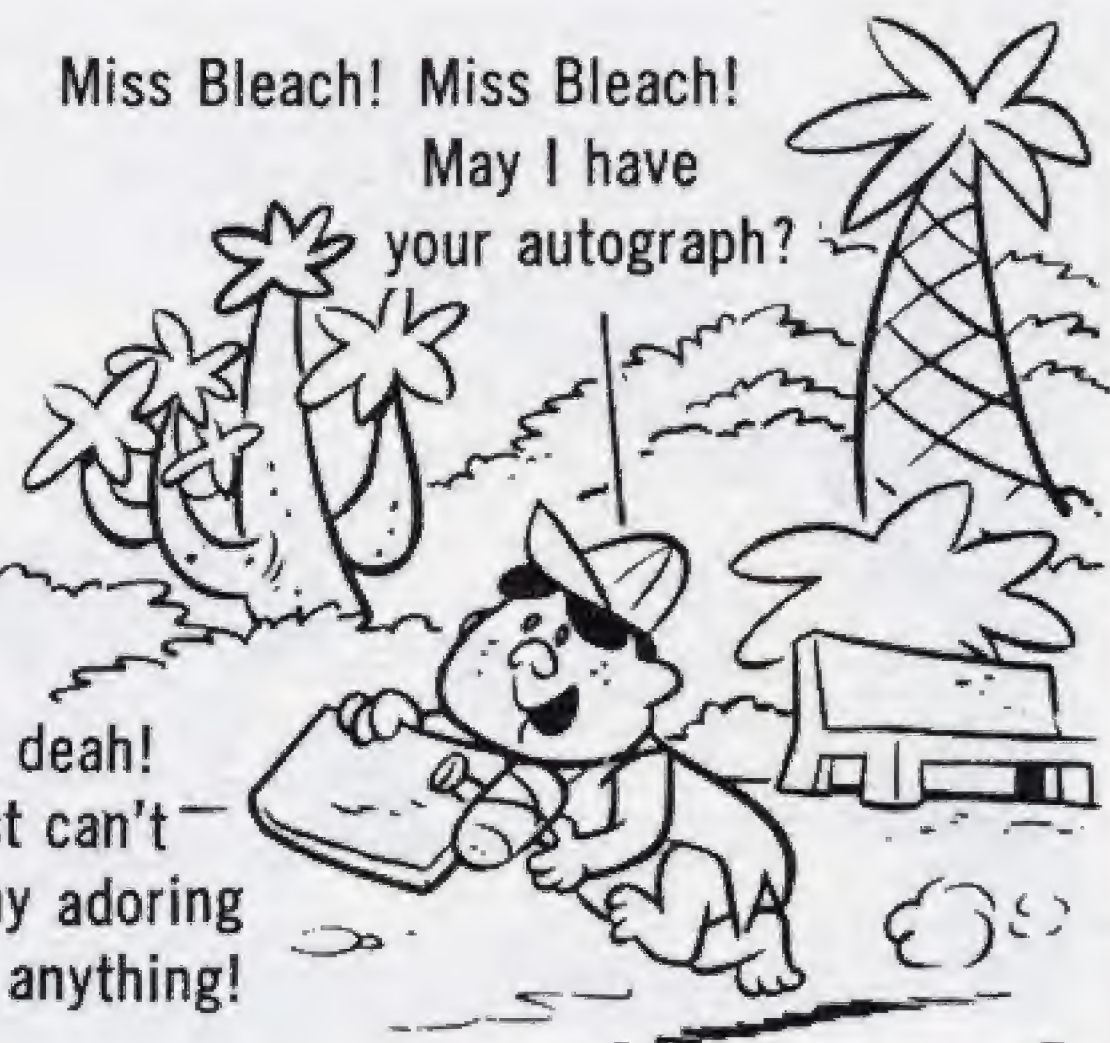
Soon, Pebble and Perry are on their way to Marble Park with ten thousand smackeroos . . .

We'd better hurry! It's almost two!



Miss Bleach! Miss Bleach!  
May I have  
your autograph?

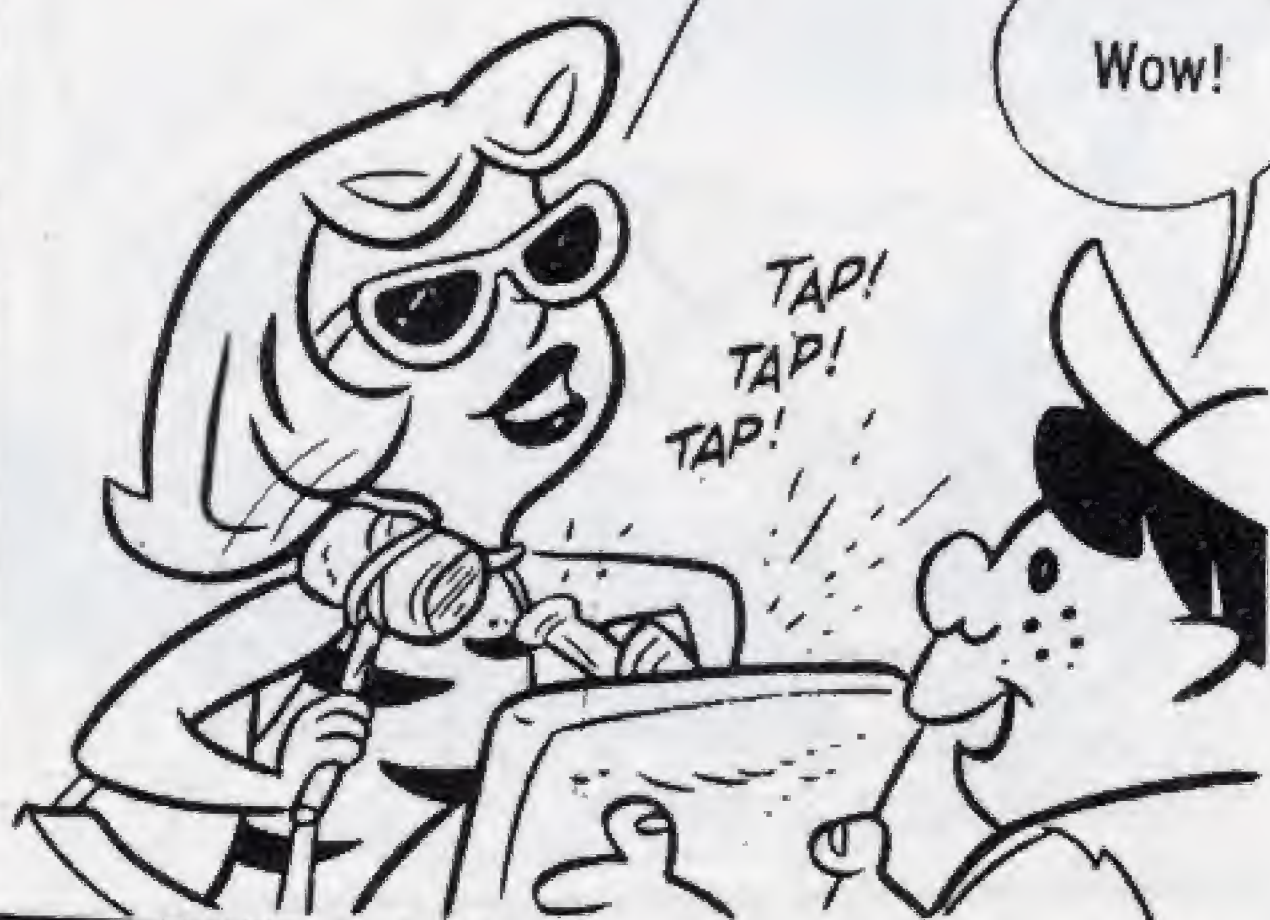
Oh, deah!  
I just can't  
deny my adoring  
public anything!



Best of luck to a sweet  
young man . . . Pebble Bleach!

Wow!

TAP!  
TAP!  
TAP!



Er . . . are you sure that's  
what it says?

Of  
course!



Do you always  
write like that?

Naturally!  
The bigger the star,  
the less you can read  
her writing!  
It's practically a rule  
of show biz!



Heh, heh! I have a  
feeling your troubles are over! You can keep  
your money in your purse!

Whatever do  
you mean?





I'll explain later! Now, I wonder where that diary-napper is!



Right here!  
Don't move!

I've got the diary!  
Have you got the dough?

No! We just came to tell you to do  
what you want  
with the diary!  
We're not  
giving you  
a cent!



Give a guy a break! Make it  
five grand!

Nope! Show it  
to the  
world!



A thousand?

No!

Five hundred?

No!

Ten bucks?

No!



Look, I spent my last cent  
getting down here!  
Give me bus fare and  
you can have the diary!

Well,  
I'll flip  
you for it!

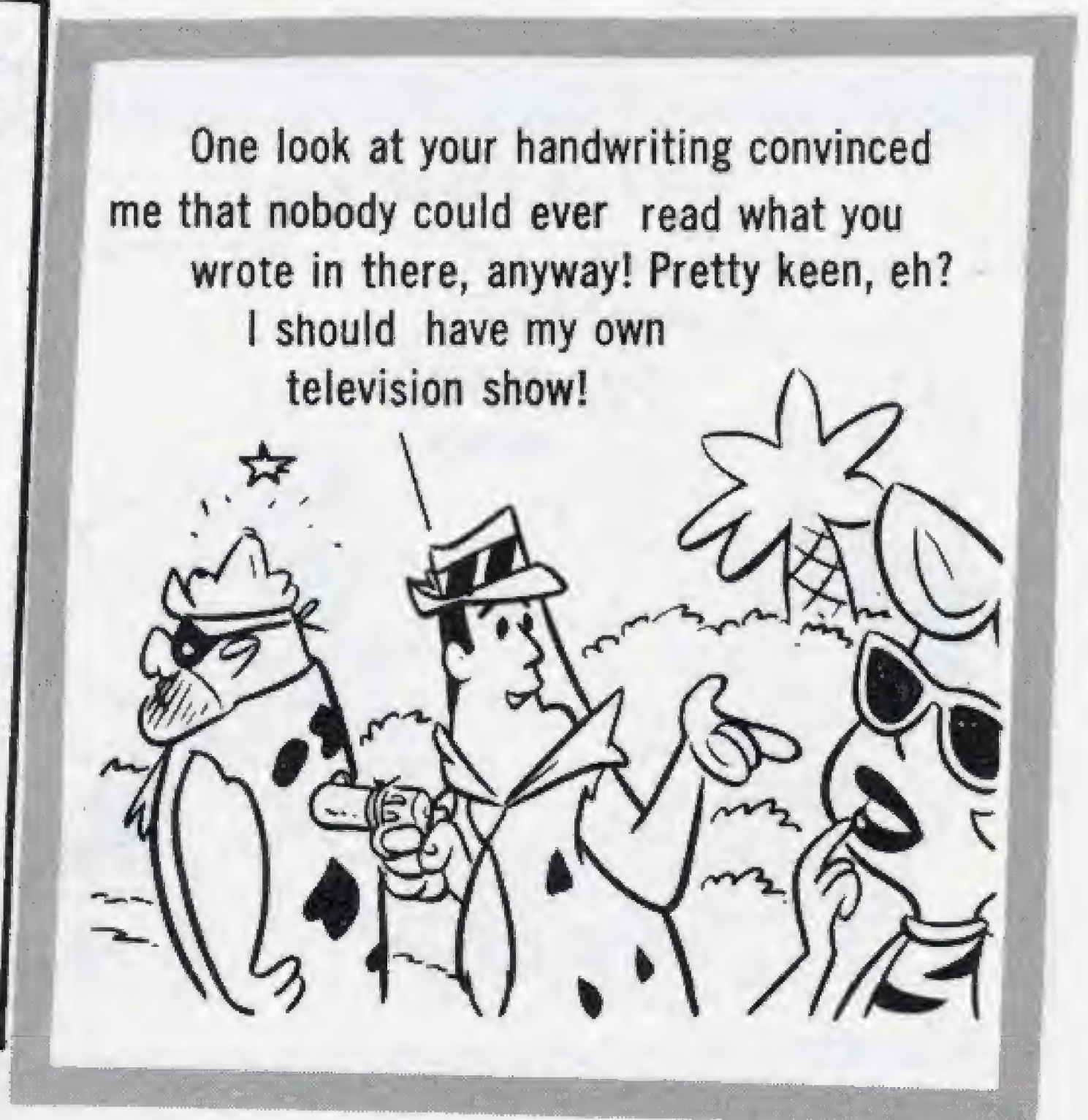
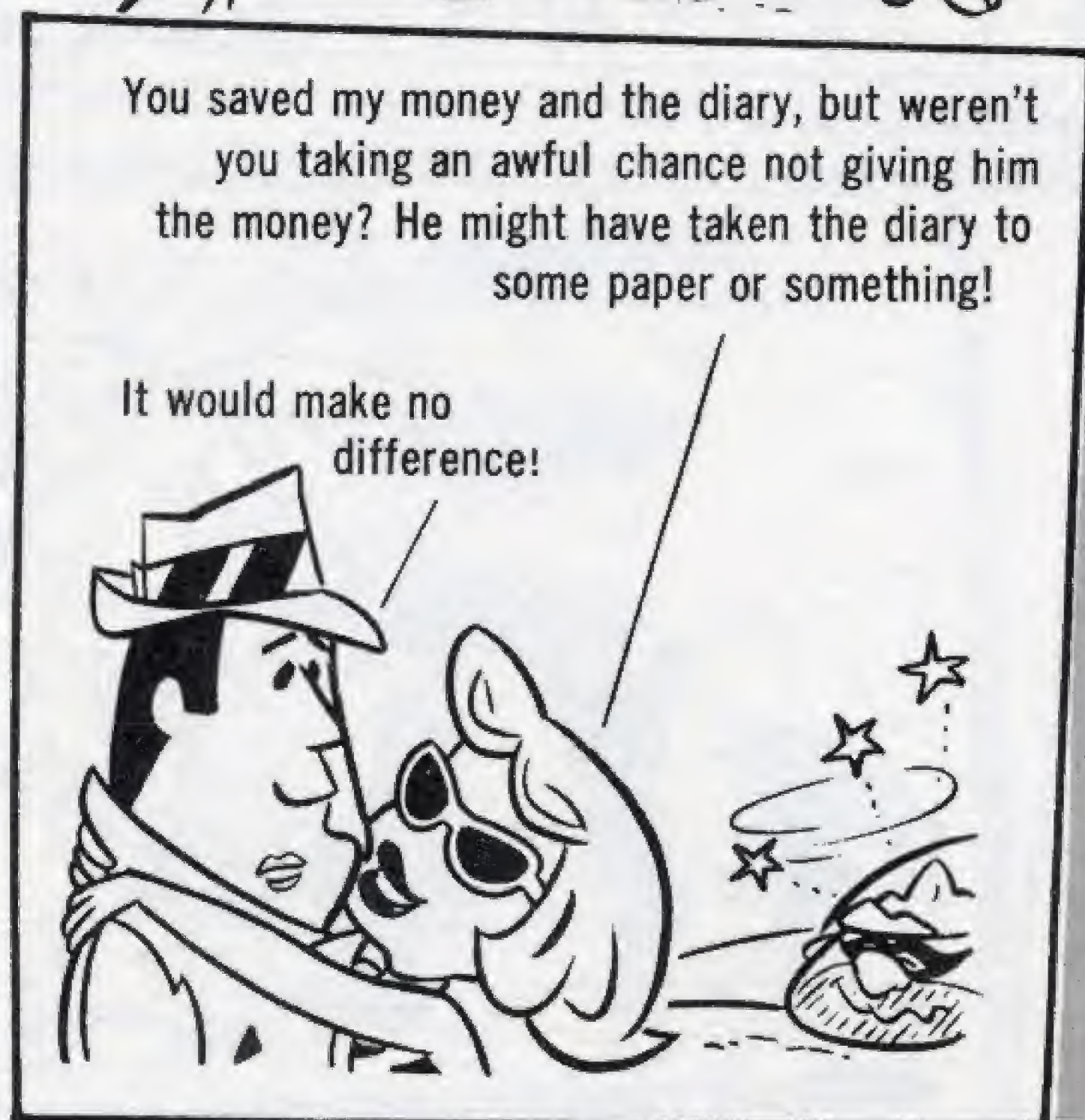
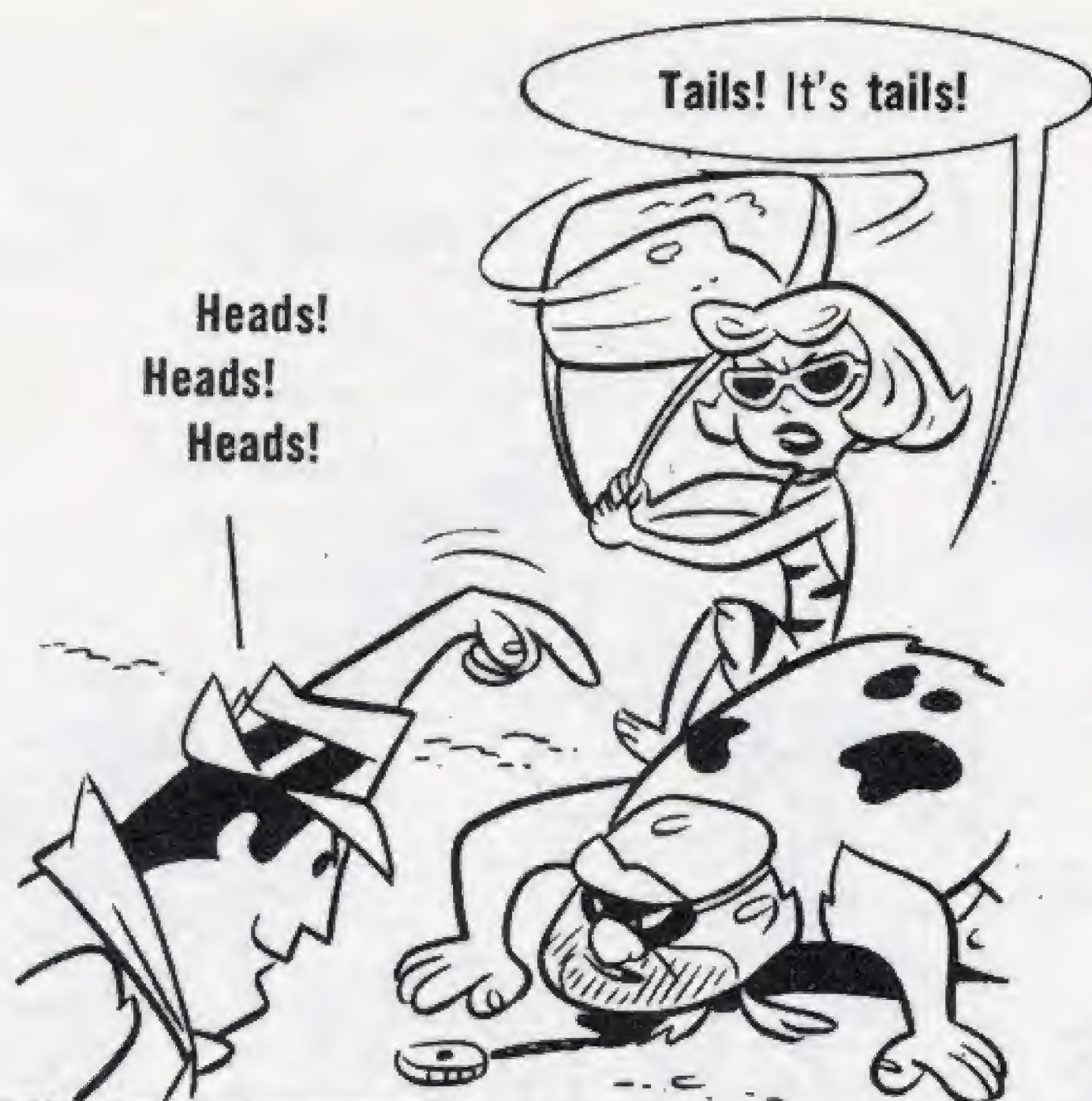


It's a deal! Tails!

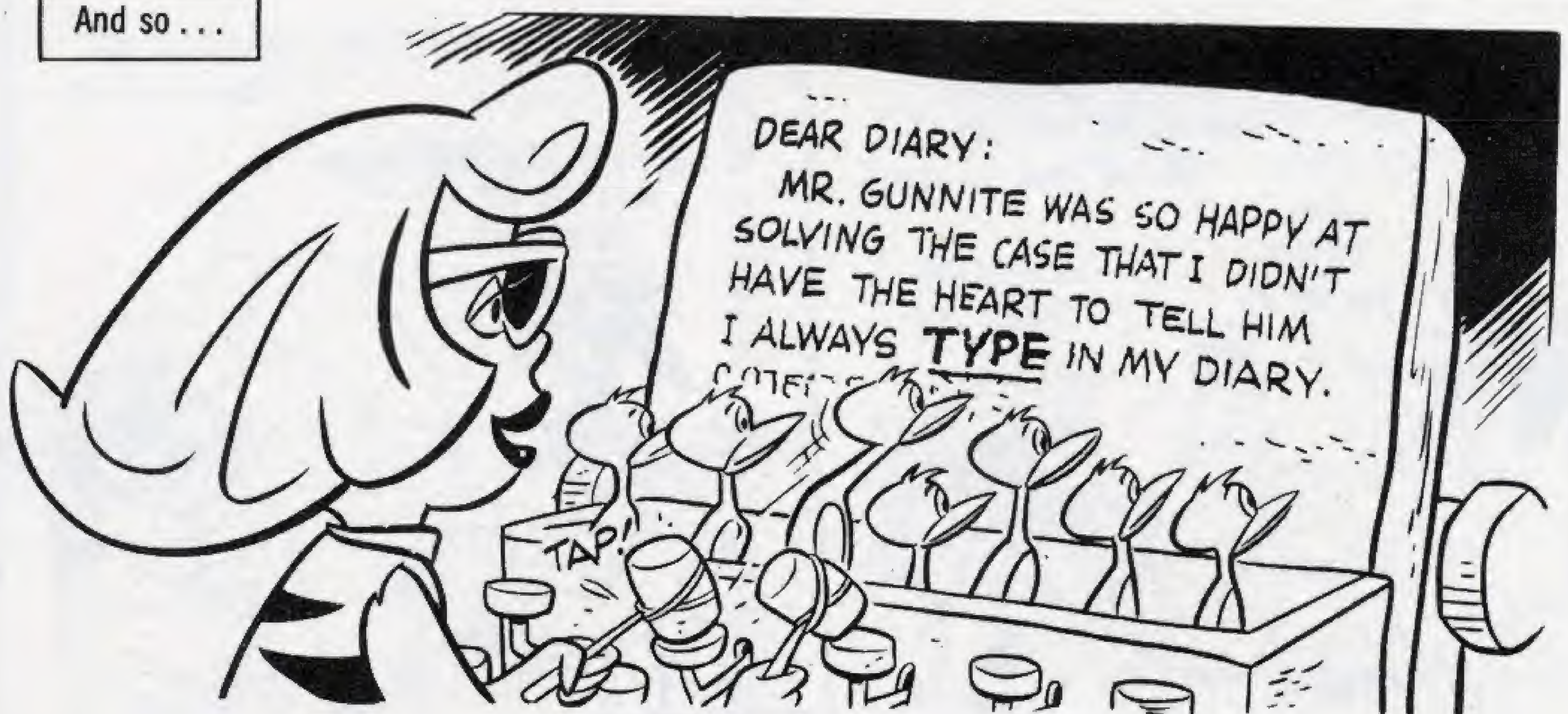
Sorry, it looks like heads!







And so ...



the End



# Bad Habit Busting Made Easy

(The Hard Way)

by Wilma Flintstone



Folks with  
bad habits are  
for the birds!  
They should be  
treated the way  
I treat Fred!

He never used to  
stamp his feet on the doormat!



So I got a doormat that  
stamps itself on Fred's feet!



He used to bring  
home such weird pets!



So I got  
myself the **weirdest** pet!





Fred's choice of neckties  
was a dastardly disgrace!



But now, he thinks the good fairy changes  
them at night!



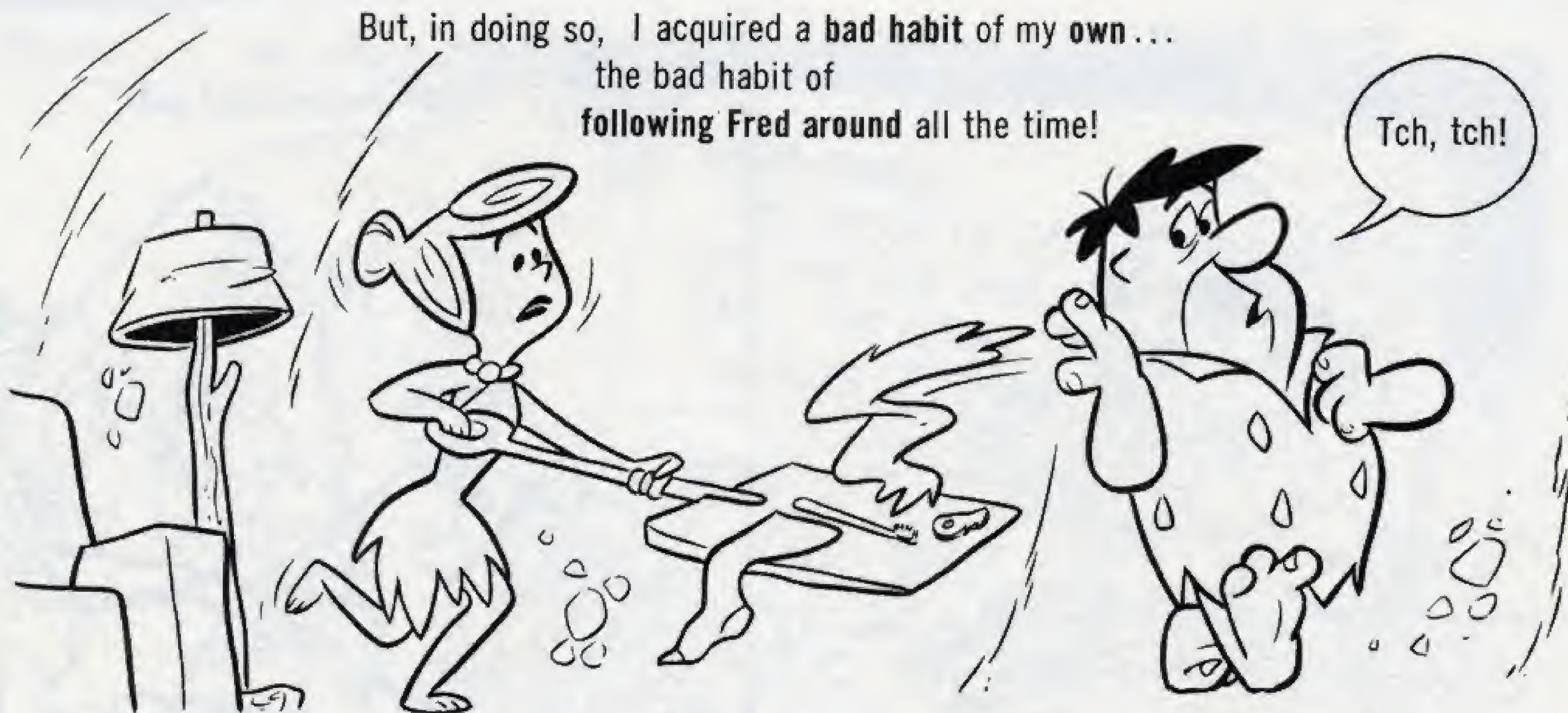
But, worst of all, he used to drop  
things all  
over the cave!



Well, naturally, I was able to  
think of a way to break  
that bad habit!...



But, in doing so, I acquired a **bad habit** of my own...  
the bad habit of  
**following Fred around all the time!**





# Buying A LEMON

WHAT YOU AUTO-KNOW  
ABOUT BUYING  
AN ABUSED CAR!

1

Flash cash and you're sunk!  
Hide it out of the salesman's  
sight and you're safe!



2

Don't act too eager to buy!  
Play hard-to-get-onto-the-lot!



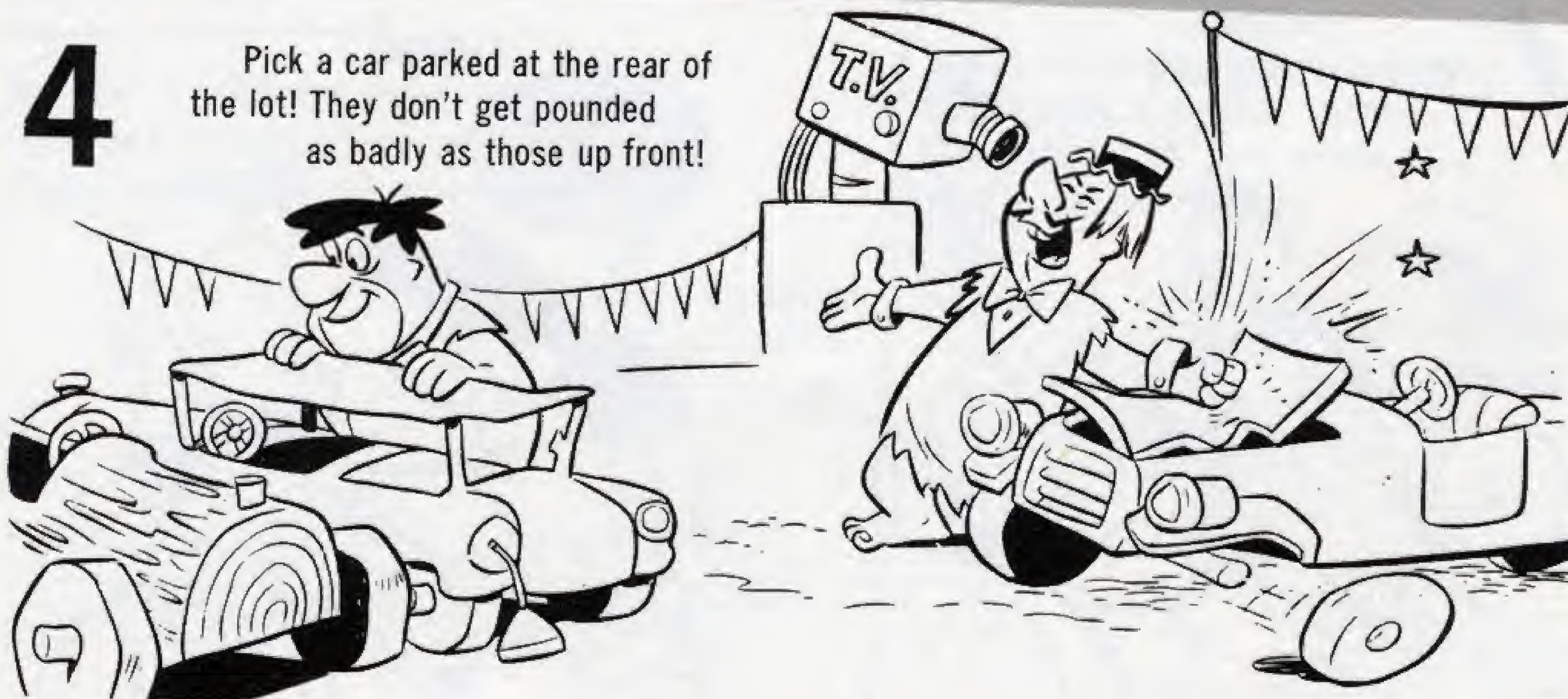
3

Then, beware of the shiny models!  
They blind you to the car's faults!



4

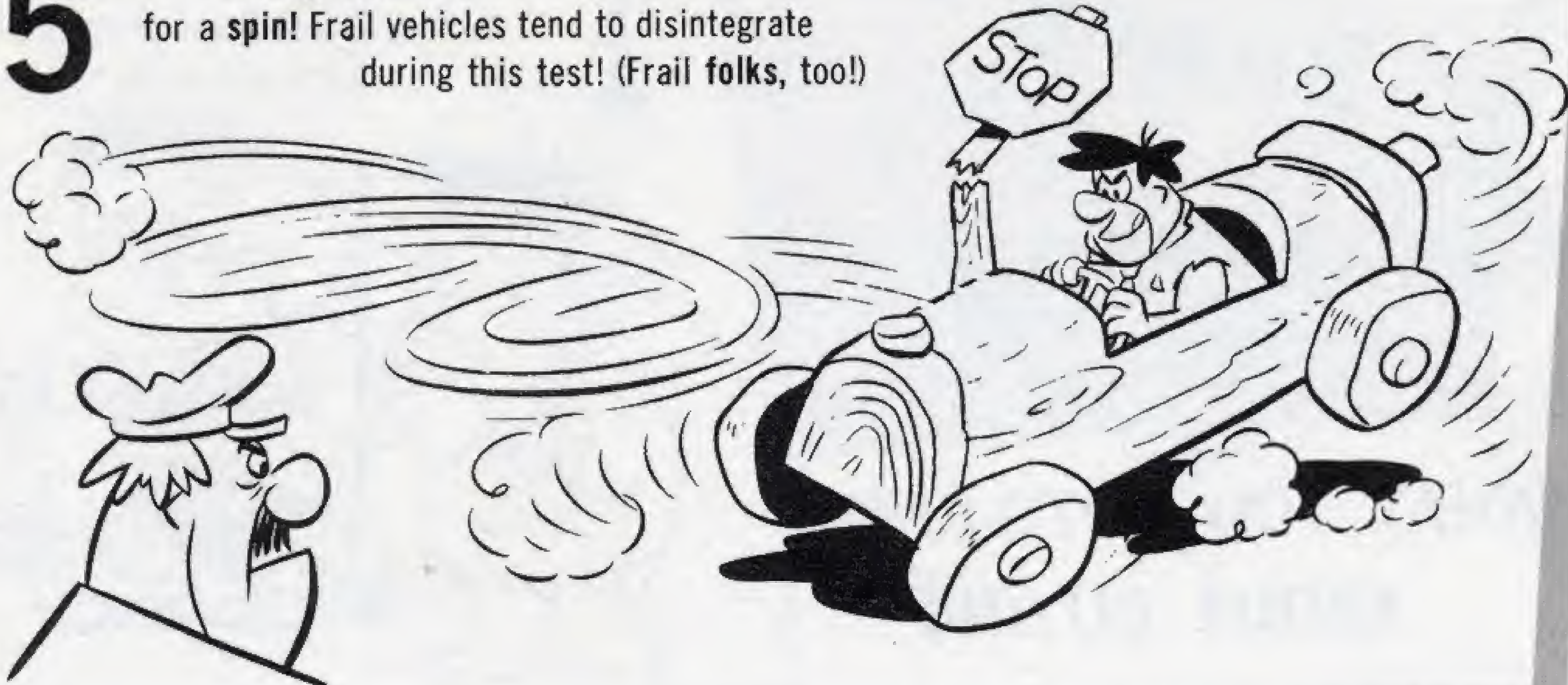
Pick a car parked at the rear of  
the lot! They don't get pounded  
as badly as those up front!





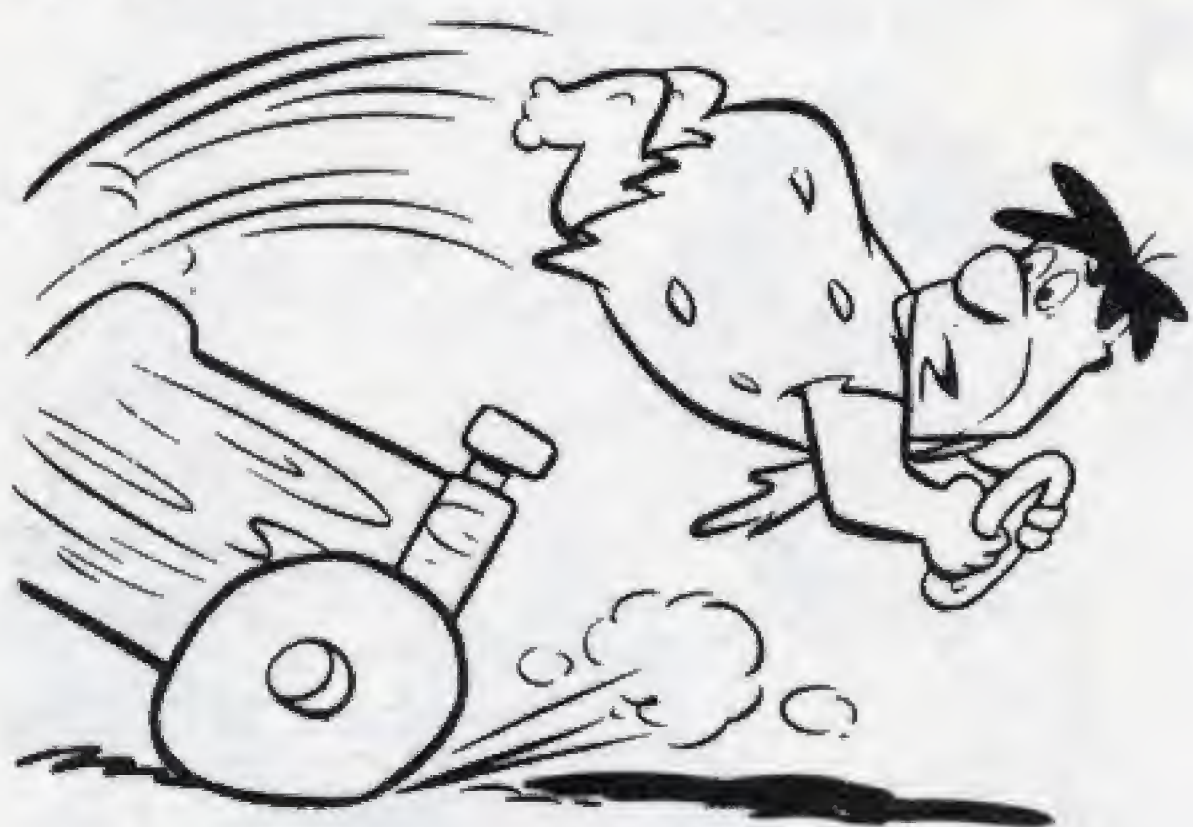
5

Finally, take it  
for a spin! Frail vehicles tend to disintegrate  
during this test! (Frail folks, too!)



6

Good brakes  
are important...



But they can turn  
into a bad break!



7

So, you're  
the proud owner of a ...



LEMON!

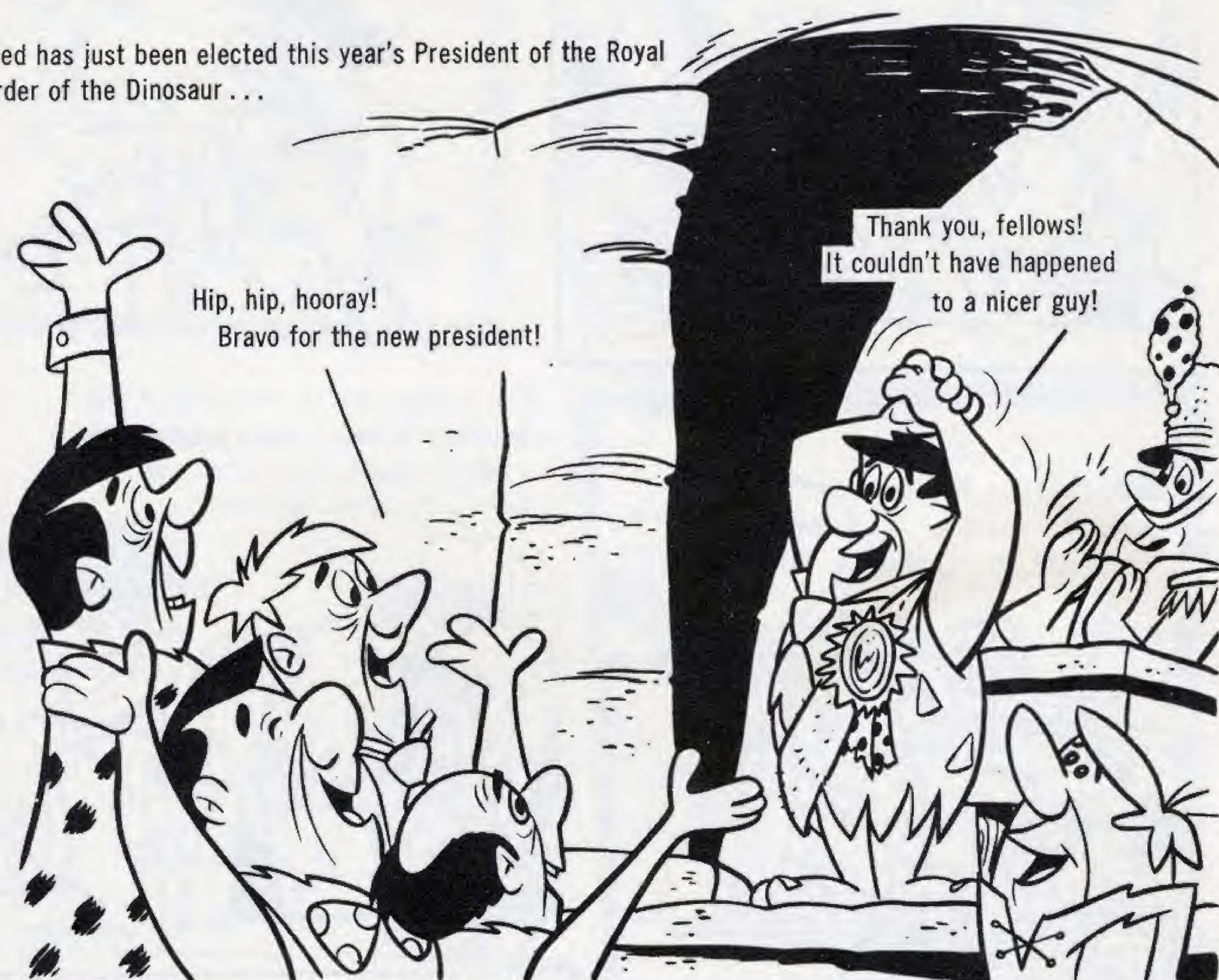
Yep!  
Lemonade!





# Three stripes and you're OUT

Fred has just been elected this year's President of the Royal Order of the Dinosaur...



After the meeting...

Heh, heh! It makes a man feel good to know that his buddies have finally realized what a great guy he is!

Yeah! All those lunches you bought and bowling games you treated to really paid off!



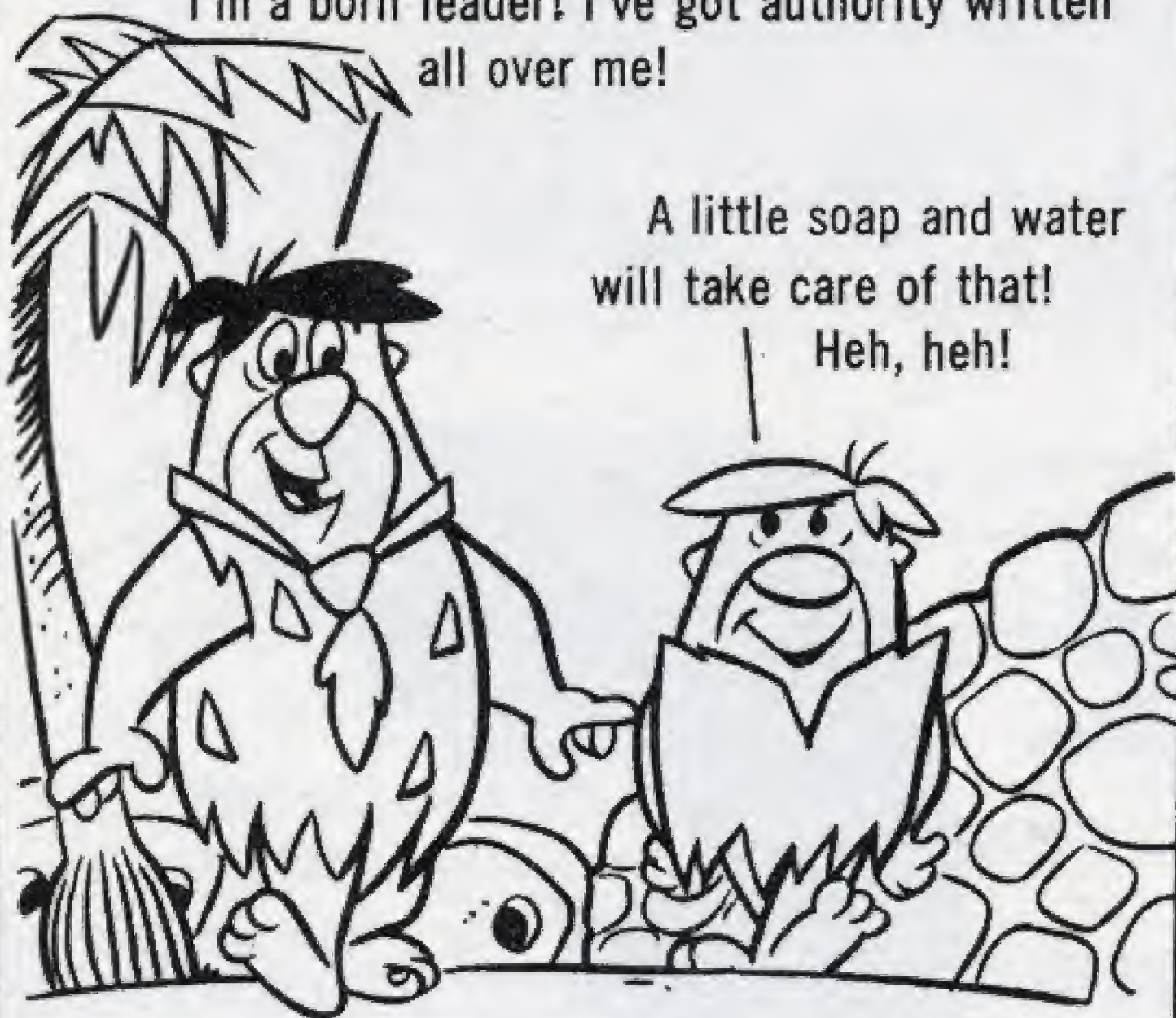
Are you insinuating that my generosity had anything to do with winning the election? Ha! That sounds like sour grapes to me!

Don't get sore, Fred! I was just kidding!





You see, pal, you don't understand  
the natural superiority and command of some men!  
I'm a born leader! I've got authority written  
all over me!



A little soap and water  
will take care of that!  
Heh, heh!

Go ahead and laugh!  
I know how you must feel!  
It's always tough for followers  
like you to accept the  
authority of us leaders!



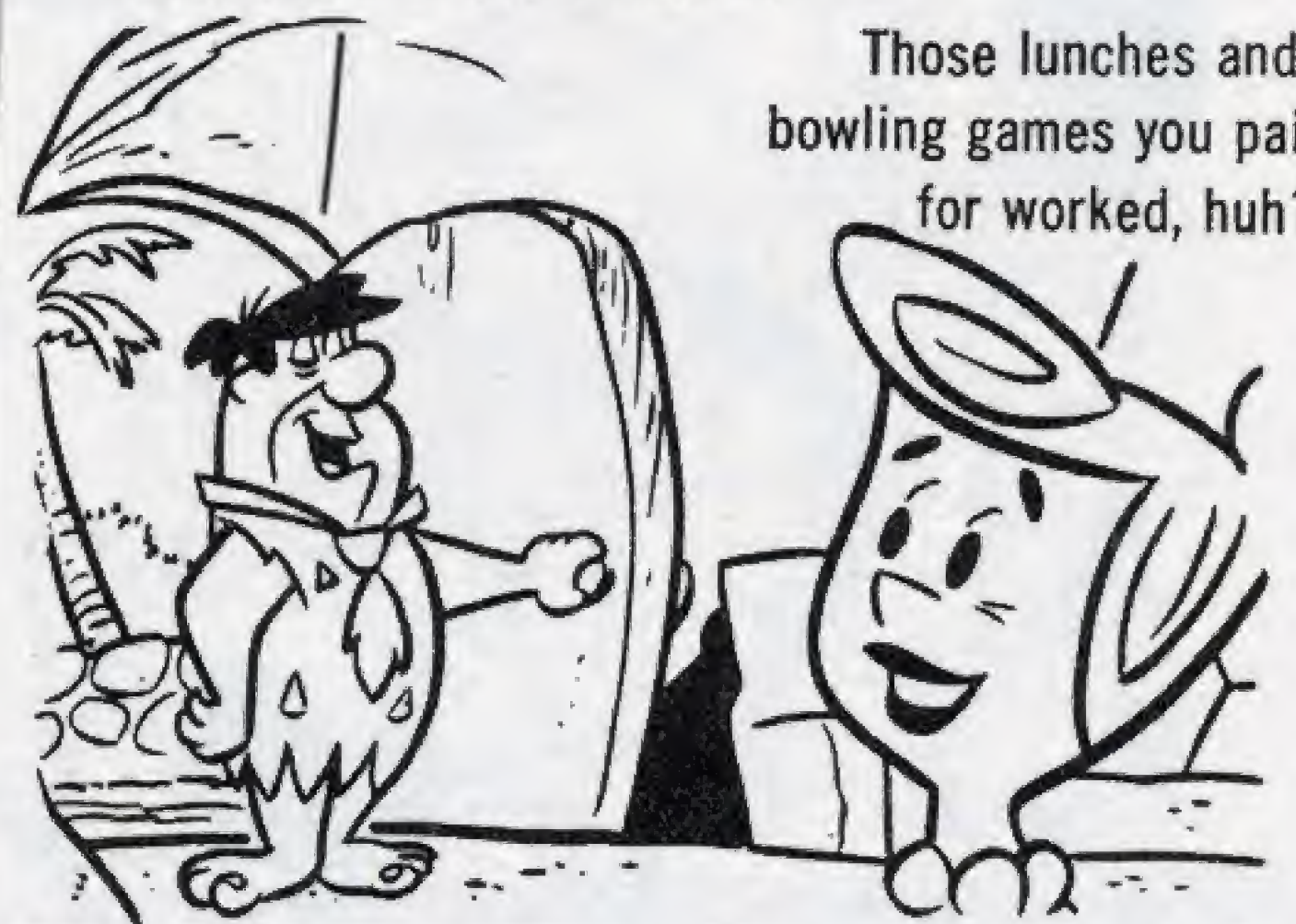
Sure! Sure!

Good night,  
Your  
Majesty!



Sleep well,  
my humble  
subject!

Greetings, Wilma! You are looking at the  
new president of the  
Royal Order of the Dinosaur!



Those lunches and  
bowling games you paid  
for worked, huh?

Bah! You and Barney  
are just alike! You  
don't recognize leadership  
when you see it!

How would I know?  
I've never seen it!



Oh, come on, honey!  
I was just kidding!  
I'm very proud  
and happy  
that you won!

Well! That's a  
little more like it!





Next morning . . .

Wilma! I think I'll celebrate my first morning as president with a little breakfast in bed!



That doesn't look like breakfast to me!

I don't think you'll feel like eating after you've read it!



Yipe! A letter from my army reserve unit! I've got to report to our annual summer camp tomorrow! I forgot all about it!

You always do!



Drat! Two weeks of camping and K.P. ! I can't take it!

You say that every year, Fred! You'll just have to go and make the best of it!



Barney and I are in the same reserve unit! I'm going to see if he got his notice, too!



Private Joke reporting to General Confusion!

Ah ha! Misery loves company! Come in, company!





Shortly, Fred and Barney are rail bound for Fort Fossil . . .

Good-by, Wilma! Don't forget to send me my warm mittens and my favorite pillow!  
I forgot to pack them!

Betty, be sure and send me your special chocolate cake every other day!

Good-by, boys!



There go our two brave soldiers!  
Warm mittens, pillows, and chocolate cake to follow!



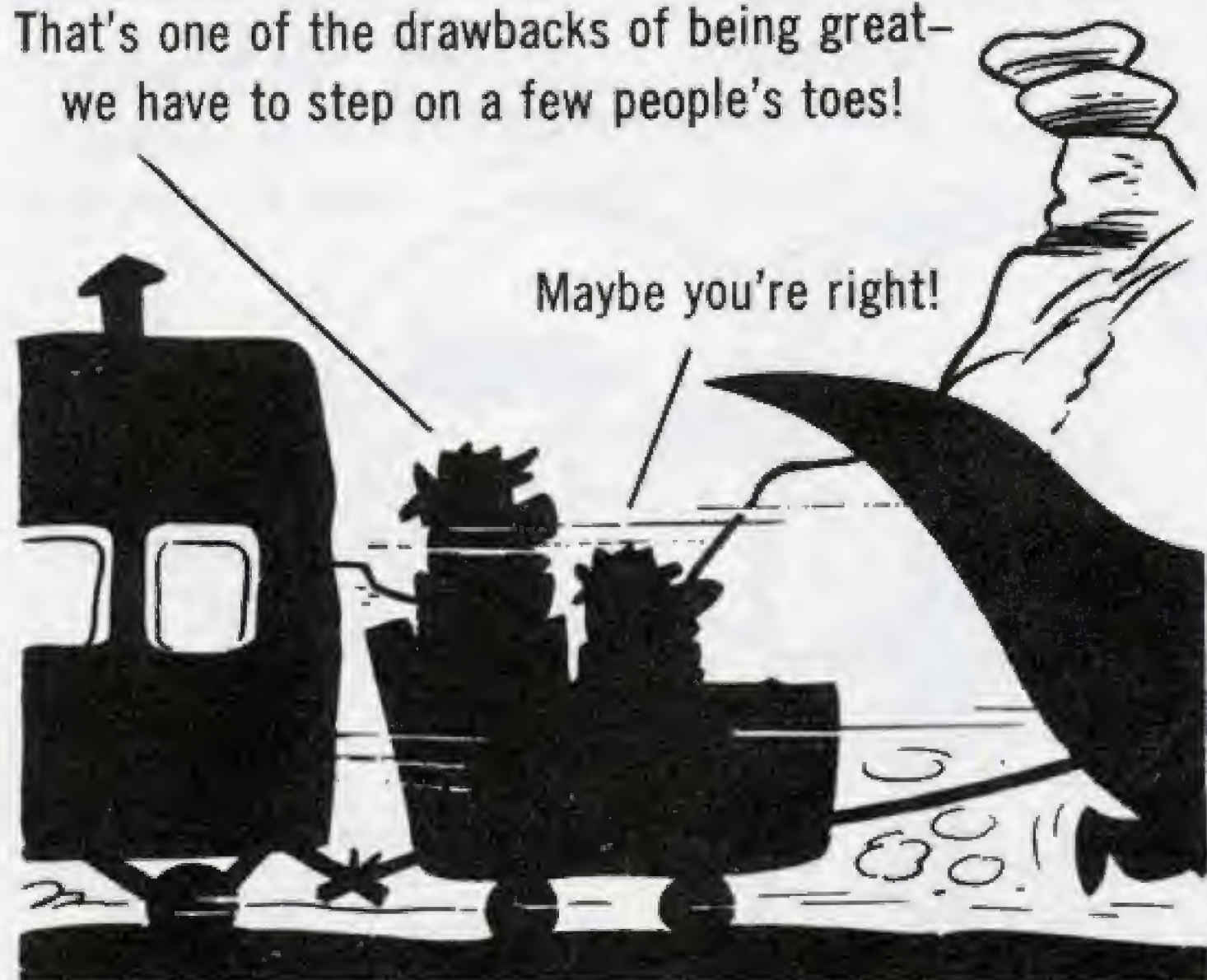
It's not the hard work that gets me at these reserve camps! It's the mean old sergeants!

There you go, talking like a follower again!



Being a leader of men, I know that they have to be tough and enforce discipline! (Sigh!)

That's one of the drawbacks of being great—we have to step on a few people's toes!



Maybe you're right!

Of course I am! If I were in command, I'd be tough! No special favors! Not even for pals! That's the way things have to be!





The boys arrive at Fort Fossil...

Well, here we are, I'm sorry to say!



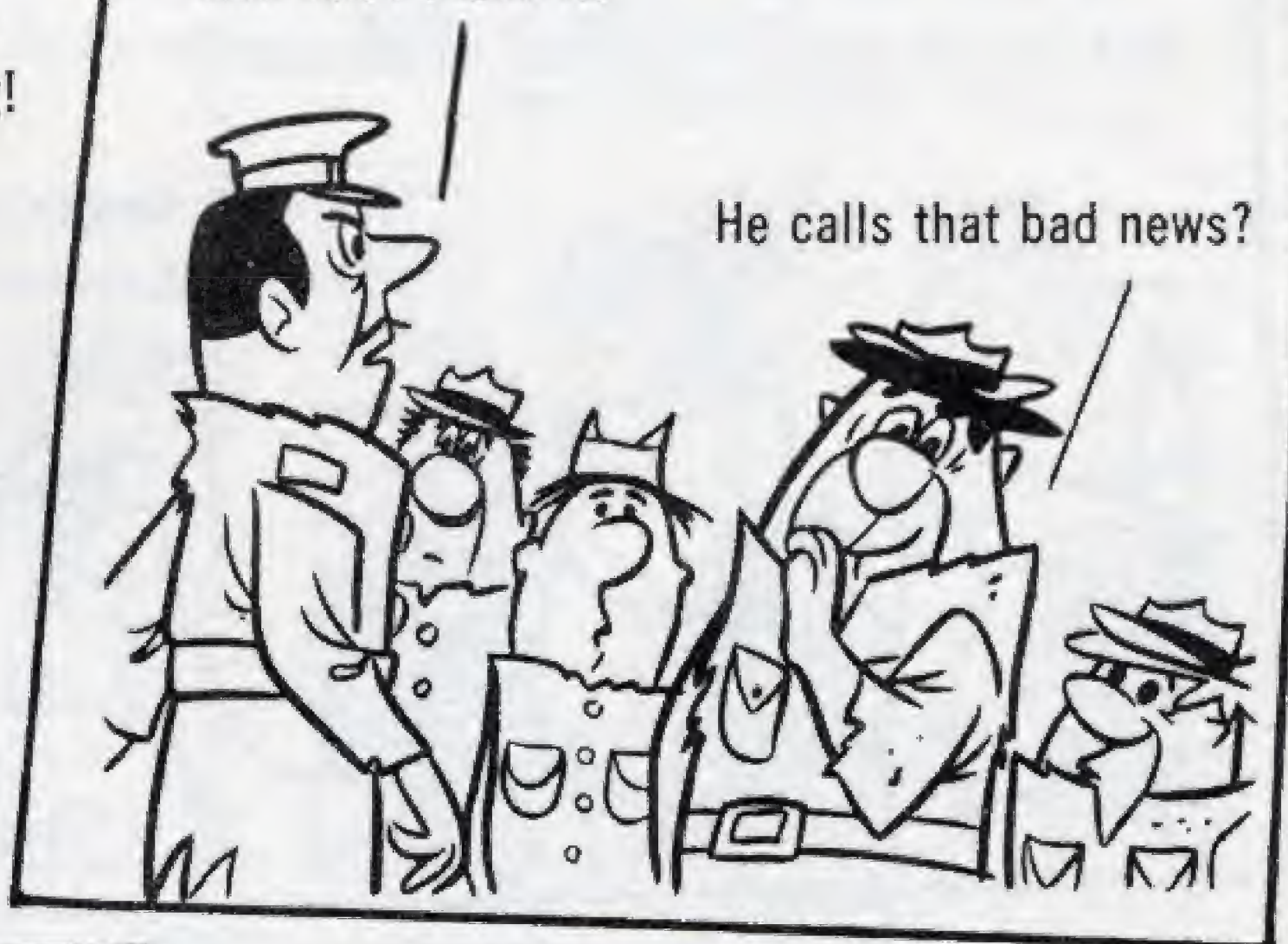
Hey! It's Fred and Barney! I didn't think you two would last another summer camp!

Cut it! I see the lieutenant coming!



Tenn-hutt! I have bad news, men! The sergeant who was supposed to lead this unit got sick and can't make it!

He calls that bad news?



So, I'm going to pick one of you men to be temporary sergeant for the two weeks!

Wow! I'm sure to be picked! Anybody can see that I'm a leader!

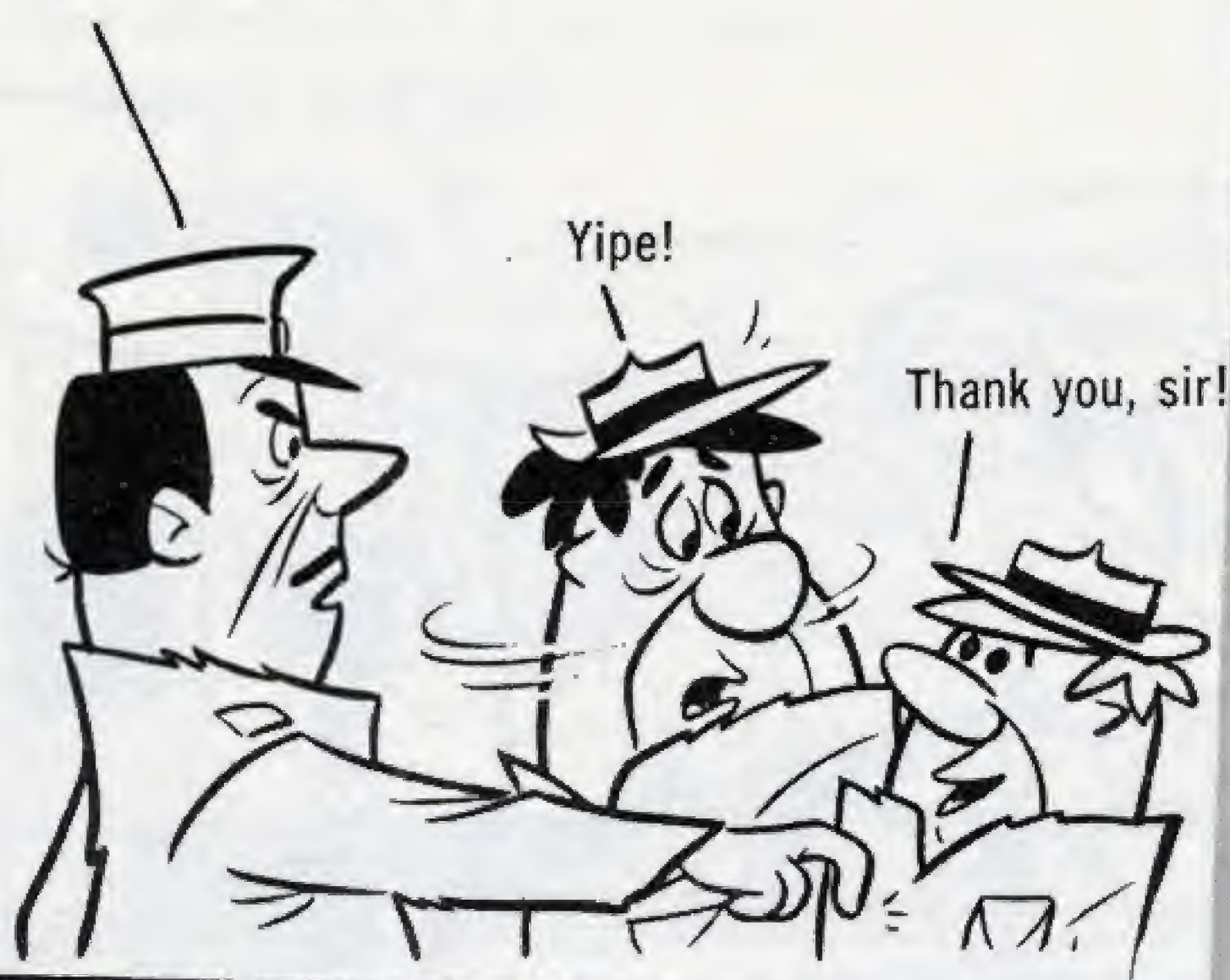


I better plan my acceptance speech! "Thank you, fellow officer, for this sacred trust! I will lead the men to victory!"





I'll choose **you** for the job!



Now get the men out and start them on their exercises! The army is counting on you!



All right, you guys! You heard the lieutenant! Pick up your feet and get out on the exercise field!



I don't know how they passed me by, pal, but having you as the sarge is the next best thing! Boy, are we going to have it soft!

I don't follow you, Flintstone!



What do you mean? You can give me all the soft assignments, pal!

The name is **Sergeant Rubble** ... and there will be no special favors!



A wise old soldier told me that to be great, you have to be tough! That's what I am ...**tough**! Now get out there with the rest of the men!

(Ulp!) Yes, sir!





That's it, men! Keep it up!

My blabbering about leadership  
has turned Barney into  
a little dictator!



So, for several days, Sergeant Rubble puts  
Private Flintstone through all kinds of hassles...

Hurry and finish fueling that plane!  
I have another assignment for you!

He gets a couple of stripes  
and he's a bi-i-ig man!



Fred works in mud...

Whoever heard of digging a foxhole  
while it's raining? It'll  
be a swimming hole!

So? Even foxes have  
to have some kind  
of recreation!



He works in suds...

Okay! Who's the wise guy who's  
trying to get his hub  
caps cleaned free?



He alters duds...

What they won't put in uniform!  
He's probably going to  
be in intelligence!

Quiet, Flintstone!  
Haven't you ever  
heard of  
gorilla  
warfare?



And peels spuds...

Why doesn't somebody invent  
a zipper for these things?

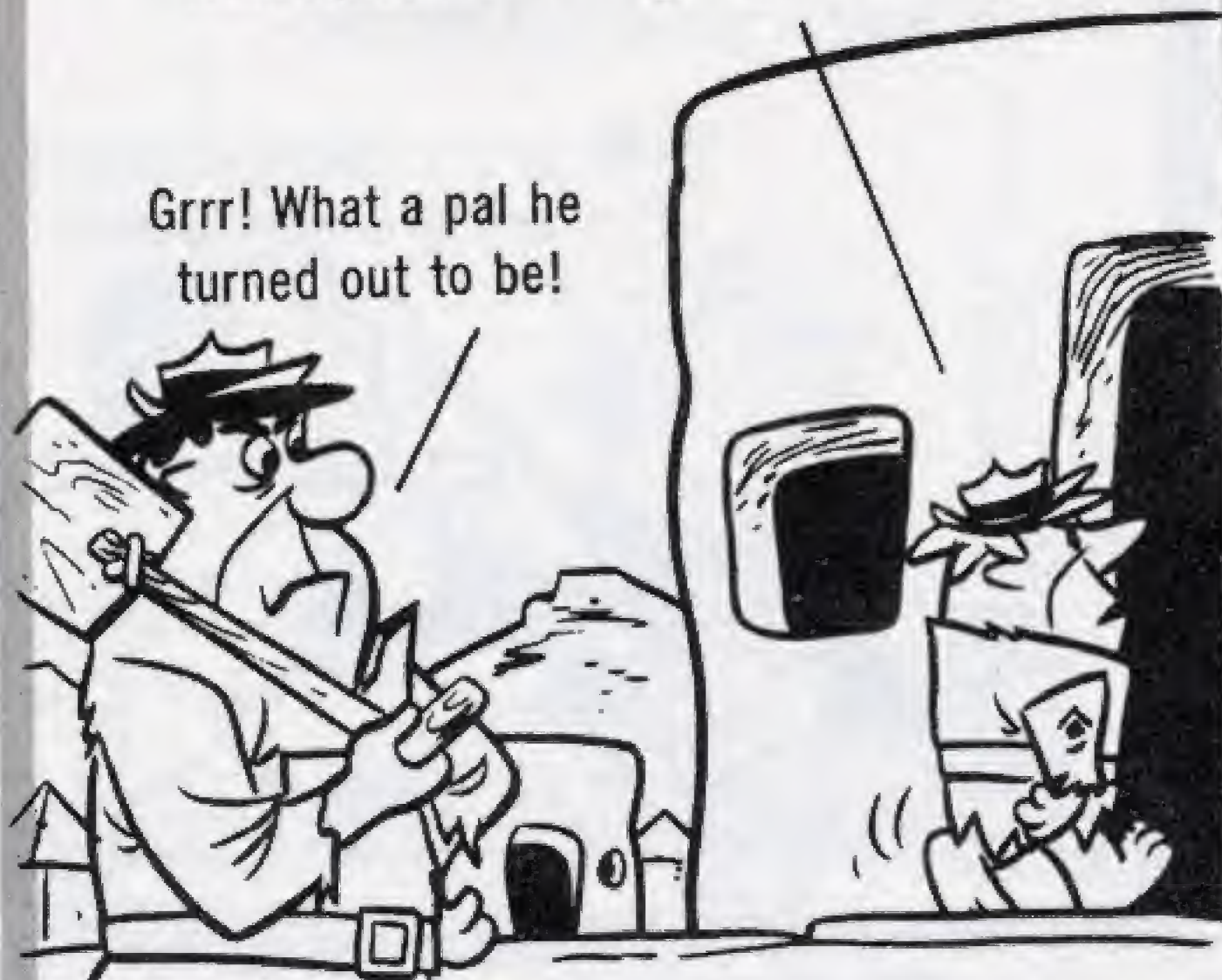




Two days before camp is over...

All right! You can try your camouflage techniques now! I'm going to rest up!

Grrr! What a pal he turned out to be!



Heh, heh! I've just had a great idea for getting even with that striped monster! I'll practice camouflage, all right!...



I'll camouflage this hole so Barney will step right into it! He can't blame me for following orders!



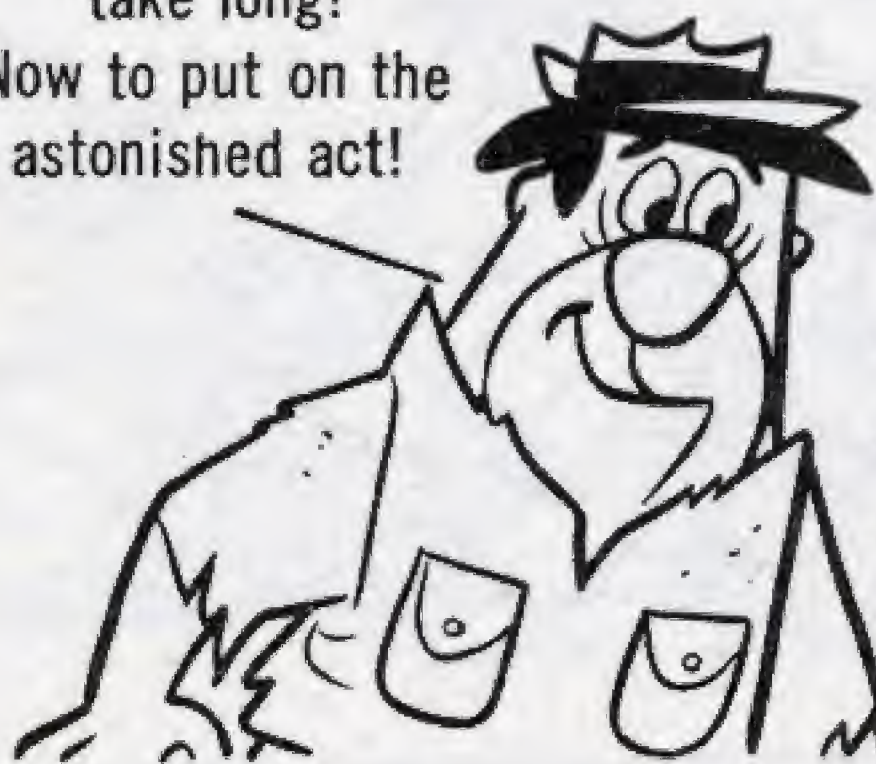
Shortly...

Now to scoot around to the back and wait!



**YEOWWW!**

Hoo, hoo! That didn't take long! Now to put on the astonished act!



Oh, goodness! Don't tell me that my beloved sergeant has fallen into the hole I camouflaged while following his orders!





Hey! What's going on around here?

Barney! (Ulp!) B-but  
if you aren't in the hole  
... who is?



I'll give you three guesses!

Yipe! Lieutenant Topbrass!



So...



I don't know what  
you're mad about, Fred!  
You've got more stripes  
than me, now! Heh, heh!

Grrr!



Get out of here, you traitor!  
If I have to spend the next two  
days in here, I want to spend them  
in peace! And never darken my door  
back in Bedrock, either!

What a grouch!

Finally, Home, Sweet Home...

Remember, Wilma, don't ever let Barney  
near this house unless  
you want your husband to go  
to jail for assault and battery!

Oh, Fred! You two  
have had spats  
before!



**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**

I'll get it on my way out!  
I don't want to be late  
for my first  
meeting as president!



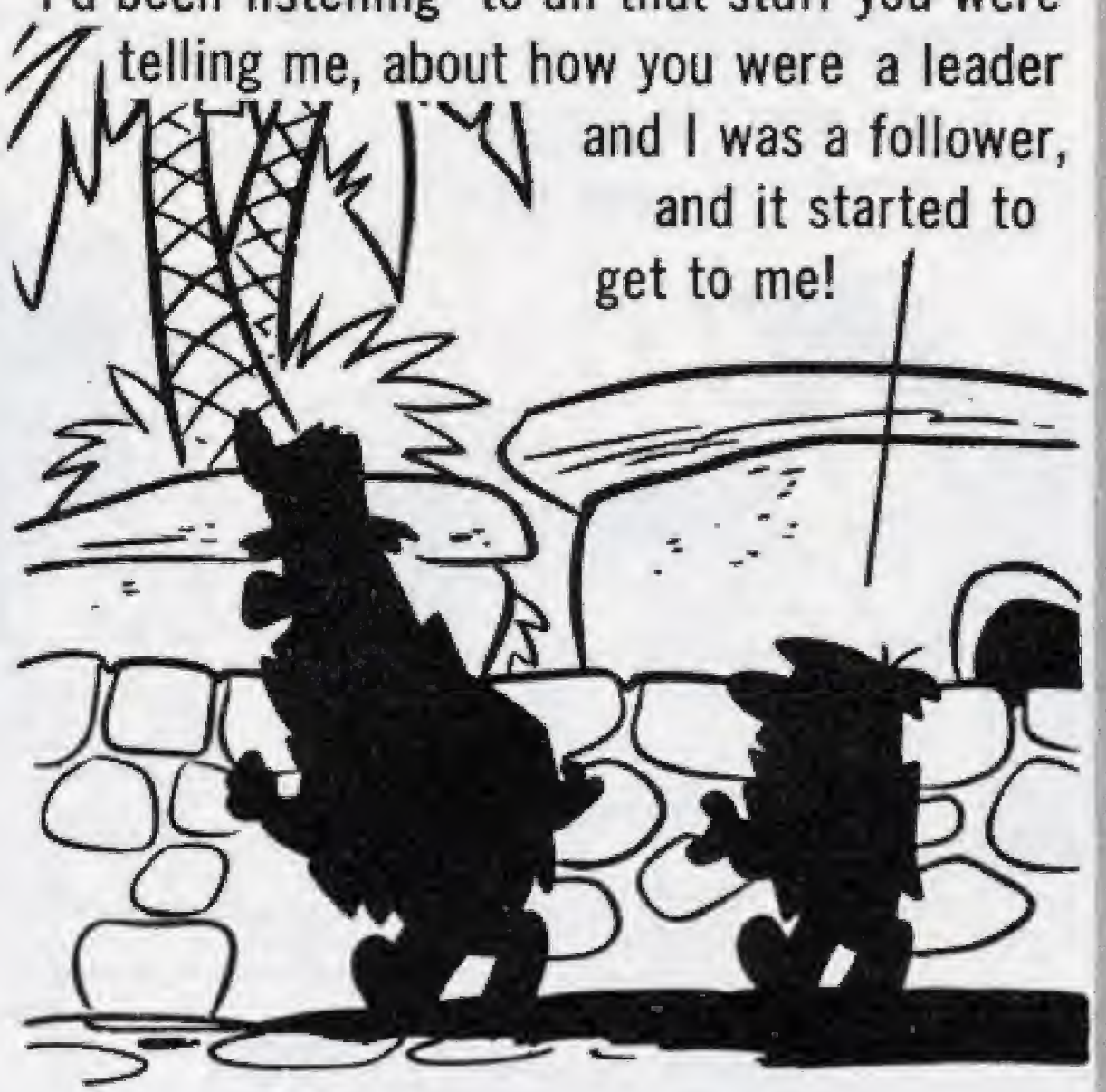


Barney! Scram! Beat it!  
Go! Retreat! Vanish!

Hi, Fred! Er...  
I just wanted to  
talk with you!



Listen, I admit I was a rat! I don't know...  
I'd been listening to all that stuff you were  
telling me, about how you were a leader  
and I was a follower,  
and it started to  
get to me!



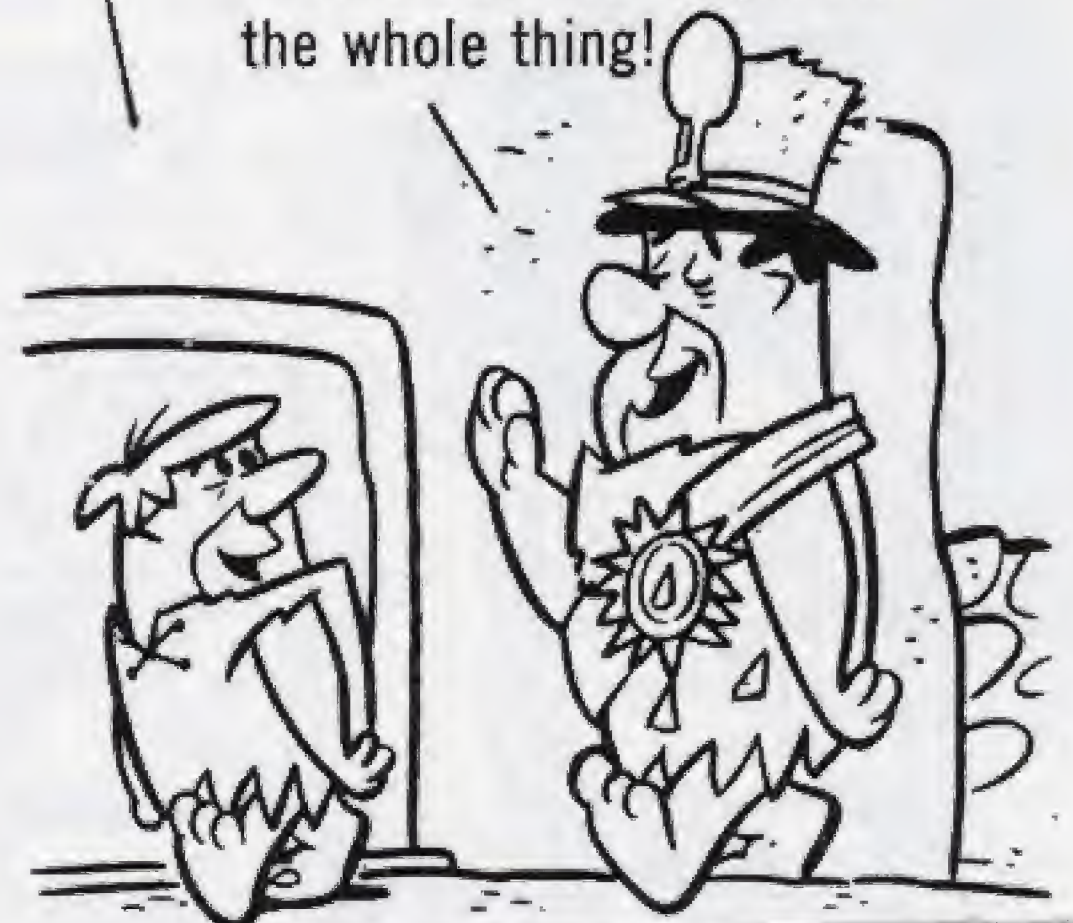
Then, when I got a chance to be somebody,  
it just went to my head and I started  
to show off! I'm sorry, Fred! Honest!

Well...I guess it  
was a little bit  
my fault, too!



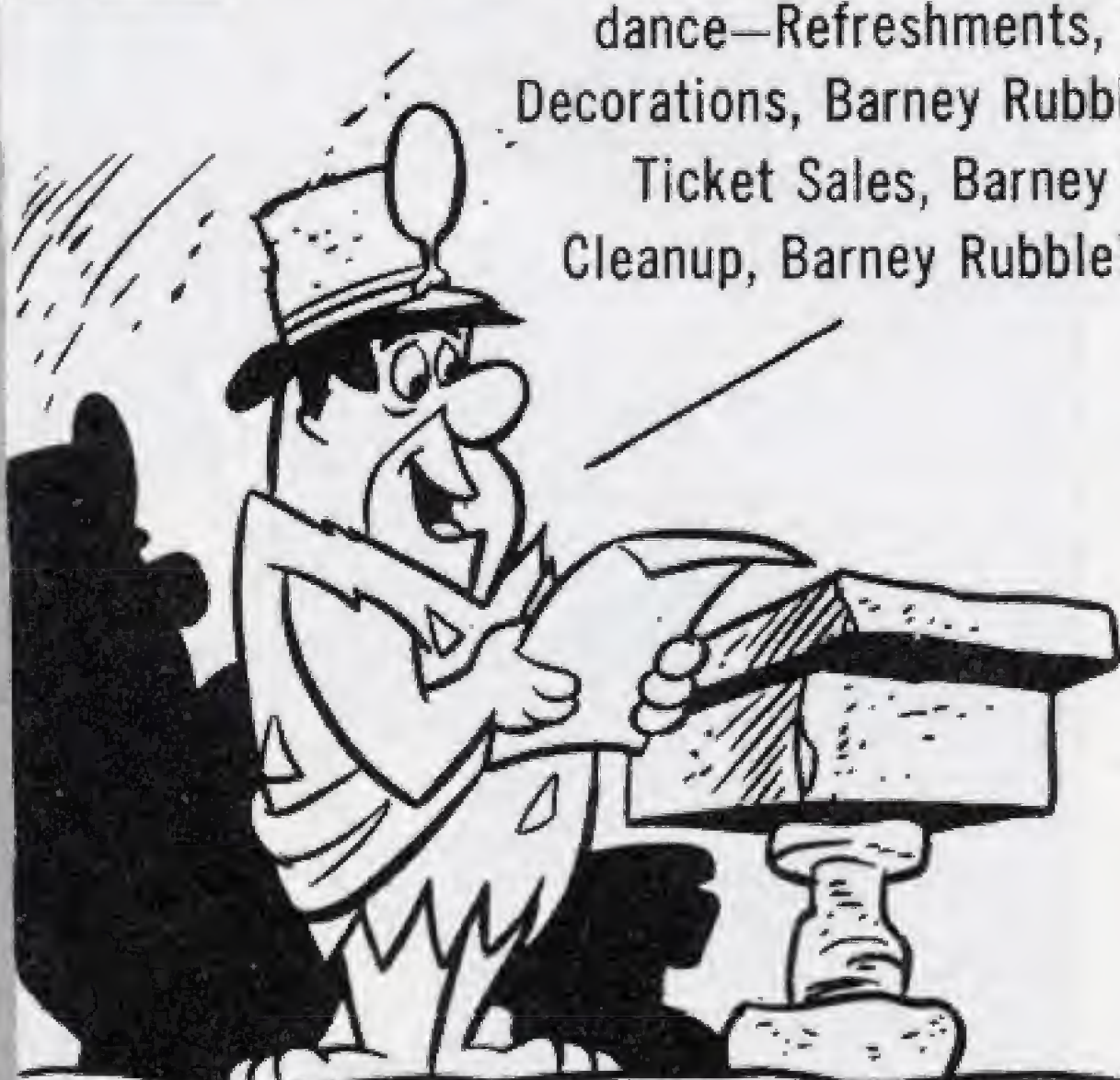
Then you're not mad at me? You don't  
want revenge?

Nawww! I've forgotten  
the whole thing!



But...

...And here is the list of duties I've assigned for next month's  
dance—Refreshments, Barney Rubble!  
Decorations, Barney Rubble!  
Ticket Sales, Barney Rubble!  
Cleanup, Barney Rubble!



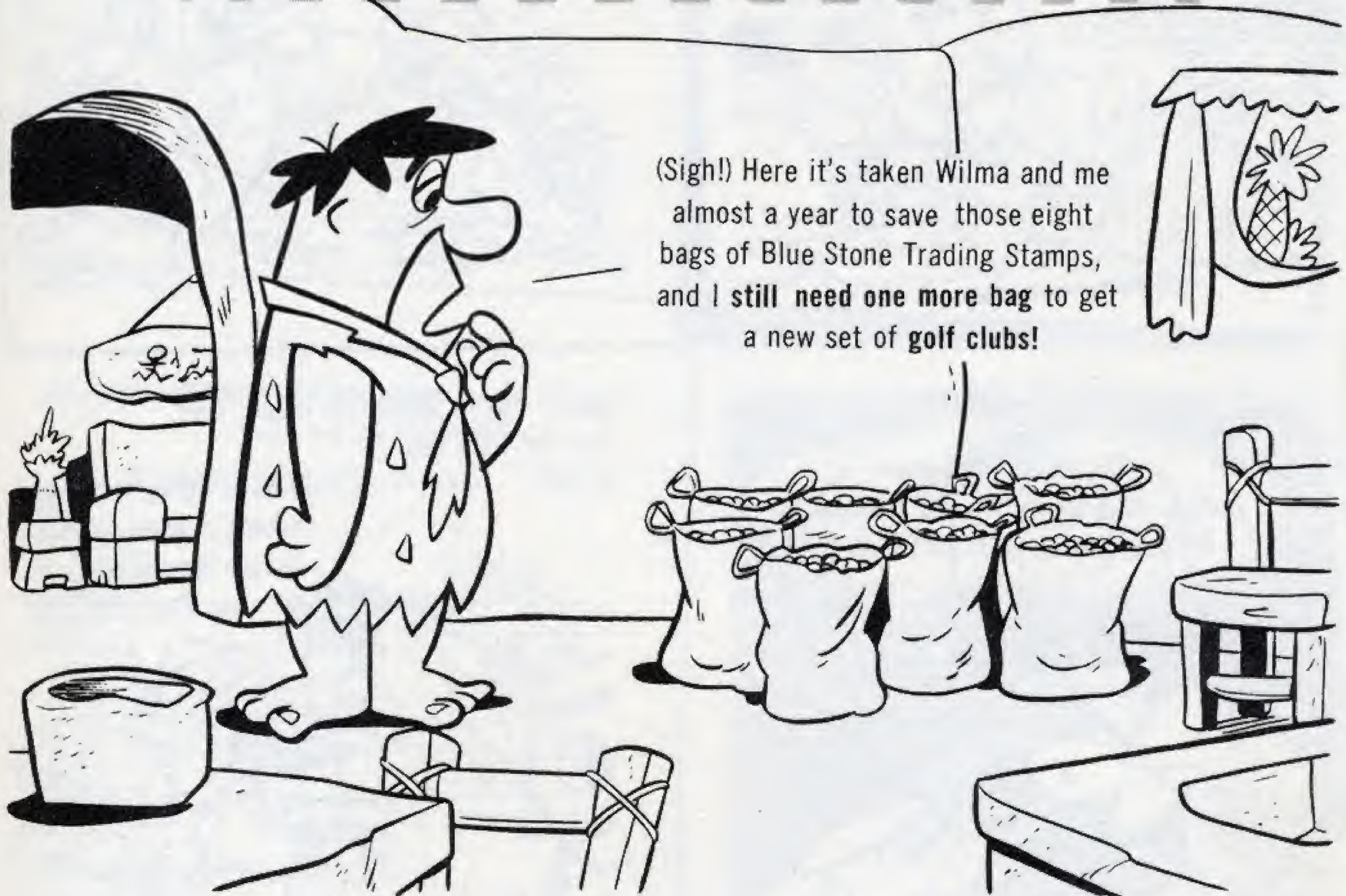
He's forgotten, all right  
...like an elephant!



the end



# Stamp Act



I need them for the Bedrock Open next week, but I'll never be able to save another bag that quickly!



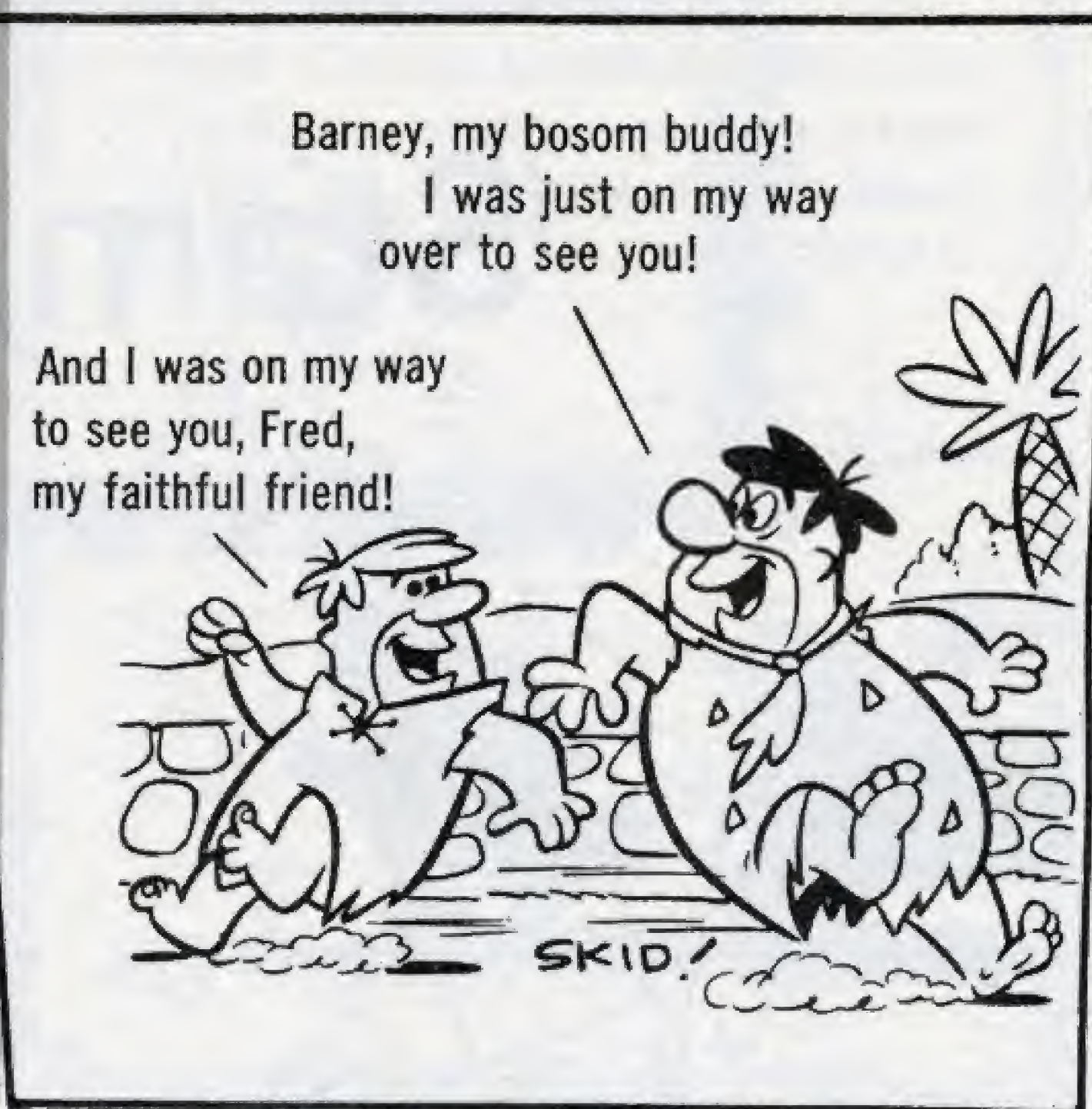
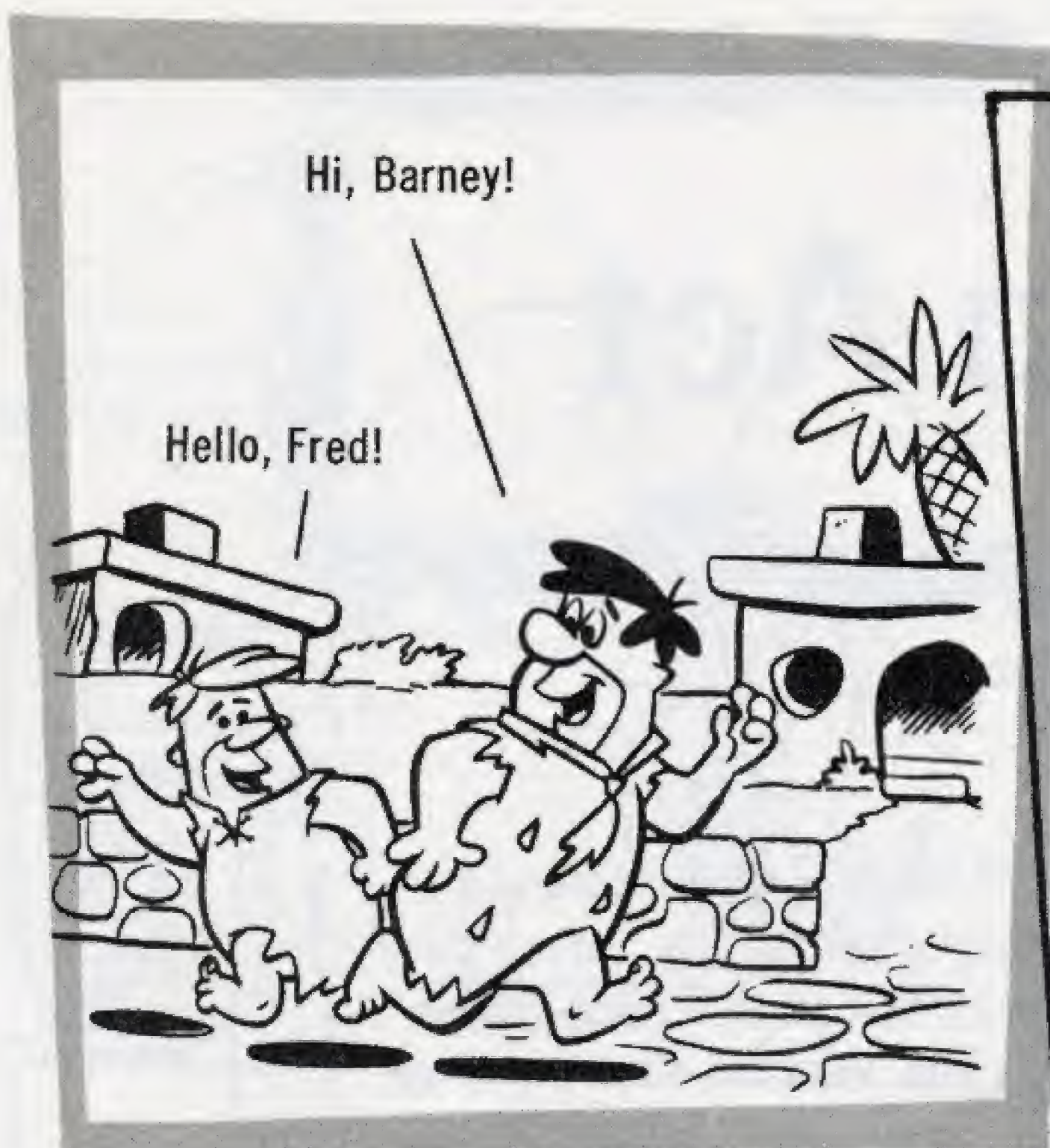
Wait a minute!  
The Rubbles must be  
saving these things!  
Everybody does!



I know good old Barney  
will lend me  
a sack of stamps!







You? Ha, Ha, Ha! You'd need more than  
new clubs to win! You'd  
need a **new head**!



Look, wise guy, I'll make a deal  
with you! We'll see who  
needs the clubs more by seeing  
who is the best player!





Sure! We'll play one hole of golf!  
The guy who wins the hole gets  
a bag of stamps from the loser!



Soon .

Wow! A beautiful shot!  
Kiss that sack of  
Blue Stone Stamps  
good-by, Fred!



Get down at the green and keep  
your eye on this ball!  
It's going right into the cup!



That one felt  
real good!



Where did  
my ball go? And  
where's Barney?

Barney!  
Where are you?



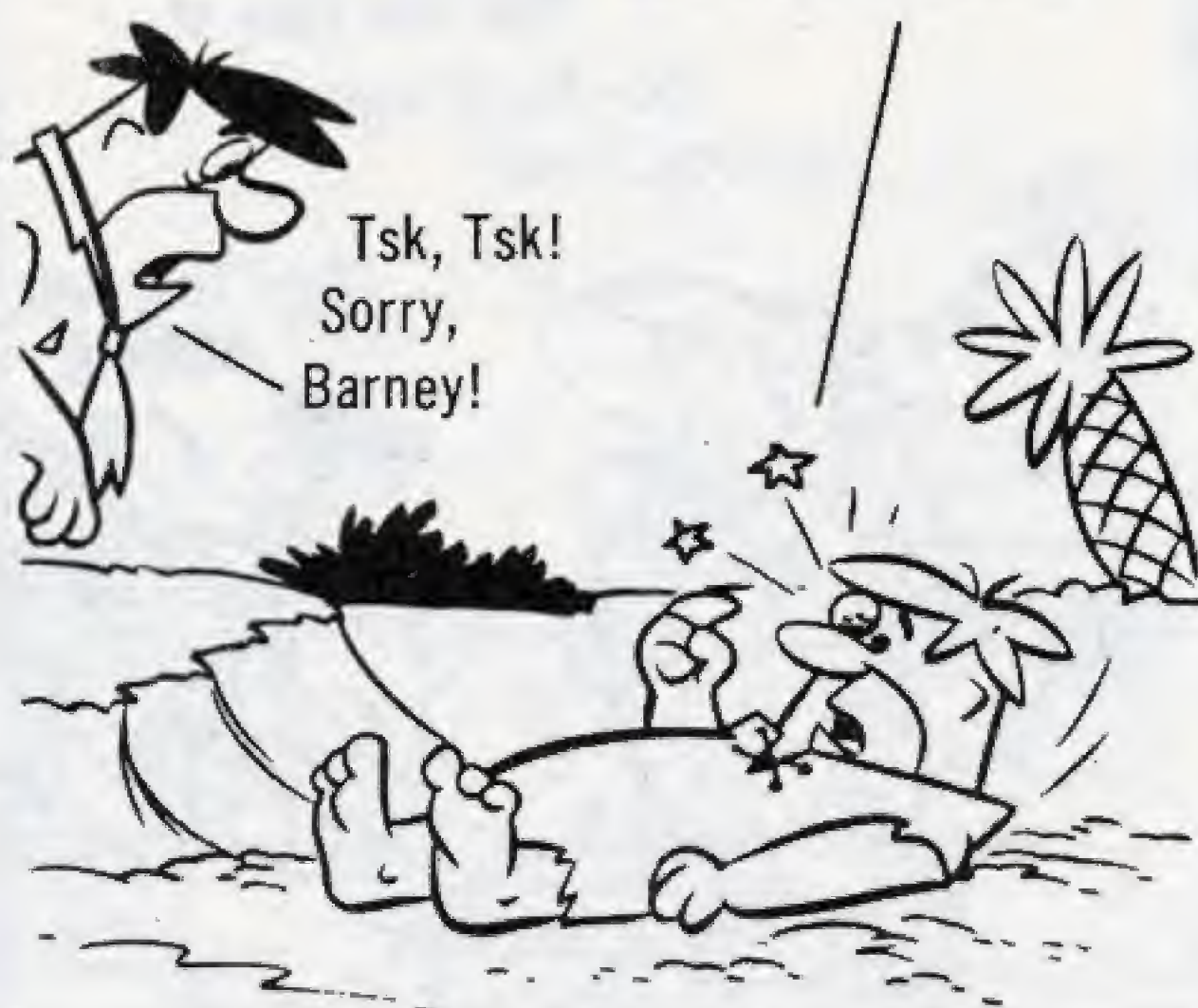
(Groan!) I'm over here,  
Fred, lying in the  
sand trap!

I thought I told  
you to keep an eye  
on my ball!

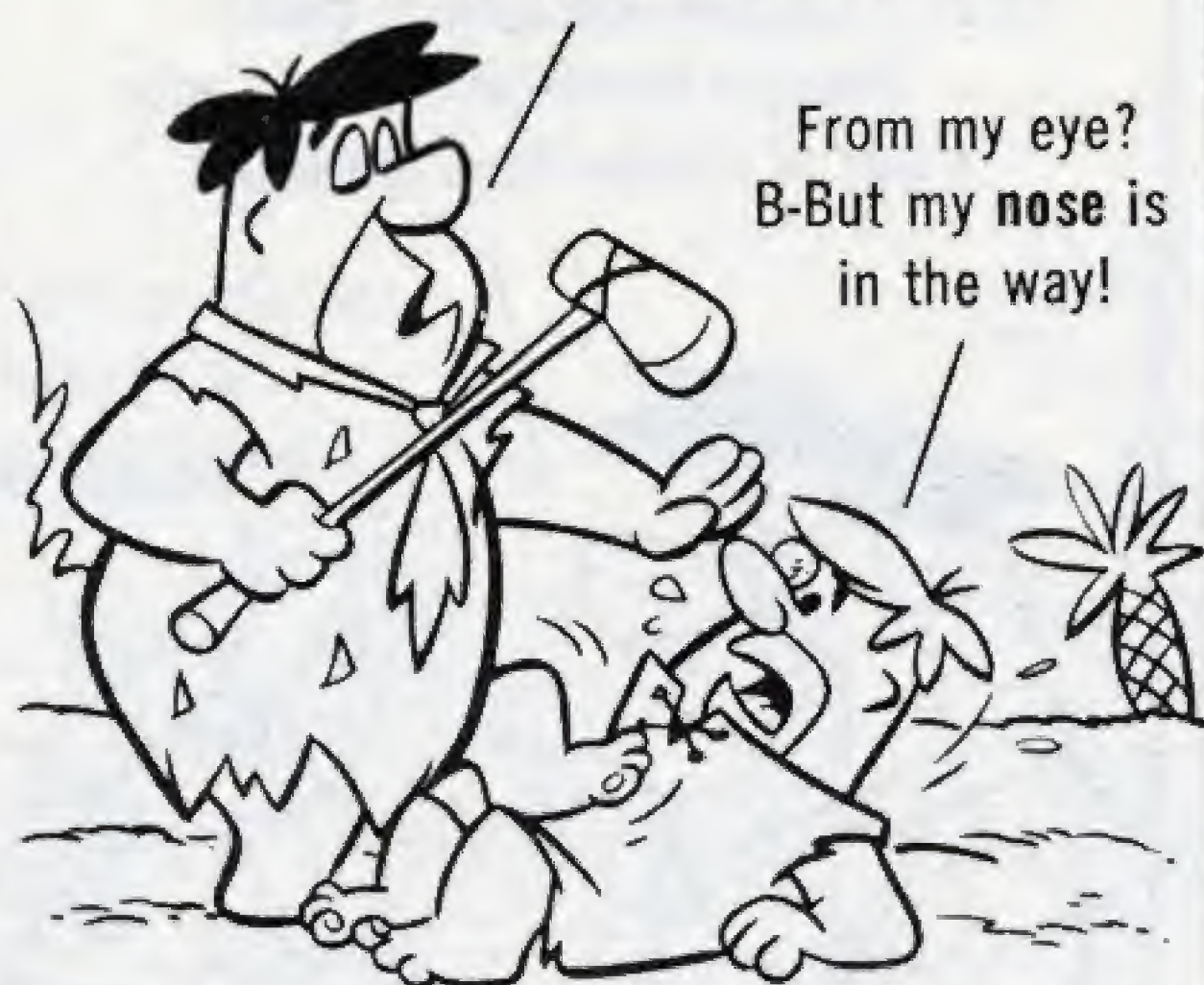




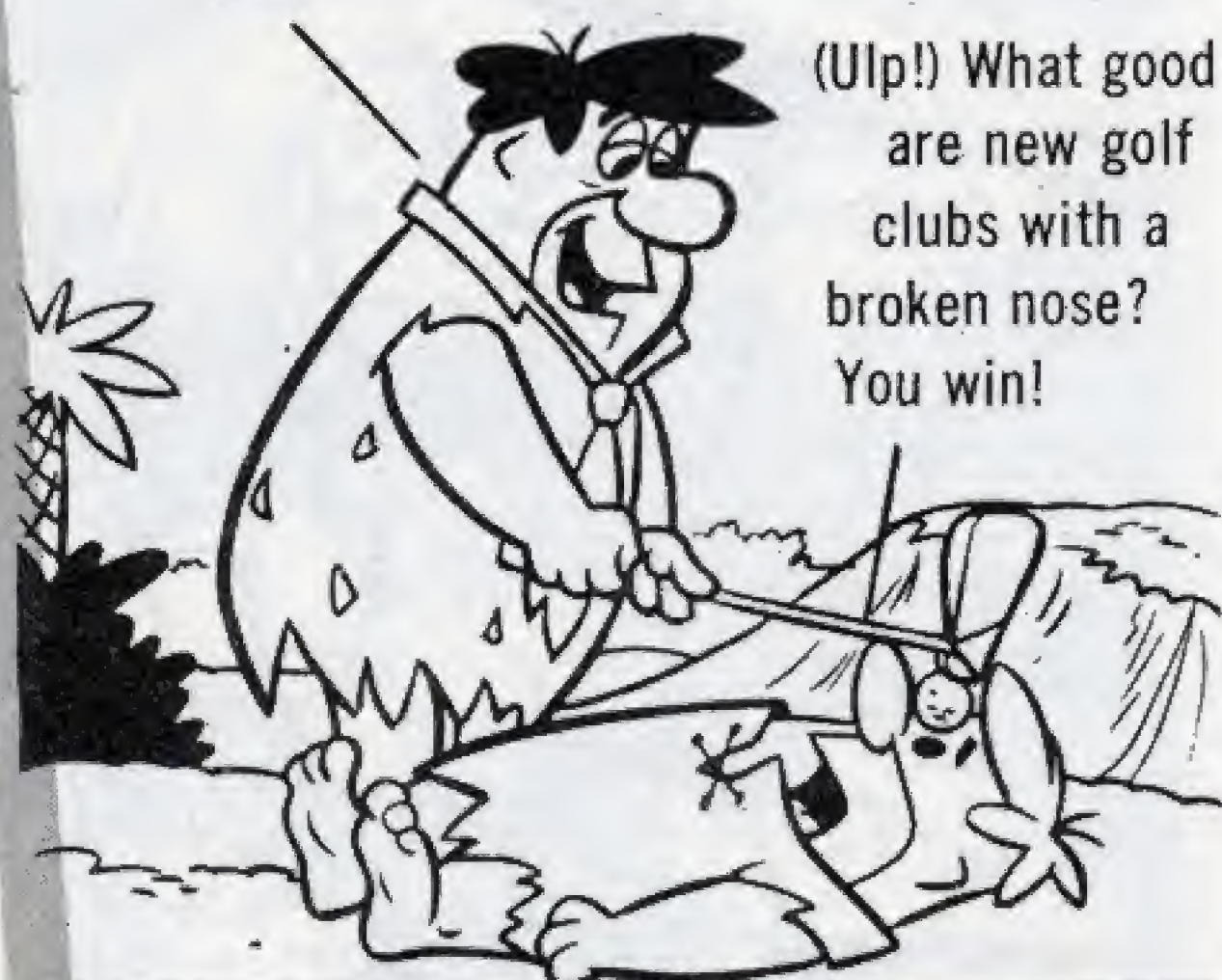
What do you think I'm doing,  
wearing a monocle?



Don't get up! You know the rules!  
I have to play the ball from here!



I'll try not to swing too hard,  
but those are the rules...unless  
you want to concede!



Thataboy, Barney!  
I might even let you come over on  
Sundays and polish my clubs!



Soon...

Just to show you my heart is  
in the right place, I'll buy you a  
—dinosaur steak for that eye!



Say, I'd like a...

Stop right there, you  
lucky meat buyer!  
You are the ten thousandth  
customer to enter my store!





As an advertising gift, here are ten pounds of meat and two free sacks of Blue Stone Stamps!

Wow! Thanks!



Barney, I'm going to share the prize with you! That means we'll each have enough for a new set of clubs!

You're the greatest, Fred!



Boys! Where have you been? Betty and I wanted to show you our new lawn furniture!



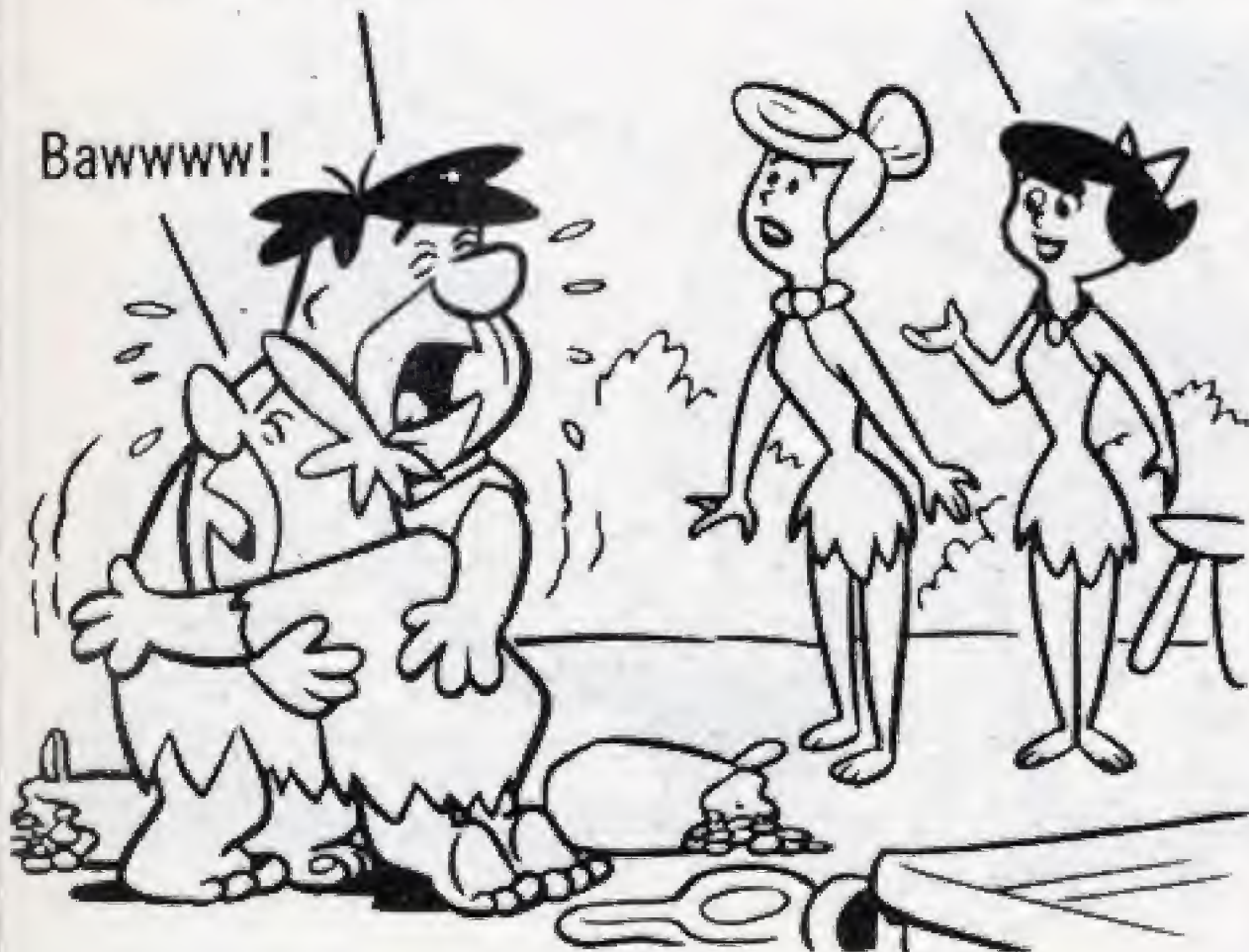
We pooled all our Blue Stone Stamps and got it!

Yipe!

They seem to be overjoyed! Look at the tears of happiness!

(Sob, Boo hoo!)

Bawwww!



Yes, they're dears! Some husbands would be most upset if their wives splurged on lawn furniture!



We got two of the good ones!

*the End*



# Handy- man





# the Coffee House Caper

Bah! Everytime I open a magazine, it has  
an article about beatniks! What's all the fuss about?  
All those kids need is a little guidance from  
an intelligent and worldly adult!

Like who, for instance?



Like me, for instance!  
Just give me an hour with those beatniks  
and I'd have them  
becoming solid citizens!

I'm glad to hear you  
say that, Fred!



Because I just got a letter  
that our nephew, Rodney Rocktop, is coming  
to visit us! His mother says  
he's going through a beatnik stage!

Rodney?  
Coming here?





No! I refuse! He visited us when he was going through his mean little kid stage ten years ago, and I've still got the scars to prove it!



What's the matter, Fred? All he needs is a little talking to to become a solid citizen!

You can't talk to that kid! His head is **solid rock!**



Well, he's on his way here, so that's that!

Grrr! I'll go batty with that intolerable, insufferable, insolent...



Man, like, did I hear someone paging me?

Rodney!



That's right, swingers! It's Rodney, in the flesh!

And in the hair!



Tsk, ts! You look as if you need a couple of good meals! I'm going marketing with Betty, and I'll buy plenty of extra groceries!

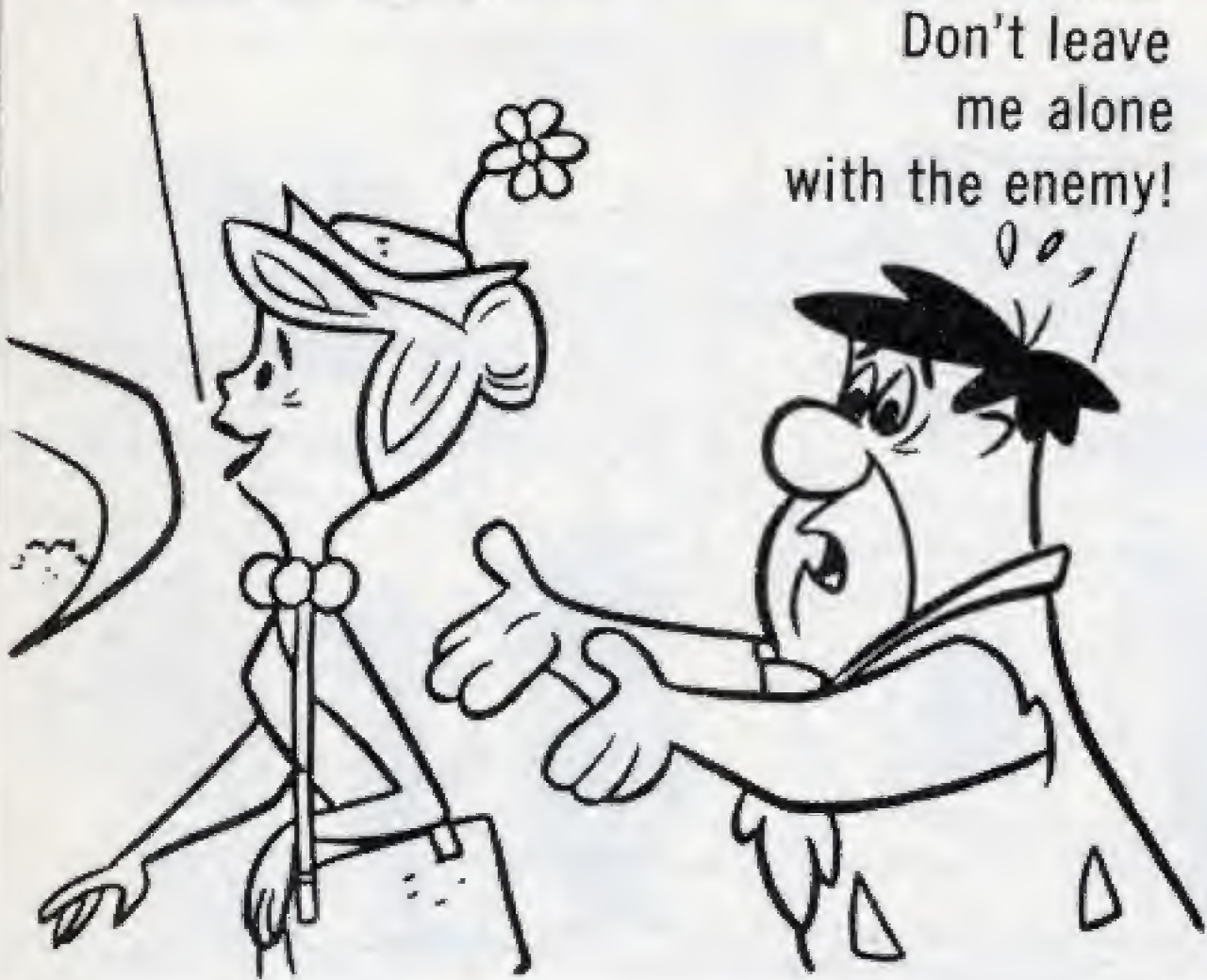
Thanks, man... er, woman!





Make yourself at home, Rodney!  
I'm going shopping now!

Wait, Wilma!  
Don't leave  
me alone  
with the enemy!



I sure hope my music doesn't  
suffer from these  
square surroundings!

What music?



My bongos, Man!  
Aren't you hip?  
Don't you dig?  
Aren't you with it?

Temper, Fred!  
This boy just needs guidance!  
Gain his confidence by  
expressing an interest in  
something he'd like!



Whattaya say we take in a baseball game  
today while Wilma's gone?  
Just you and me!

Baseball? What's  
that? Some kind  
of disease?



(Ulp!) You know, men hitting balls and  
running around bases!

Oh, yeah! I think I heard  
about that silly  
stuff one time!  
Squaresville, Dad!



I'll tell you what I would dig...  
cutting out to the local coffee house!

We have coffee right here!  
I'll fix you a cup!





No, Dad! I don't dig that domestic mud!  
Let's go have some café espresso!  
I'll show you my  
kind of people! You might  
get hip yet!

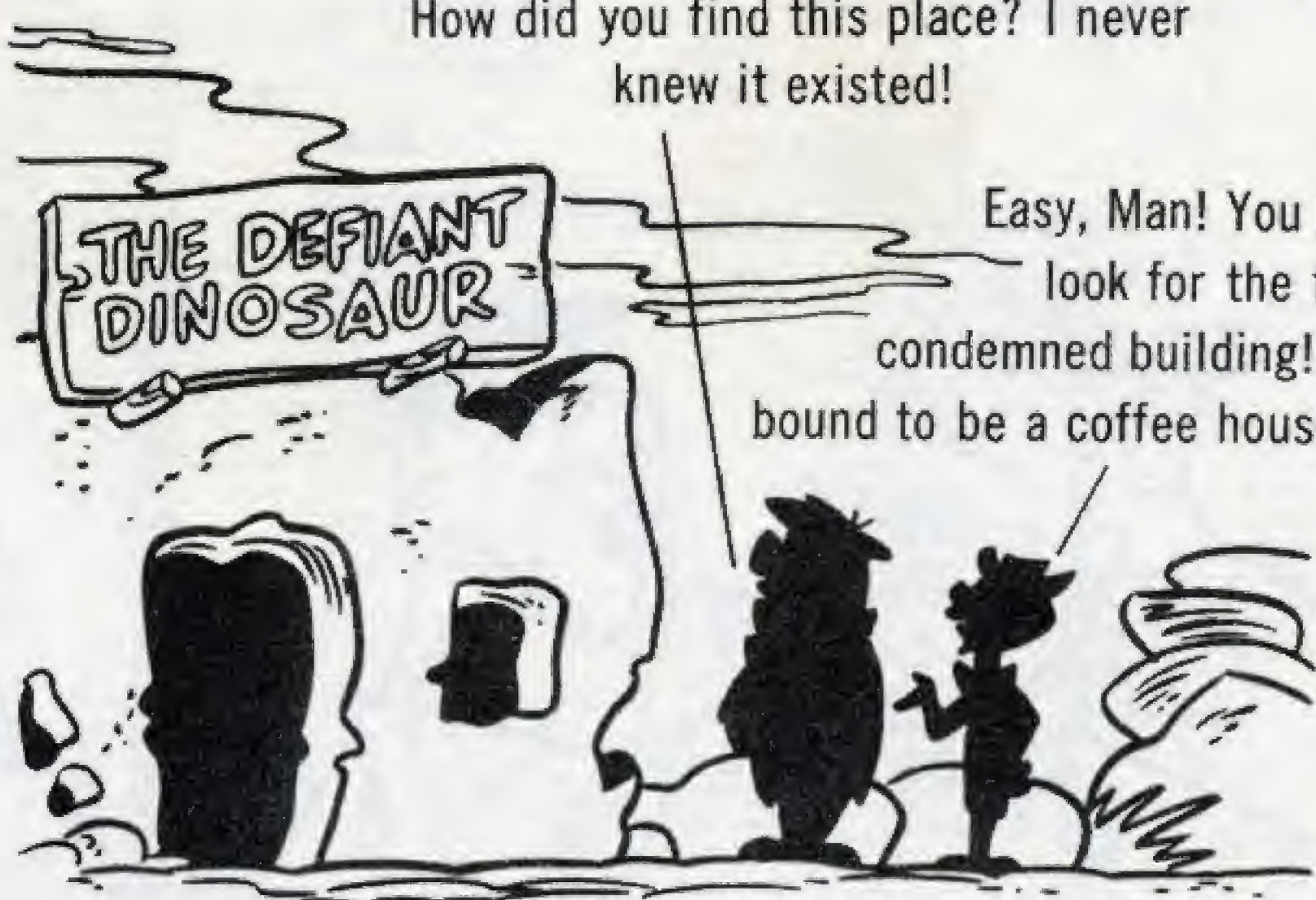
(Ulp!) I hope not!



Shortly...

How did you find this place? I never  
knew it existed!

Easy, Man! You just  
look for the first  
condemned building! It's  
bound to be a coffee house!



Ah! This is the place! Just breathe in all this crazy atmosphere!

(Cough! Cough!) Who can breathe anything  
around here? Do they furnish gas  
masks?



Say, Chick, like, we'll make the scene with a  
couple of café espressos!

Yipe! This  
stuff better be  
good at  
a buck a cup!



Cats and Chicks! Gimme your casual  
attention! We are going to  
present our regular  
Saturday afternoon  
talent show!





This is your lucky day, Pops!  
Now you'll get a real look at some crazy talent!

I don't feel so lucky, getting a real  
look at the size  
of this crazy buck cup of coffee!



Aghhh! Maybe I'm  
lucky it's a small cup, after all!

Like, silence! The procession of  
beat talent is about to begin!



Ode to a Toad!... Oh, fat and puffy symbol of the age,  
Sitting on yon rock where thee awoke.  
There you sit on your watery stage,  
Watching silently...  
until you croak!



(Sniff!) It kind of gets  
you, right here!



Ha, ha, ha! It gets me in the funnybone! That guy  
is a great comedian!

Quiet, Man! That's serious stuff! You want  
to get us thrown out?



Hey! Now you can laugh! That chick is  
doing a modern dance  
symbolizing the humor  
in an ear  
of corn!





(Sob!) I think it's tragic! The saddest excuse  
for dancing I've ever seen!

Shhh! You'll bug the beats!



I seem to detect an alien being in our midst!  
You don't seem to be on the same  
wave length! Why don't you  
blow, Man?



Yeah! Cut out, Man!

I think we'd better! They  
are, like, angry!

Let's go!



Yipe! They may  
be beat, but they sure  
aren't neat! Somebody  
left a banana peel on the floor!



I-I-I can't get  
my balance!

Hey! Dig those  
crazy steps!



Yeeeeowww!

Crazy, Dad! That's what  
I call a jazzy step !



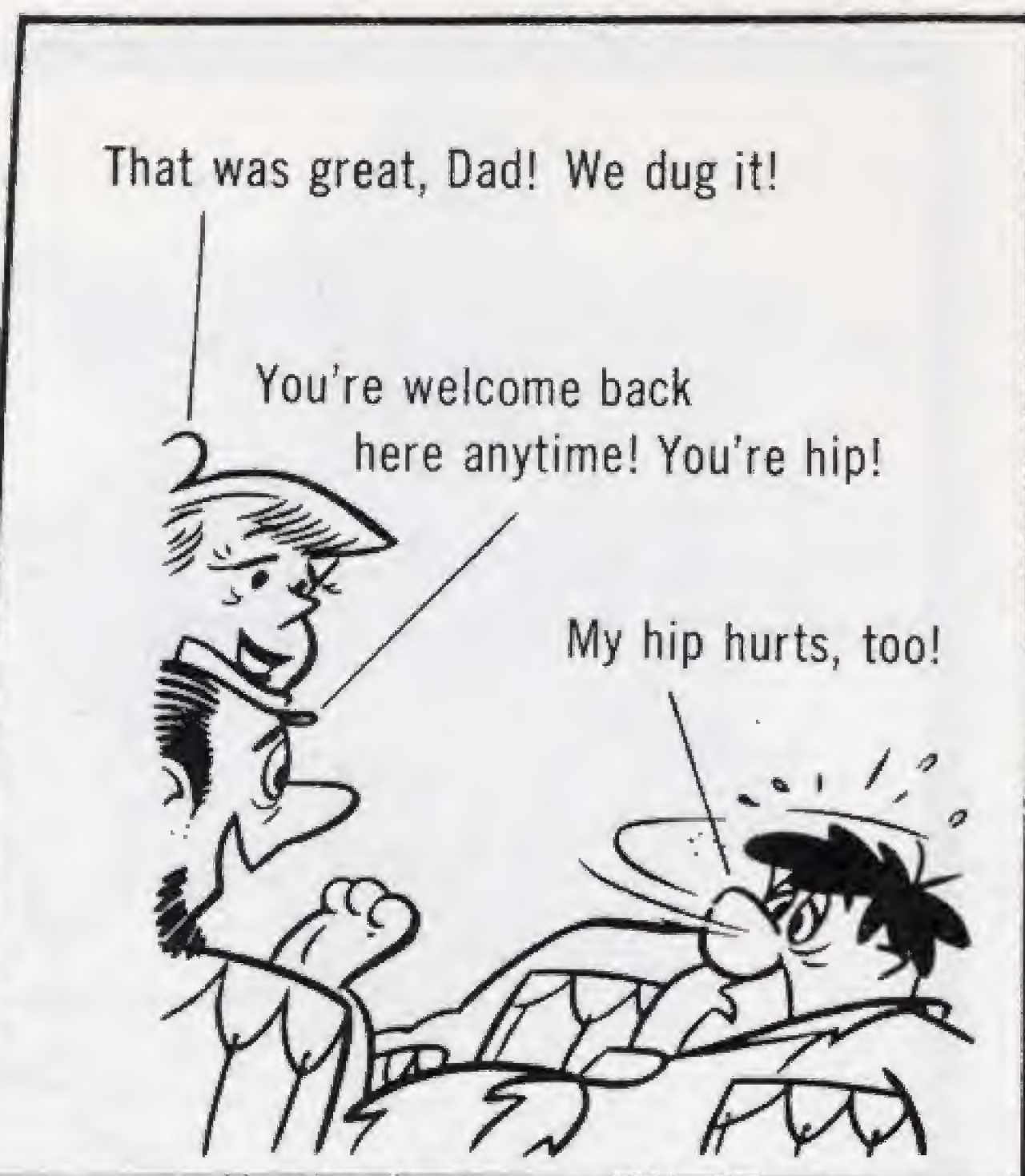




Wow! What a wild finish! That cat comes on like cra-a-azy! He's wild!

I didn't know my uncle had it in him!

BOOM!  
BOOM!  
CRASH!  
BOOM!



That was great, Dad! We dug it!

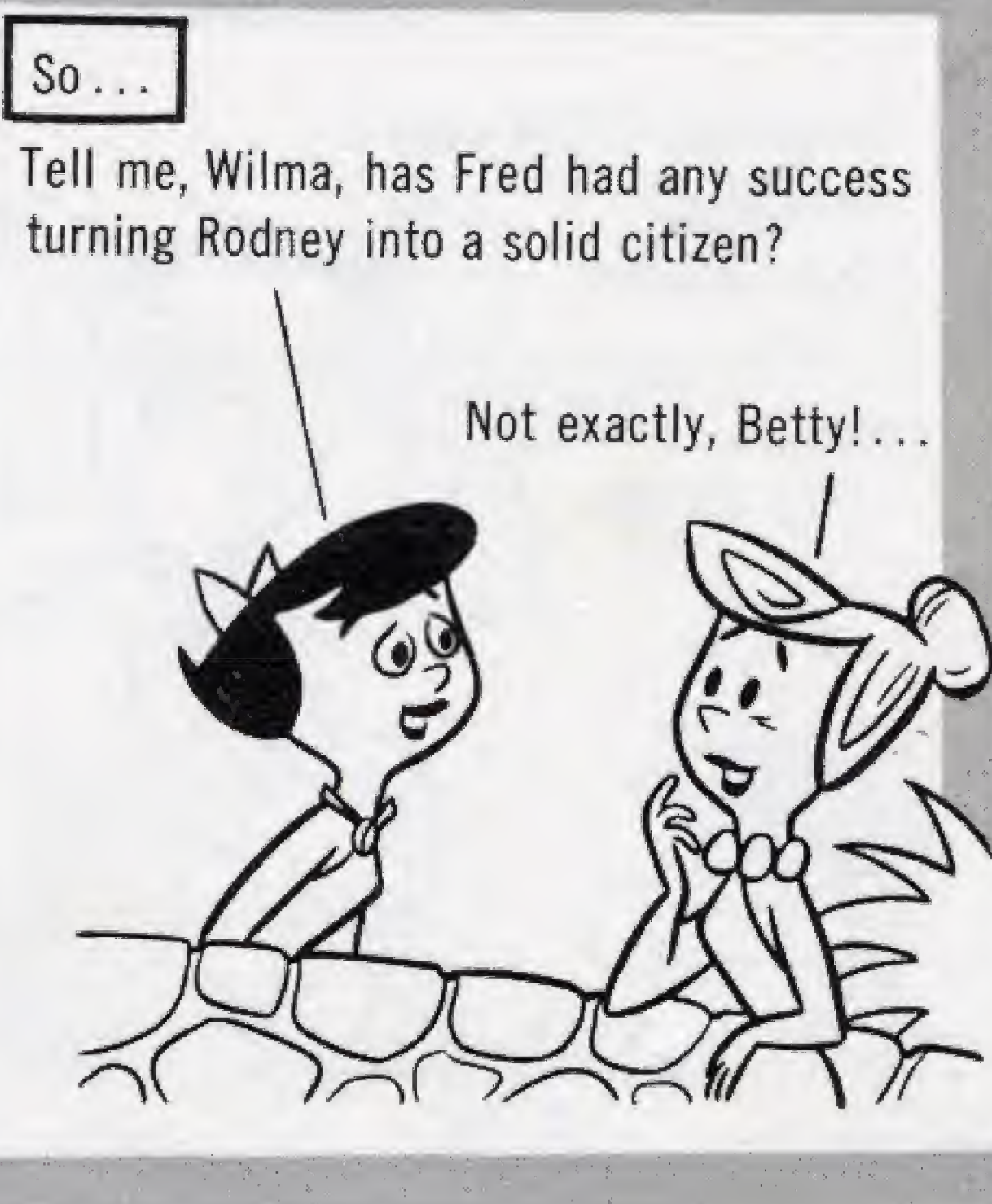
You're welcome back here anytime! You're hip!

My hip hurts, too!



This cat is the most talented! His new Beat Banana Bongo Boogie was the greatest!

Gee! I'm not this popular at the lodge! Maybe I've been hanging out with the wrong crowd!



So...

Tell me, Wilma, has Fred had any success turning Rodney into a solid citizen?

Not exactly, Betty!...



I'm cutting out down to the coffee house, Chick!

We'll be back to the pad after we get hep to the latest scenes down there!

I'll dig you later!

But, at least, they see eye to eye!

the End



**all  
shook  
up**

EEK!

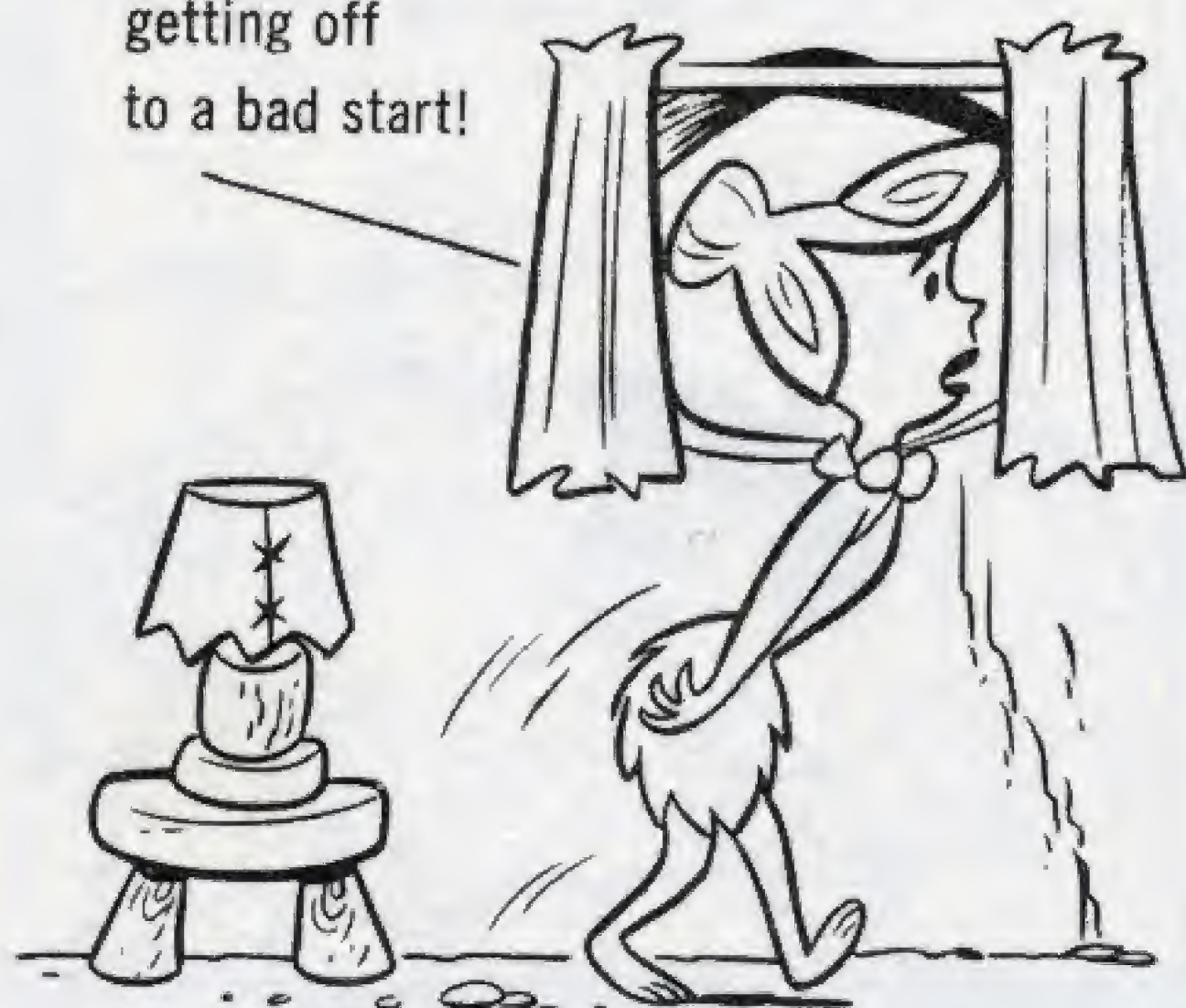
YOW!

OOH!

ERK!

Oh-oh!

Sounds as if Fred's day is  
getting off  
to a bad start!



Yes!  
Just as  
I thought...



The bus  
stubbed its toe!





# the Beast Baggers

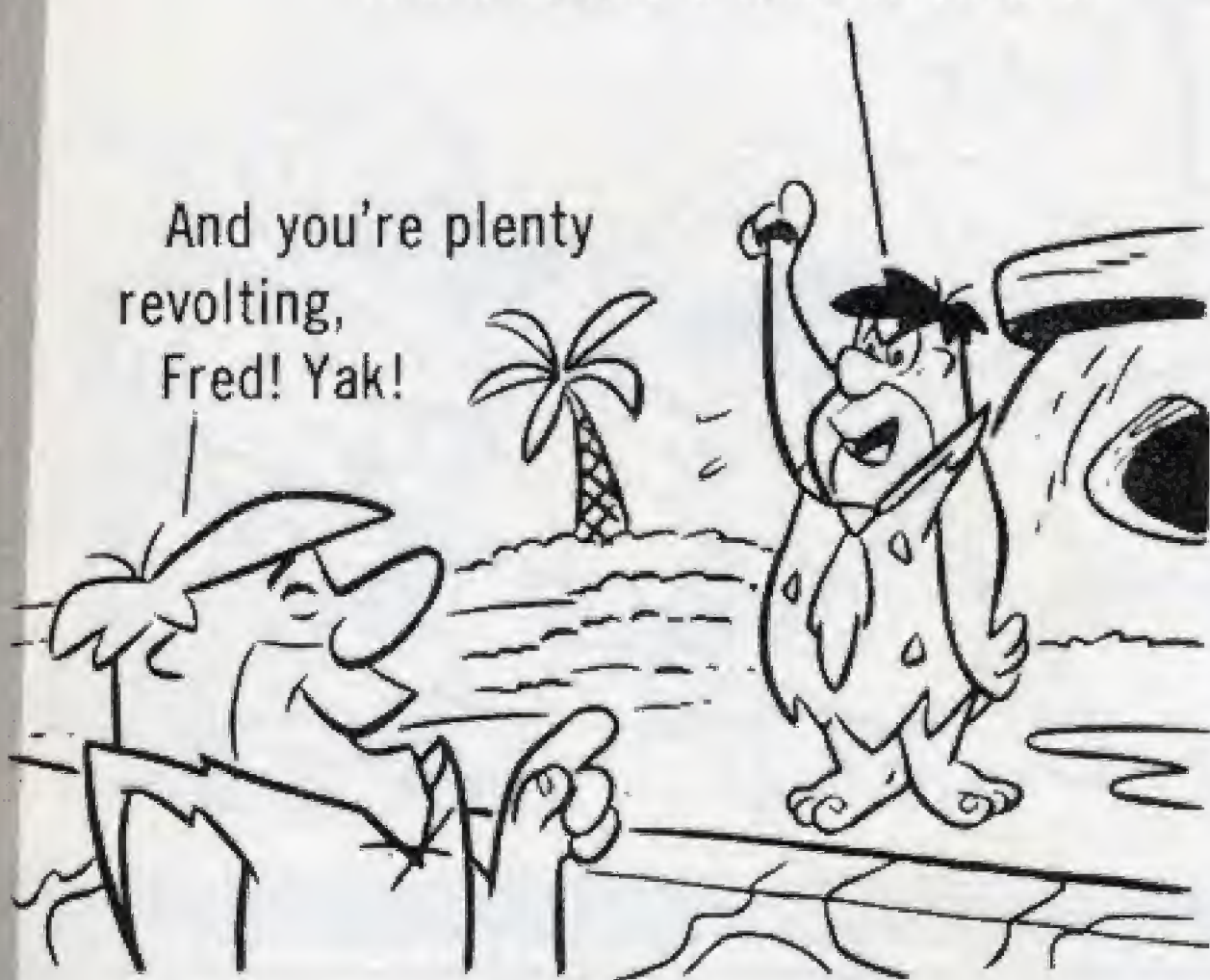
Like many a working man, Fred Flintstone  
isn't too keen about punching a time clock...

Mostly, I hate it  
because the boss has it set to punch  
back at late arrivers!



There comes a time to revolt!

And you're plenty  
revolting,  
Fred! Yak!



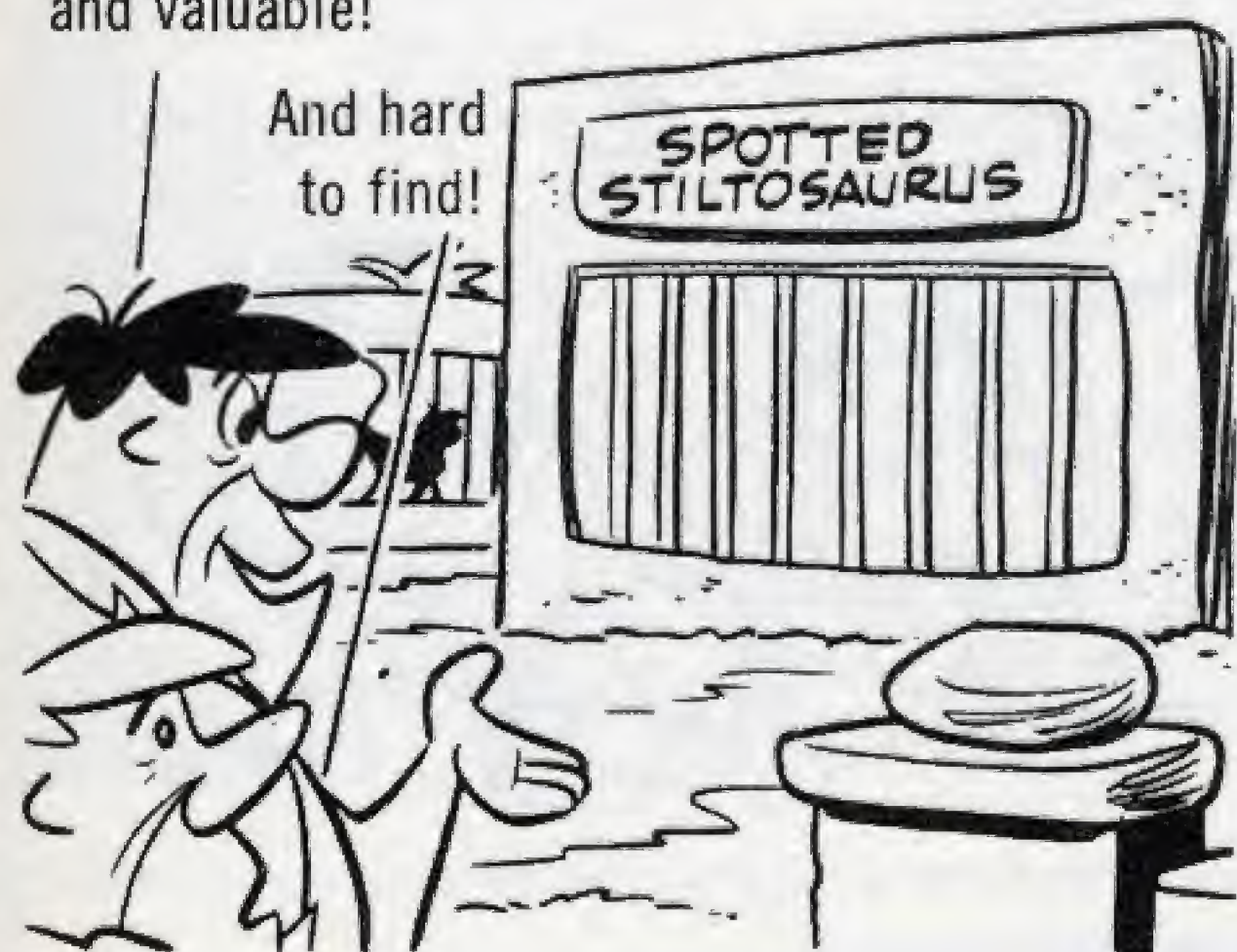
Listen... we can retire for life if we  
catch a rare critter  
for the zoo!

Hey, I'm  
starting to  
feel revolting, too!



See... they don't have a **spotted stiltosaurus**  
yet, so it must be very rare  
and valuable!

And hard  
to find!



We don't even  
know what  
one looks like!

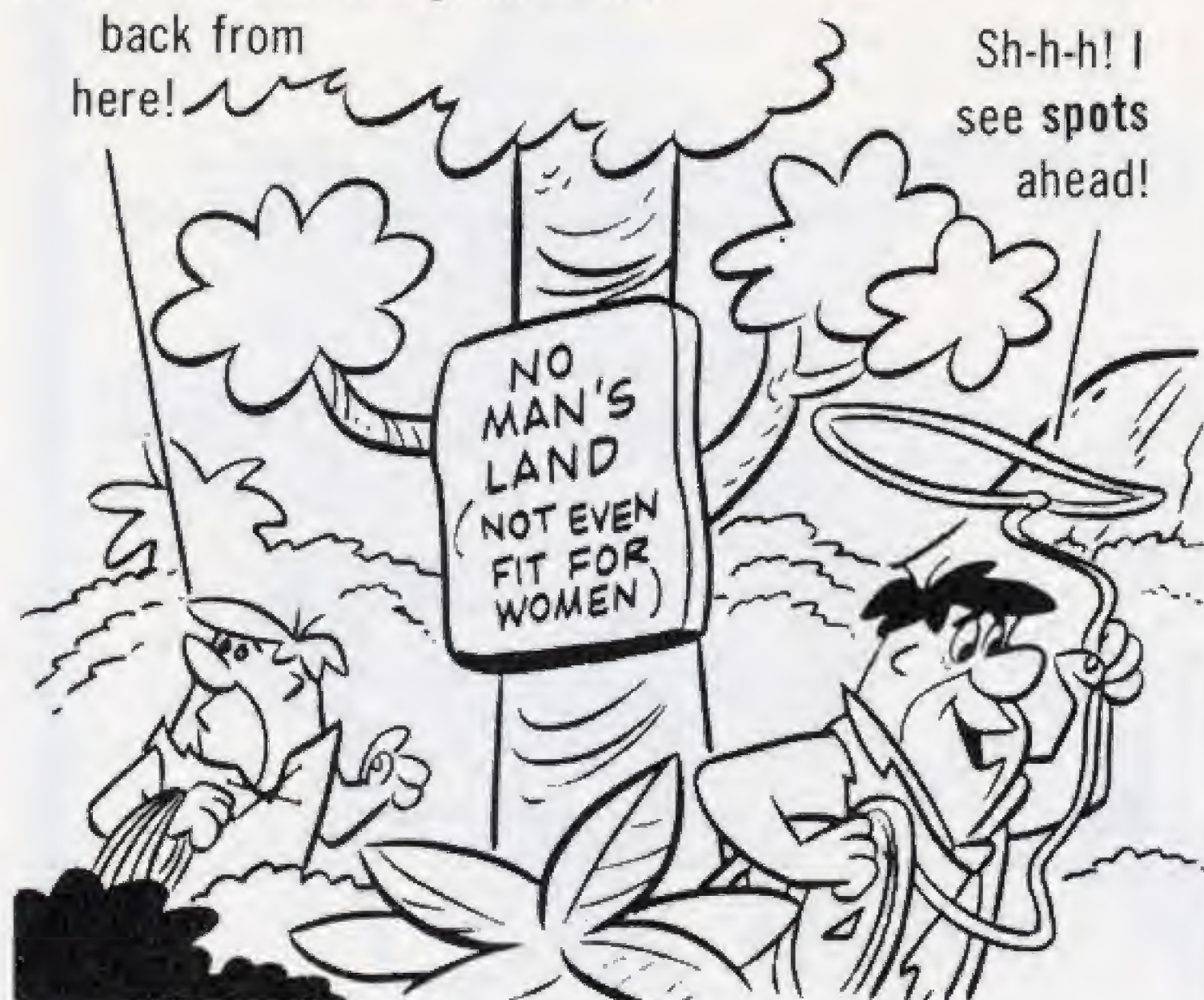
Silly...  
it's **spotted**, as  
the name implies!

Come on...  
let's get some  
bring-'em-back  
gear!





This is an awful place, Fred! We'll be lucky if we can bring ourselves back from here!



Sh-h-h! I see spots ahead!

Got it! Got it! I've caught a spotted stiltosaurus!

I'm glad to hear that, Fred...



Then I won't bother bagging this spotted varmint!



Oh-oh! Pounce on it, pal! Let's play it safe!



Play it safe, did you say? Yow!



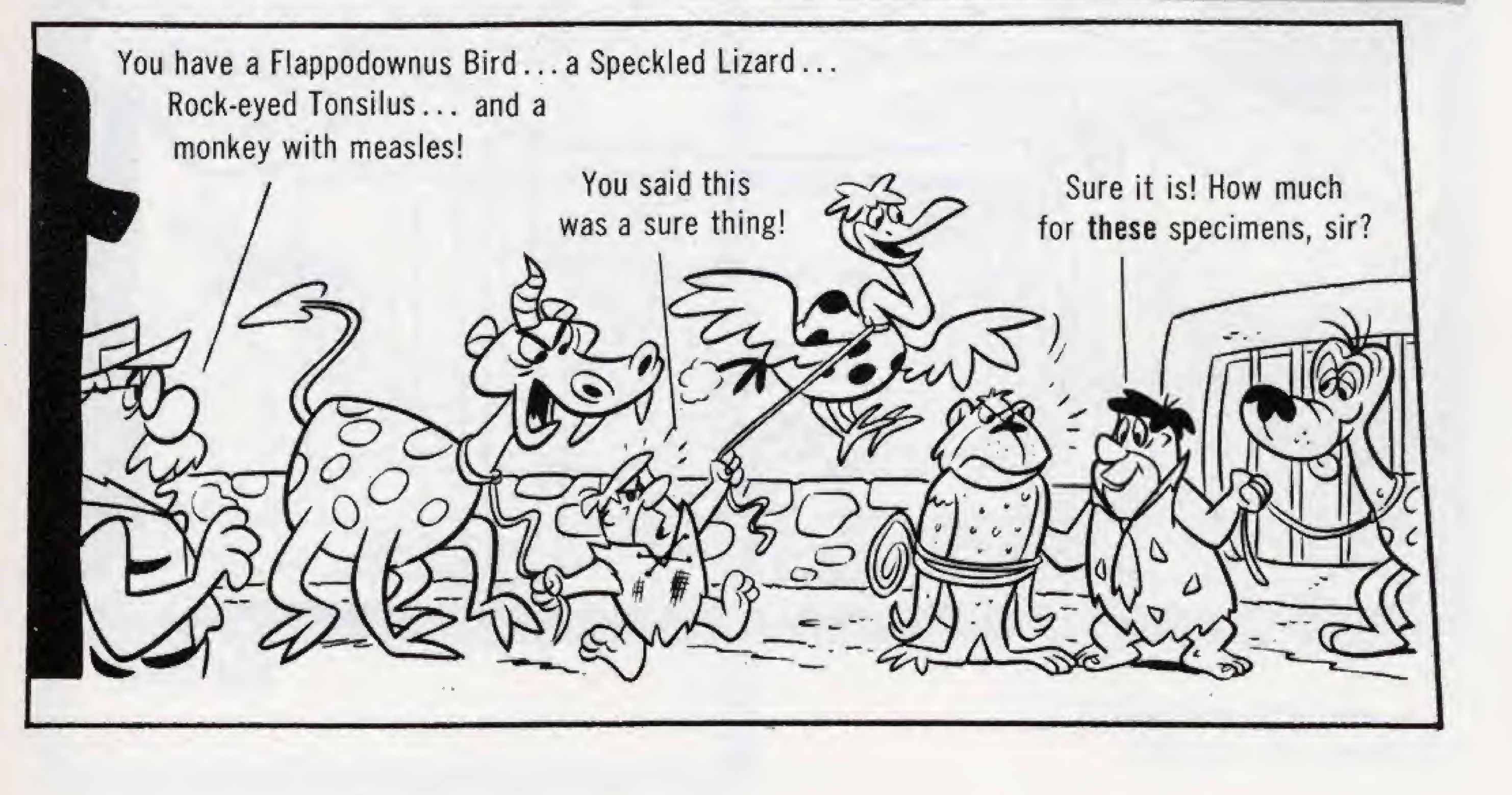
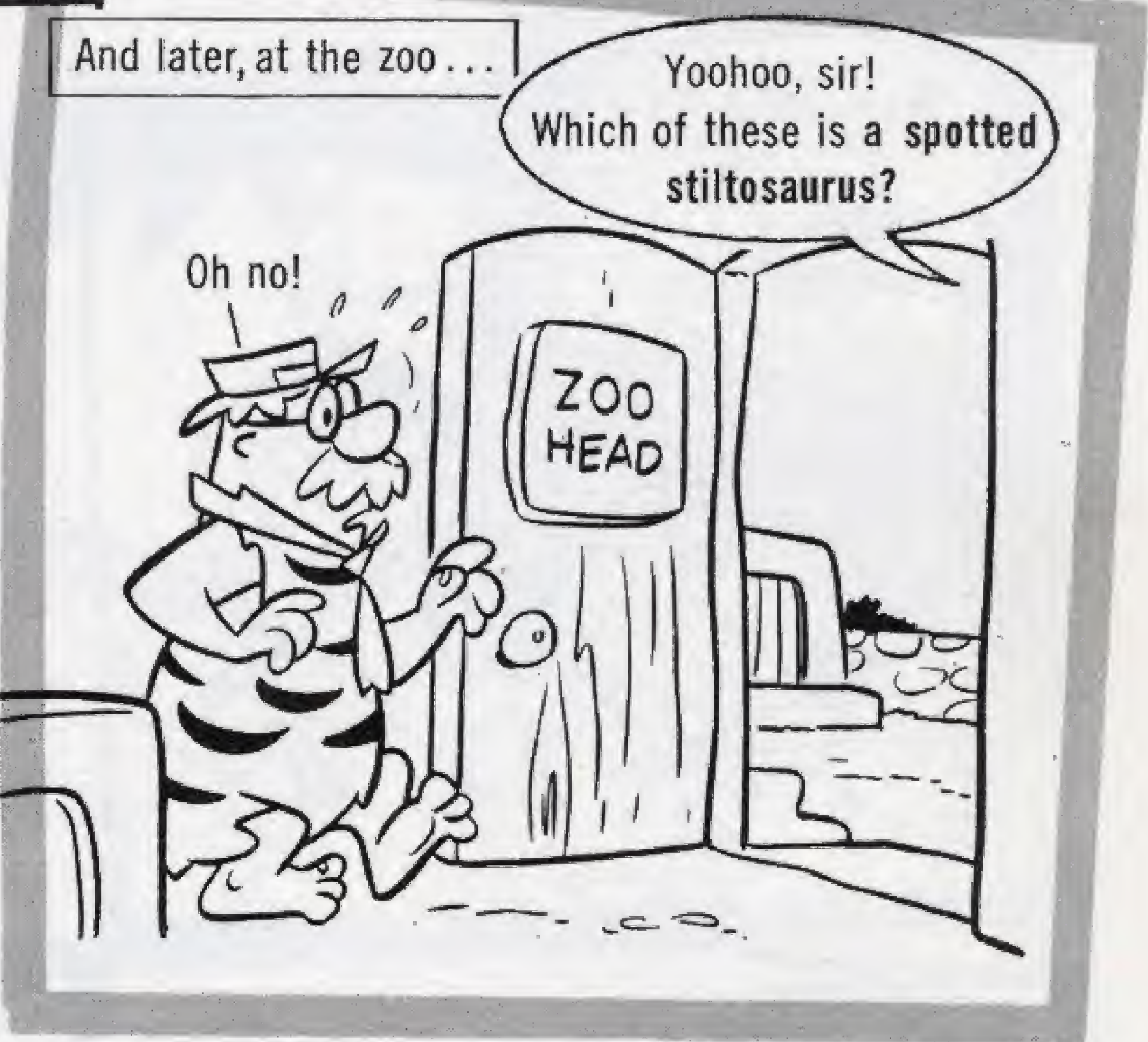
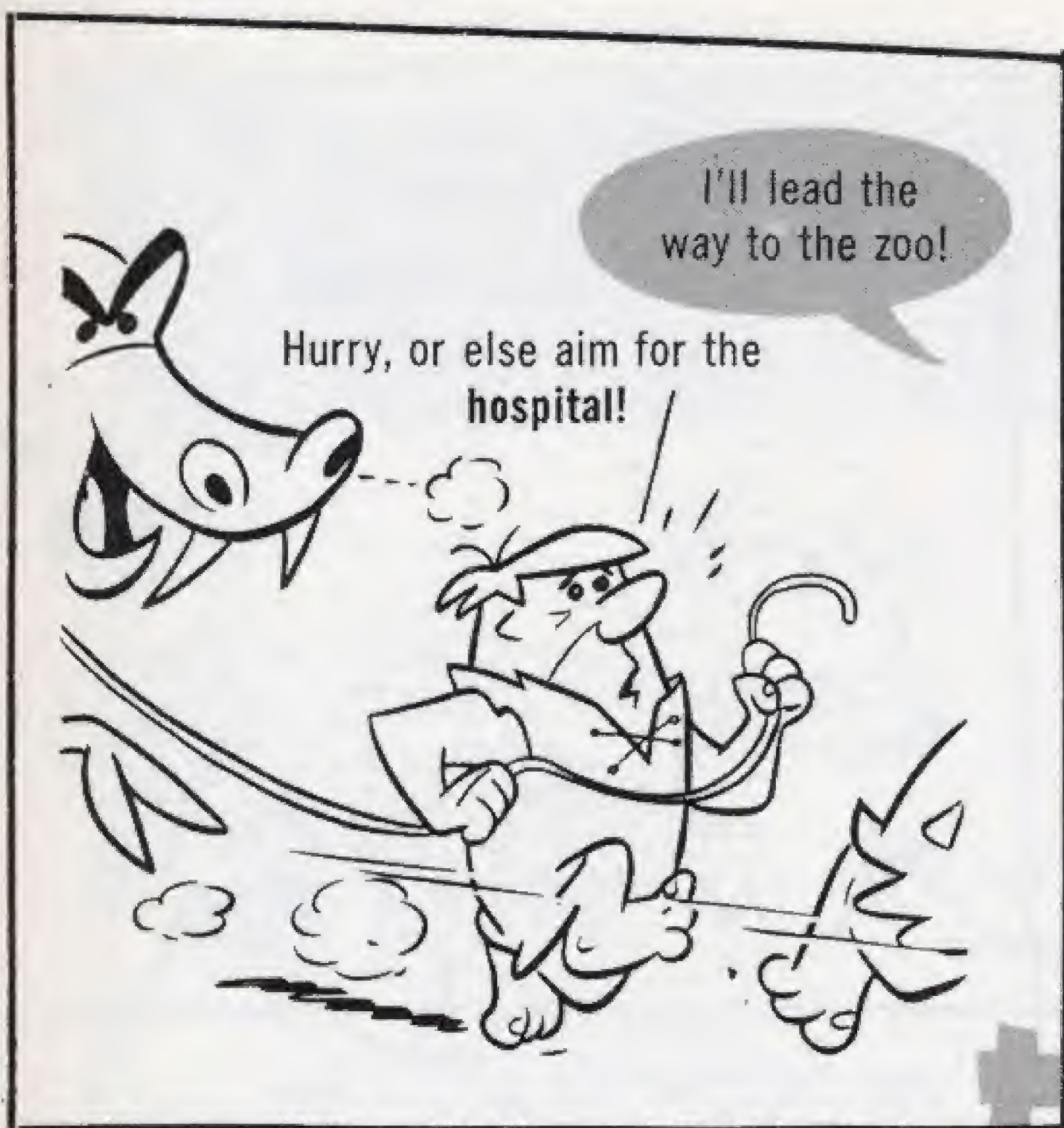
This guy is playing it dangerous!



Well, at least he's not trying to get away!









Fifty dollars each!



See? Heh, heh!

You pay me, that is! There's a fine for trapping these poor creatures!

Agh! Count me in as a poor creature, too!

Oh, well, we mustn't give up!



We'll find a spotted stiltosaurus for you yet, sir!

But we already have one!



Heh! Don't look now, but your cage has a gaping vacancy!

Says you! Step around to the side door!



Tall chap, the stiltosaurus...



As the name implies!

Peep!

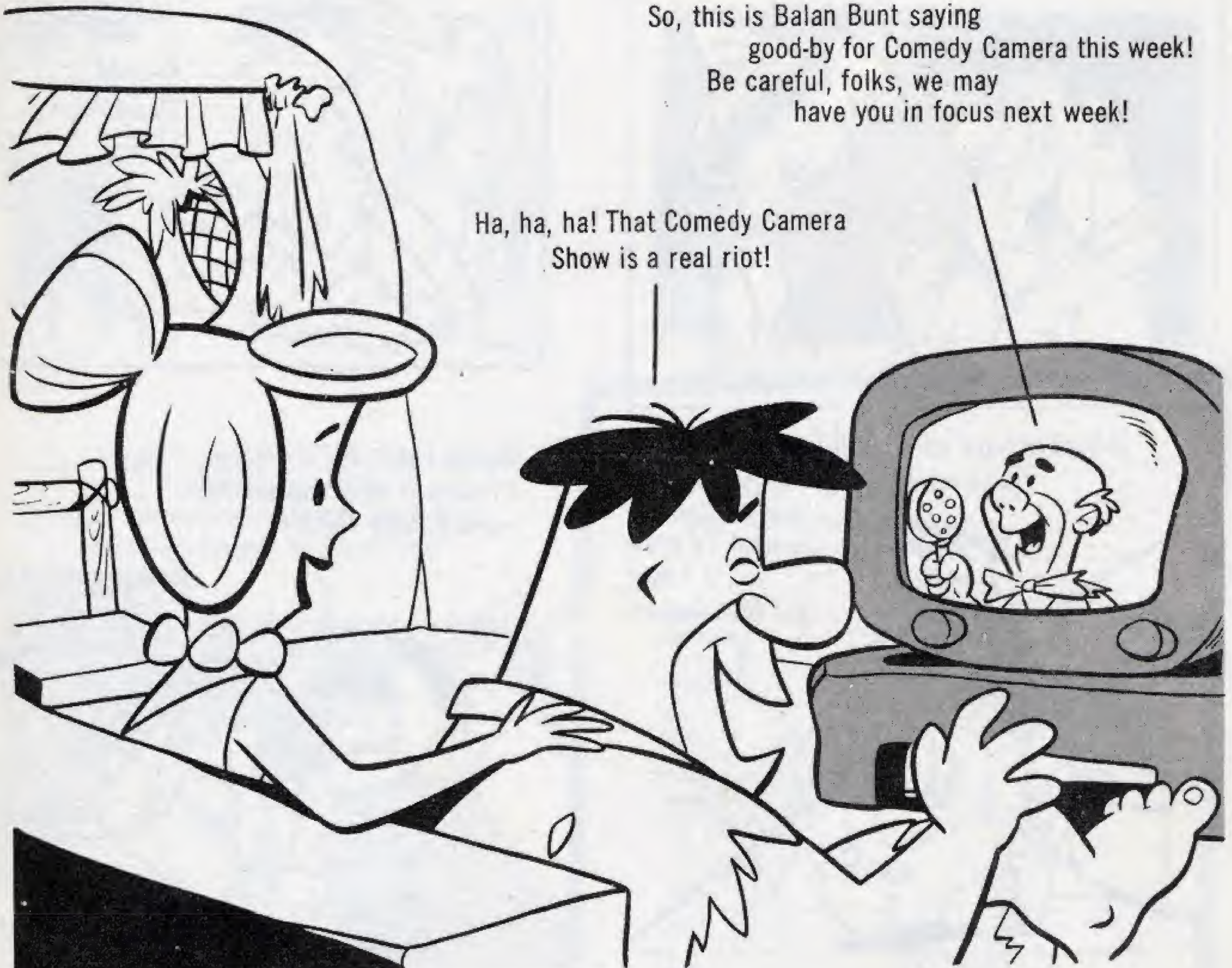
the End



# Comedy Camera

So, this is Balan Bunt saying  
good-by for Comedy Camera this week!  
Be careful, folks, we may  
have you in focus next week!

Ha, ha, ha! That Comedy Camera  
Show is a real riot!



I don't see how all those saps fall  
for it, though... doing silly things  
when they don't know they're  
being photographed!

Ha! You'd do  
the same, Fred!



Nope! I'd recognize that  
Balan Bunt right away and  
just play it for laughs!



I'll bet! You don't even  
recognize **me** sometimes!



Not before you remove the night cream, put on the day cream, remove the curlers, put on the hair spray, remove the...

I'll remove **you** if you don't pipe down!



Here, Fred, you go out and pick up the things I have on my shopping list and let me finish the cleaning!

Okay!



It kind of bugs me that Wilma doesn't think I'd be smart enough to know when I was on Comedy Camera! I'd show her, if I ever got the chance!



Before I get Wilma's things, I think I'll stop in here and pick up some fishing tackle!

**SPORTING  
GOODS**



Good afternoon, sir! May I help you?

That's him! Balan Bunt of Comedy Camera! That mustache doesn't fool me!



Er...uh...yes! I'd like some triple test fishing tackle!

Right! It's in the back! I'll get it!

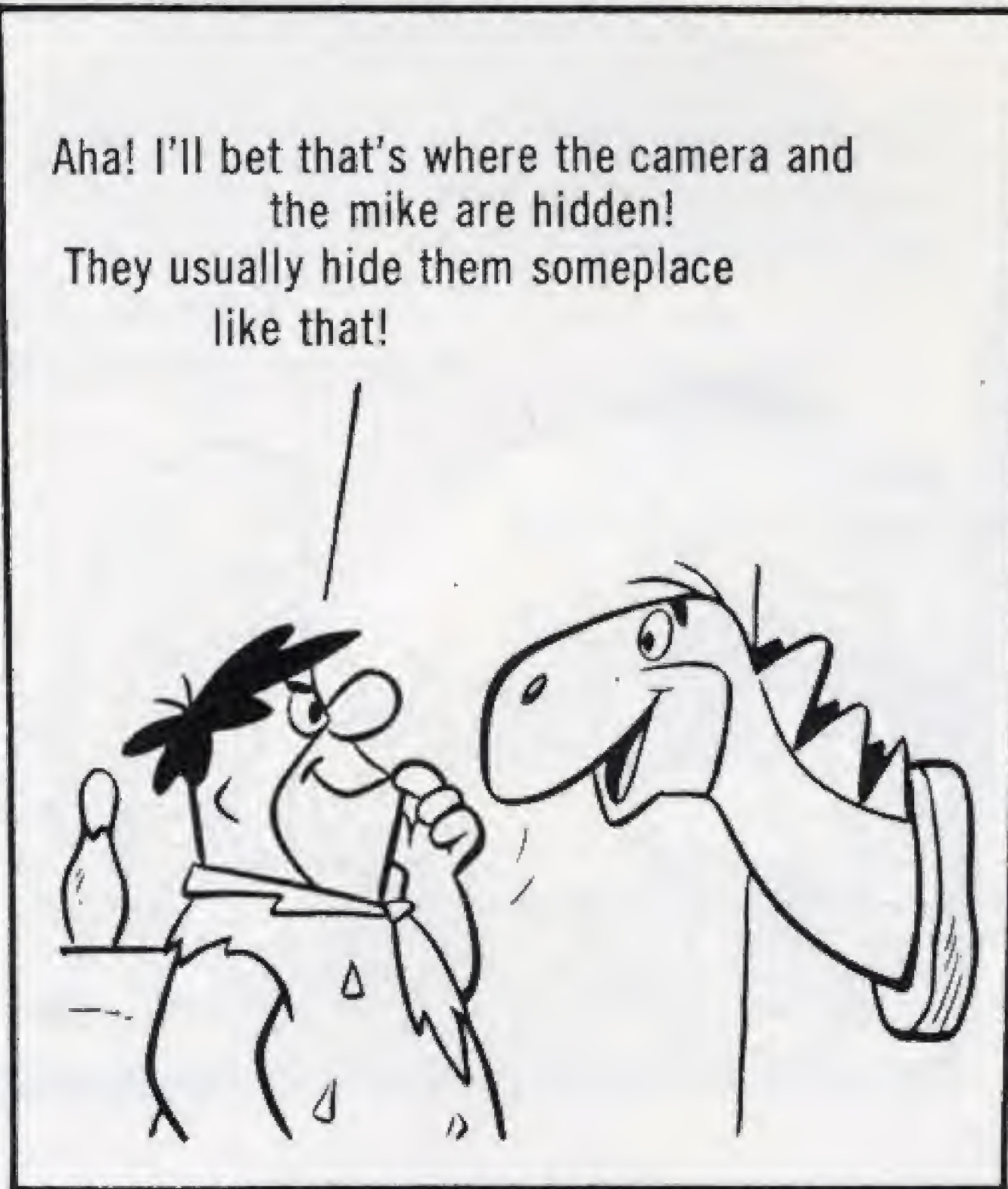




Heh, heh!  
Now's my chance to prove to Wilma  
that I knew what I was talking about! I'll give  
Comedy Camera a show they'll never  
forget! I might even get  
my own series!



I'm wise to you guys,  
but keep the cameras rolling! We'll have  
some real laughs on your boss!



Here's your tackle, sir! Er... do  
you two know each other?



Well, here's your fishing line!

Let me see it! I always  
like to examine a  
fishing line before I buy it!





It's strong enough, but you don't expect me to buy a messy mass like that, do you?

Grr! No, sir!  
I'll get you another roll!



Ha, ha, ha! How'd you like that one, guys?  
This should get a TV award! Wait'll you see what I do next!



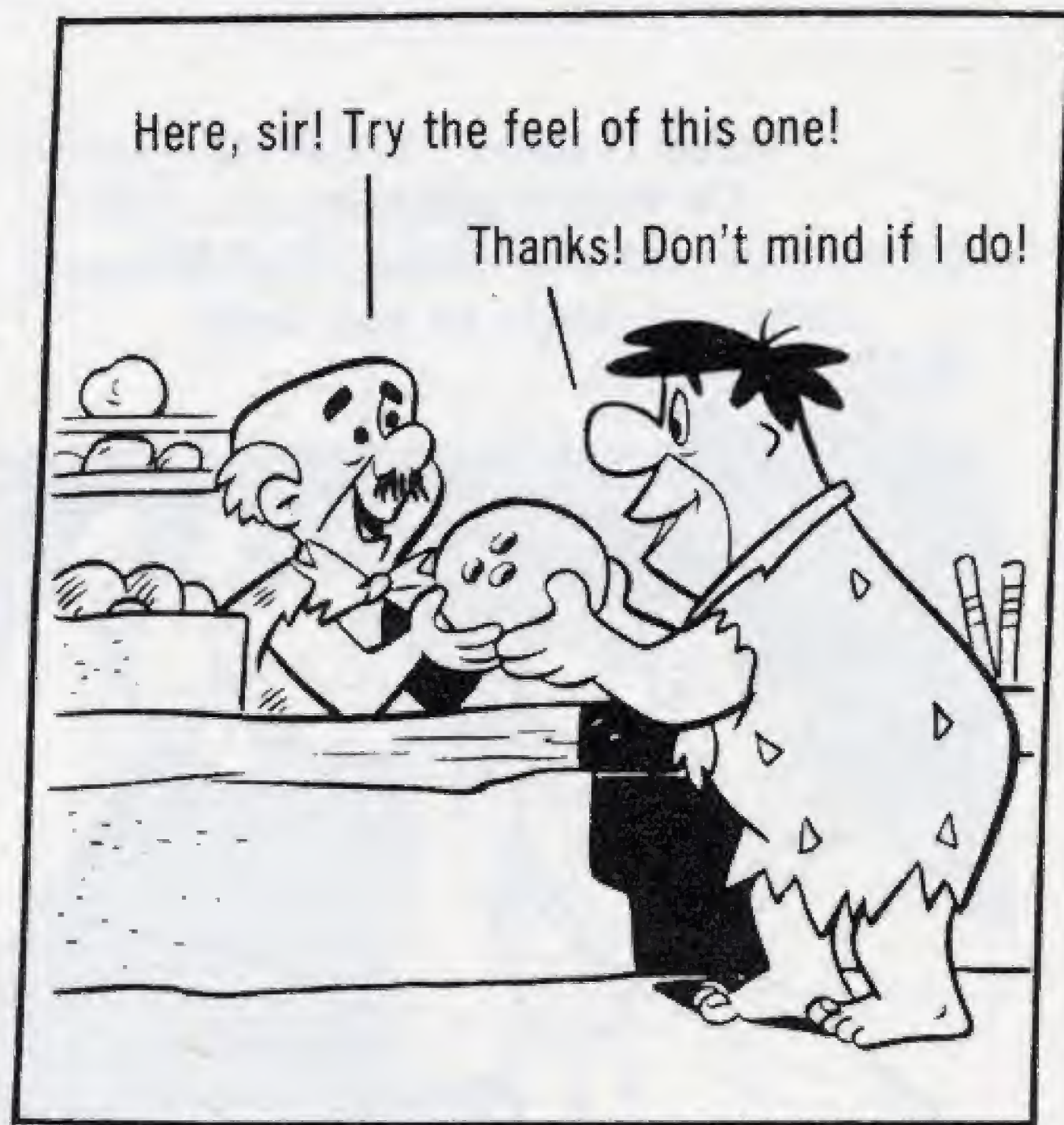
Here you are! I took the liberty of wrapping this roll!

Oh, fine! I'd like to look at a bowling ball now!



Here, sir! Try the feel of this one!

Thanks! Don't mind if I do!



Say, it feels pretty good!

Yowwww! I don't!

**BLAM!**





Now, you can just pay for this damage!

Ha, ha! What do you mean, pay you?  
This episode is worth a fortune!  
You should pay **me**!



Are you crazy or something?  
**What episode?**

Oh, brother! You  
never give up! You can cut  
the acting! I'm wise!



Look, fellas, come out and tell the boss  
I'm in the know! Did you  
get some good close-ups?



Brother! Now I know this guy is gone!

Now just calm down! I'll call the  
hospital and you'll be all right!

Owww! This isn't all-star wrestling,  
it's **Comedy Camera**!



Comedy Camera? I don't know  
what you're talking about!

(Ulp!) Either you're the world's  
greatest actor, or you aren't...



Hello, I'd like to buy some...

**BALAN BUNT!?**





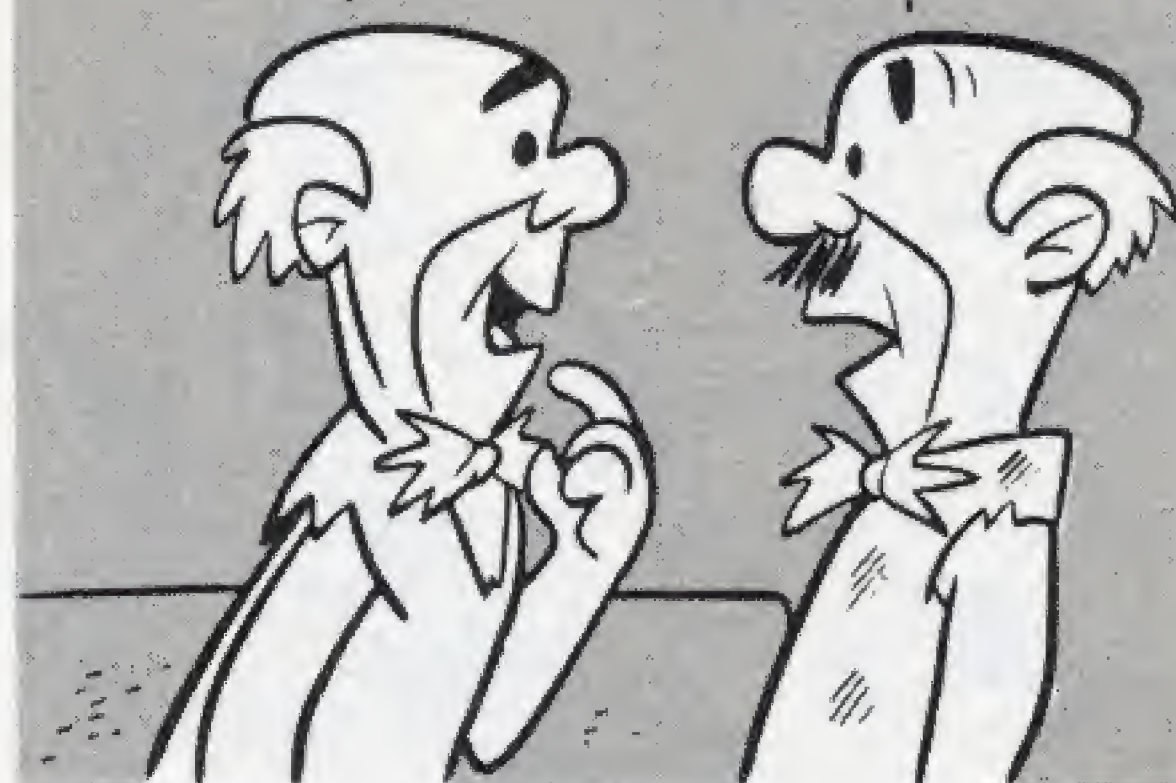
Please, no autographs!  
I just came in to buy  
some golf balls!

But I thought  
you were him!  
Or... he was you!



Hmmmm! You do look  
something like me!  
Very interesting!

There is quite a resemblance!



How'd you like to be on my program?  
We could try fooling  
the audience!

Swell!

Now's my  
chance to scam!



Wait a minute, you! You're not  
leaving until you pay for all  
these damages!

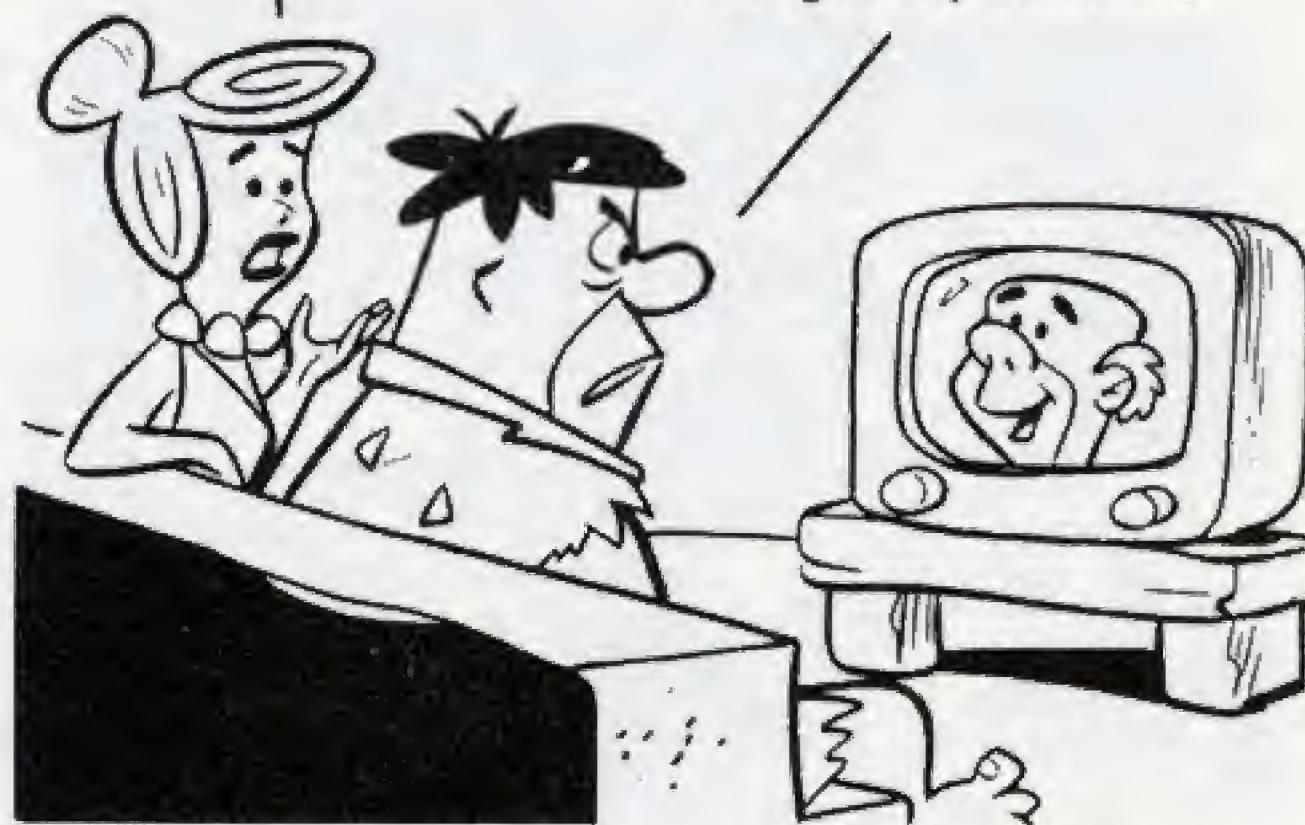
(Ulp!) I was  
afraid you'd say that!



And...

What's the matter, Fred? You don't  
laugh at Comedy Camera  
like you used to!

I've got my reasons!



*the End*

I can never let Wilma  
know about this! I'll have to save my lunch  
money and cut out bowling for six months  
to pay for all that stuff!







Sometimes it pays to have rocks in your head! Proof of this are two cheerful fellows, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera (center), who fused rocks and air waves to create a modern miracle of entertainment...the Stone Age family known as The Flintstones. Shown here with two members of their creative staff, Mike Maltese (left) and Warren Foster (right), they are at work originating characters and situations for their television shows. They get as much fun out of their work as their audience gets out of viewing the results.

It was because they did not enjoy the careers for which they had studied that Hanna-Barbera Productions was founded in July, 1957. Bill Hanna, born in New Mexico, came to California as a structural engineer. Joe Barbera, of New York City, attended the American Institute of Banking and, upon graduation, went to work as an accountant. But the need to express themselves brought them, eventually, to Hollywood.

Undoubtedly, they work much harder and longer, now. The hours they keep and their methods for getting the job done are considered unorthodox, even by Hollywood standards. There are no time clocks or memos. If an animator or artist feels he does his best work by coming in at night and working till dawn, that is fine with them. The only important consideration is that the best job is done.

Thus, truly, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, through their creation of The Flintstones, have proved that the rocky road of life is paved with laughter.











